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ADVENTURES AMONG PICTURES

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS.

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ADVENTURES AMONG PICTURES

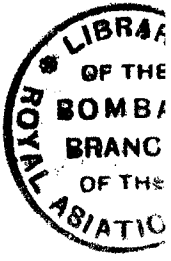
63944

BY

C. LEWIS HIND

AUTHOR OF "THE ENCHANTED STONE," "LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS"

WITH TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS
EIGHT OF WHICH ARE REPRODUCED IN THE COLOURS
OF THE ORIGINAL PAINTINGS, AND SIXTEEN IN BLACK AND WHITE



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1904

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TO

G. F. H.

COMPANION IN PAINTING

Most of the papers in this volume, some in a slightly different form, were published in THE ACADEMY, *during the author's editorship of that journal. For permission to include the papers called "How" and "Why," he is indebted to the editor of "T. P.'s Weekly."*

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INTRODUCTORY

THIS is a book of appreciations. Incidentally there are depreciations.

In London, in country places, abroad, wherever I happened to be sojourning, I sought the exhibition of the neighbourhood, and as I looked at pictures, sculpture, and drawings, gradually I began to hope that the few fundamental truths that give the meaning to art, as to life, were becoming plainer to me—that as a competent craftsman relates each object he paints to the atmosphere that surrounds it, so the quality of the issues to which a man's life is touched permeates his work whatever it be ; that his personality envisages all he does, informing it with himself for better or worse ; that a man who has mastered his material, trained his talent, kept his vision pure, and has been sincere and modest in all things, faces the goal. Whether or not he reaches it depends on the native genius that is his. He must look "greatly forward to the great," must realize with grim fortitude that "the very patience of a thwarted day" may be his work to the end. But he must not

fumble with the Verities, or blur his eyes when he faces them. A feeble picture with a religious motive has no more power to stir, or move, or uplift, than a badly-constructed bridge with beautiful figures of saints rising from the piers. The artist must know himself, train himself, be himself, and give himself. Over his door he might write that great utterance of Flaubert's: "Draw life to the life, and your moral will draw itself." That utterance might have been written over the door of Velasquez, of Franz Hals and Vermeer of Delft, of Manet, of pre-Raphaelite Millais, and of Degas.

I believe that a work of art is great when the artist of genius in some mysterious way has taken to himself the mystery of things, has found through his hard self-discipline that something which removes his art from the category of the transitory, and relates it to eternity. Mr. Dooley's admirable philosophy is transitory; the philosophy of Paul is eternal. This something more, like mysticism, is a feeling rather than a system, a tacit affirmation that the spirit of a creation that endures comes from within, where the wells of personality are refilled from unfailing springs. Velasquez's "Admiral Pareja," Moroni's "Tailor," Botticelli's "Giovanna Tornabuoni" fresco, Whistler's Piano picture, are great because the men who made them had trained themselves to be ready for the supreme moments when some power lifted them above themselves, and swept them into that region where art endures.

The mere desire, however pure and disinterested, to

GIOVANNA TORNABUONI

A DETAIL OF THE FRESCO BY BOTTICELLI IN THE LOUVRE

[*Photo by F. Hollyer.*]

GIOVANNA'S clear brows, rapt look, and steadfast eyes, as she stands to receive the Graces; the straight lines of her gown, crowned by her delicate profile, luminous as if in sunshine against the bare, cracked wall—well, there you have sheer beauty, with the human note that age cannot wither nor change of fashion stale.

teach or to uplift by painting avails nothing. As a man is, so shall he influence. We see things, not as they are, but as we are. It is the quality, the depth, the height, the strength, the perspicacity, the charm, the technical accomplishment of the individual that counts and influences. Mr. G. F. Watts tells us that as a youth he dreamt of a "great temple or house of light, with wide corridors and stately halls, containing a grand series of paintings on the mysteries of life and death." That temple, had it been built and adorned with such paintings, would not have fulfilled Mr. Watts's dream. It is greatness of treatment, not greatness of subject, that moves the beholder. The Dutch painter Mauve did not agonize his soul about the mysteries of life and death when he painted his little picture called "The Tow Path," yet the mysteries of life and death lurk in his slight subject, merely a bargee on horseback tugging an unseen barge along the pearly-light waters of a Dutch canal, beneath a pearly-light arching sky. It is a common incident, but Mauve did not take the common view; and that makes the difference between ordinary and rare art. Such a picture as this, fashioned in its own atmosphere, unassuming, deriving nothing from any Biblical or literary association, content to be merely what it is—an artist's vision of the dignity of labour, with the promise of rest at the end of day under an enfolding sky—is as powerful to "express our touch with the Invisible" as a picture of "The Nativity" or any other of the mysteries of life and death.

The creative artist is not conscious of effort when his

best, the sincere expression of himself, is growing under his hand. The Italians who wrought long and earnestly on Madonnas and Saints, and sometimes painted lovingly and shyly in the background of the picture a tiny landscape, some memory of childhood, some blue wonder of lake and mountain, dimly seen, fragrantly remembered, little thought that centuries later men would seek first, and remember longest, those effortless glimpses of landscape that were themselves. In painting, as in writing, there comes a time when the prodigal impulses of youth are exhausted; when the world is no longer wide and wonderful, to be studied and claimed without effort; when two courses are open to the individual—just to go on dimly remembering and perfunctorily repeating what he once saw and felt, or to tramp out of the primrose path in search of his true self and the right food and fuel for the lean years. In a word, there comes a time when character tells. And character, as Novalis said, is a completely fashioned Will.

These are the ancient lessons I have learnt from my encounters with thousands of examples of the graphic and plastic arts, and the thread, I would like to think, that connects these pages. "The good critic," said M. Anatole France, "is he who narrates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces. . . . All those who flatter themselves that they put something else than themselves into their work are dupes of the cheapest illusion. The truth is, we never get out of ourselves. . . . The best thing we can do, it seems to me, is to . . . confess that we are speaking of ourselves—when-

ever we have not the strength to hold our tongues." Well, as I have not held my tongue, let it stand at this —that I am speaking of myself, narrating my adventures among—pictures.

"The critic," said Pater, "should possess the power of being deeply moved by the presence of beautiful objects." Then is he to be envied, then is his work a joy. If suddenly, at any time, and in any place, certain examples of the graphic and plastic arts give him a lively pleasure, a new zest in life, remind him in dull moments of the splendour of personality, the heights of vision and beauty that men have reached, encourage him to be firm and steadfast, help the routine of his day, open in passing a little window in his life, give him a secret as he walks through the distracting streets, then is he one of the initiated whom art has blessed. To look and to be happy, to feel elation and the tingle in the blood, to carry the memory away, to sit in a dull room summoning at will a beautiful thing, and to thrill with the sense of its presence—that it is to find pleasure in art.

Some critics specialise in a period; others devote themselves to adjudicating on the attributions of their brethren; others follow the trail of some particularity of vision through the ages; others will only recognise that period when art was the handmaiden of religion, others will acknowledge nothing but technical accomplishment. My method is eclectic, to pick and choose from the abundance, and to be abundantly thankful for the joy the pursuit gives.

Introductory

It is the abundance and the variety that amazes and confuses. Sometimes on a clear night I amuse myself by picturing the centuries as compartments in the heavens, a compartment to a century, a compartment to a country, peopling them with the painters who have illuminated the history of art, and symbolizing those painters by stars of various magnitudes. I see thirteenth-century Cimabue* rising palely in Italy, plucking a leaf from the venerable tree of Byzantine art that the vast Before had grown, and revivifying it with his personality, then so new, now so archaic; passing on his vitality to Giotto, who ran forward, the morning dew brushing his feet; I see the advent of Botticelli, complicating the new vision of Cimabue and Giotto with the glamour—half wisdom, half weariness—of the mystical temperament, and around him are all the fair stars of the early Renaissance, the dawning decorative splendour of Ucello, the precocious genius of Mantegna, the colour of Bellini, Ghirlandajo and Giorgione, the fantasy of Pinturicchio, and the idealistic loveliness of Perugino. I see that wonderful fifteenth century pale in the greater brightness of the sixteenth, which knew the splendour of Titian, the later flames of Leonardo, Raphael's facile grace, Tintoretto, Veronese, and the colossal energy of Michael Angelo. I see Italy falling into decadence with her mannerists and imitators—then darkness.

Elsewhere in the heavens, while the pre-Raphaelites

* The latest scientific criticism has attenuated Cimabue to a shade, and will not allow him a single picture.

were writing their inward-looking personalities across the fifteenth century, I see in the North the brothers Van Eyck perfecting their patient realism, Memling labouring with exquisite workmanship on scriptural subjects, and the little company of nameless Masters producing their intimate versions of the sacred story. And contemporaneous with Michael Angelo, lonely in his compartment, glows the sober genius of Holbein.

In the seventeenth century, when Italy had faded into such lesser luminaries as Sassoferrato, Guido Reni, and Guercino, I see the North lands blazing with stars of the first magnitude—Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Rubens, Hals, Vermeer, and Terburg, while in Spain was glowing the planet of Velasquez.

I see in the eighteenth century this country at last shining magnificently forth with Reynolds and Gainsborough, a ring of lesser lights about them : and later Constable and—Turner, that great and lonely luminary whose rays fertilized Impressionism into birth in France. I see the glory pass to France, see Troyon, Corot, Daubigny, Manet, heralding the galaxy of lights, of all degrees, of all colours, jostling and warring with one another, that were to flare across the later nineteenth century, and stream down into our own day.

Then Art had become cosmopolitan. Paris was the painting school of the world, America her precocious pupil, and Sargent—typical figure !—shot out from the West to learn in Paris, and to live in London.

The busy, experimental, talented, versatile, crowded

twentieth century dazzles the eyes. Stars stream out like the Milky Way. No country has now any distinctive art personality; but all countries are drawing nearer and nearer to a right appreciation of landscape, that most welcome modern development, in which Turner and Constable led the way.

To-day the ways of painting are as many as the gods of India. Secessionists secede from secessionists, schools rise, reputations multiply, talent abounds. Can one find a way through this maze of modern art, relate it to what has gone before, hear amid the turmoil the small voice proclaiming the essential, find the golden thread that has coiled itself through the centuries since Margaritone offered to Italy his gaunt Madonnas?

ADVENTURES AMONG PICTURES

A PIONEER

TOWARDS the close of day I crossed the threshold of a modern collection of pictures. It was not my intention to write about them. I had been satiated with picture-seeing that day: eye and brain were weary. After looking at a hundred or so of the works, I promised myself another visit, and, sinking upon a velvet couch, banished the idea of painted Nature and —well, I had been lately on the heather, and by the banks of living waters; had seen dawn light the hills, the pomp of evening, and the splendour of unsullied skies. On those happier things I mused, and while I mused my eyes rested upon a picture on the facing wall. It was not my hour for paintings. I tried to check this exigent canvas, but it insisted.

So I submitted, straightened myself, and gazed inquiringly at this picture that would not be denied. The subject was unremarkable. Looking towards me was a middle-aged woman, homely, probably of the peasant class, dressed in black. To her right, still

further forward in the picture, were two dogs, large and shaggy, one light brown, the other dark, which she held in leash. These three, the woman and the two dogs, had a marvellous air of reality. Unobtrusive, quiet in colour, they stood out there uncompromisingly real against a delicate background, light blue predominating, whereon I seemed to detect the faint figure of a Fantastic passing. But the background was remote: it was there to serve the three figures, accentuating, not detracting from their strength. I gazed, wonderingly, at this picture that had the air of permanence amid the ephemerals that surrounded it. Why should this be so? I asked myself. From the studio of what unknown master has it come to sweep through my recalcitrant mood and exact homage? The subject was ordinary, even commonplace, but idealized by the quality of the painting, the ease of the masterly technique, attaining its end while hiding the means, and the clear vision of the artist who painted these figures as he saw them, gravely but piercingly, giving to each tone its exact value in clean colour, and folding the whole in its subtle illusion of atmosphere. I submitted, I acknowledged its mastery, then turned the leaves of the catalogue. The painter was Manet.

I was glad thus to encounter, unexpectedly, the greatness of Manet, the painter. For that name had become to me a symbol, standing for the flame of a revolutionary movement that ran red through France, a movement in which Manet was scout, fighter, and captain, leaving, when he died, a great example to

WOMAN WITH TWO DOGS

FROM THE PICTURE BY EDOUARD MANET IN THE POSSESSION OF J. J. COWAN, ESQ.

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a little clan. He led the assault on those who sat in high art places leaning contentedly on the encrusted pillars of tradition : led the movement of protestation that developed into Impressionism, but which meant to Manet, in the first period of his career, merely the claim of individual freedom for the artist, the right to be himself, to express what he saw with his own unaided eyes, and to have his talent, trained with Herculean persistence, acknowledged. For that he fought. Through my reading of nineteenth-century art history the name of Manet had come to be significant of tumult. The years had passed, the fight had been won, and now, here, in this quiet gallery where I sat alone, this quiet picture, quite by chance, looming up from the past, had presented me, without credentials, without introduction, to Manet the painter—great and solitary. I was glad.

I recalled other pictures by him, and considered if they had affected me as swiftly and indefinably as the woman with the two dogs. Yes : I remembered years ago, at one of the International Society's exhibitions, where there were many memorable pictures, I had been moved in the same curious way by his " Execution of Maximilian." I remembered the high wall, and leaning over it, gazing callously at the tragedy, the dim heads and shoulders of the villagers. They were huddled together, not pitying, not grieving, just staring at the soldiers in the act of firing, at close range, upon the King and his two companions ; and I remembered the consummate drawing, and the masterly pose of the

soldier who stands apart cocking his rifle. But the tragedy did not disturb me. It was as if Manet had chosen the subject merely for the sake of drawing those soldiers and setting them firmly on the ground; for the sake of painting the smoke, the wall, those peering onlookers: to show a derisive world a picture of an awful moment, and by his art to force them to forget the tragedy in the beauty of the painting, and the drawing, and the convincing force of unobtrusive colours, when the values are rightly observed. In later life so keen was he to paint the actual world, that he foreswore all further commerce with historical or sacred subjects. He would paint only what he saw: the light that plays faintly but truly in this dark picture was to increase till it shone out into the brilliant, clear painting of "Yachting at Argenteuil" and "Le Linge" with the violet shadows, and the broken brush work. With these pictures of light, he shot into the Impressionist movement, stamping his eager, ever-widening personality upon it.

How completely Manet has won since the days when Zola, always ready to wound himself for a little, righteous cause, fought in that famous 1865 pamphlet for this man who "resaw the world," and made him the hero of that brutal work of genius *L'Œuvre*, with its roaring picture of the young art life of Paris! How completely Manet and his friends Monet, Degas, Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro, have won! In the Luxembourg hang two of his pictures; there, too, is Fantin-Latour's "Hommage à Manet" with the band of

faithful friends grouped around him. To-day the Society of Scottish Artists are proud to hang his "Woman with the Two Dogs" in a place of honour; thirty years ago his name was "a folly and a by-word in the Parisian studios." Why? Because he was himself; because his vision was simple and sincere; because he was a man who loved truth like a Primitive. We think of him as a revolutionary, but he disclaimed the name. "Come to see works that are sincere," he said in 1867, in the preface to the catalogue of his pictures that were excluded from the Exposition Universelle. "It is the effect of sincerity to give to works a character that makes them resemble a protest, when the painter has thought of nothing but rendering his impression." Imagination did not disturb him with her gay fallacies: beauty might or might not enter into his pictures: he was an artist in emotion, as in paint: he had incredible skill in manipulation, and in his work moved that rare elusive something called quality. No one could mistake a Manet, and no competent judge would ever rank him among the greatest painters of the world. He saw superbly, but he did not feel deeply; he saw clearly, but his vision began and ended with his eyes. He lacked that something more which some call ecstasy, some the mystical sense, some the grace of God. The greatness of Michael Angelo, of Leonardo, of Botticelli, of Velasquez, of Hals, of Turner, is not his; yet when I stand before certain pictures by Manet, I feel that within their limitations they are final. Especially does this apply to

the Manet of the first period from 1860 to 1870, the realist, the silhouette Manet, gradually feeling his way from the influence of Courbet towards the light. He passed from the "Woman with the Dogs" and the "Maximilian," learning from and discarding Titiân and Giorgione, to Velasquez and the Spanish masters, on to the Japanese, through whose colour prints he was born into the sunlight, to become Manet the luminist, the painter of "Le Linge" and "Yachting at Argenteuil."

There among the Impressionists he was again chief. From him and his companions (deriving from Turner) was to rise and spread the great school of modern Impressionism—dividers of tones, pointillists, dottists, and the vast army of clever technicians, imitators, who will talk for hours about the scientific principles of painting, and having learned the trick will produce a scientific picture—no more. Manet had sight and knowledge.

A PAINTER TALKS

"So you've not been working to-day?" I said to the painter.

He stirred the litter of magazines and books on the table. "No, I've been reading about other workers; that always disturbs and deters me. I'm rather a coward. It began with a passage I chanced upon in a magazine—this: 'Beauty touched with strangeness.' That, I said to myself, is what painting should be—'Beauty touched with strangeness.' And that's just what my pictures are not. I realized it with hideous clearness this morning—couldn't do another stroke of work. Nervous, irritable, I picked up a book and tried to read. The volume nearest my hand was Zola's *Truth*. I couldn't make any way with it, but I wanted to be just to the man, so I tried another Zola—an old friend, *L'Œuvre*—and that set me thinking about those French painters of the seventies onwards—Realists, Luminists, and Impressionists, who dazzled my youth. I recalled the first time I went to that bewildering little room at the Luxembourg where they've crowded the Caillebotte Collection. What a

white-stone day that was. I was fresh from London, where I had been labouring on a picture called 'The Convalescent'—you know the kind of thing: pale girl, crimson shawl, porch, honeysuckle, mother in background, anxious lover watching, dull light from anywhere and everywhere, and all so brown and black. When I strolled into that little room at the Luxembourg I realized in a flash that these men had painted sunlight, not sentiments; what they had seen, not what they had idly imagined! What a sorry, shoddy thing my 'Convalescent' seemed! I painted the background in Surrey, the girl in my studio from a model, and the mother and lover just grew. Then these sparkling Frenchmen jumped out at me. What a revelation that little room was! How that dogma of Manet's has since sounded in my head: 'The principal person in a picture is the light.' I'm older now, and the Impressionists have dropped into their pigeon-holes of my appreciation and experience. 'Beauty touched with strangeness' is my present ideal, and yet when I think of Manet's 'Bar at The Folies-Bergère,' I know that I could swing back into a grovelling admiration for *that* —barmaid, beer bottles and all. It was Manet who said, 'Each time I paint I throw myself into the water to learn swimming.' Strong soul!"

"Who was Caillebotte?" I asked.

"He was a painter, and the patron of the Impressionists of his day. His fine picture, 'Les Raboteurs de Parquets,' a study of oblique perspective, aroused the derision of the Philistine, and his bequest of his

collection of Impressionist pictures to the State disturbed the Professors of the École des Beaux-Arts almost to the point of resignation. The Government, however, showed uncommon tact, and the collection was accepted and hung. It's by no means complete, or representative of the movement, for Impressionism has run into many by-paths since Caillebotte's day, but it serves for the present. You want me to define Impressionism? Some time ago, when such pictures were unpopular, unrecognised, and unbought, a humble wit described an Impressionist painter as one who had a private income.

"I doubt if many know the origin of the term. It dates back to 1863, when the Salon jury rejected all the pictures by Manet and his friends. The Emperor intervened, and ordered that these novelties should be hung in a special room, to be called the 'Salon des Refusés.' One of the pictures was a sunset by Claude Monet, called 'Impressions.' From that day these painter-pioneers were called Impressionists. They are anti-intellectual, indifferent to, and unmoved by, symbolism, psychology, or literary motive. Immediate vision is their sole concern. They hold that no colour exists by itself; that colour varies with the intensity of light; that shadow is not absence of light, but light of a different value; that the strict Impressionist should paint with only the seven colours of the spectrum; that touches of those seven pure colours should be placed upon the canvas juxtaposed, so that at a distance the individual rays of these colours shall blend and act like sunlight upon the eyes."

"You are strangely learned on the subject," I remarked.

He smiled. "No, not learned—accretive. I have just been reading a little book, quite a remarkable little book for its size, on *The Freuch Impressionists*. It has been translated from the French of M. Camille Mauclair. The author holds a brief for the Impressionists, and an impressionable man like myself must read him with a steady head. He is an enthusiastic partisan of those bright rebels who pricked and punched the French Academic body from 1860 to 1900. Since then M. Mauclair opines that they have come into their own, which means selling. But he knows his subject, and he has also had the great advantage of M. Durand-Ruel's permission to reproduce in this little green book no fewer than forty-nine of their pictures. Of course, you miss the sunlight and colour, but it's an immensely interesting pictorial reward. What pictures, what visions, what effort, the chapter headings call up! Manet, Degas, Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, Sisley, Caillebotte, the illustrators Lautrec and Forain, and finally the eager, facile neo-Impressionists and Pointillists, and the scramble of third-raters.

"But the great souls of the movement live with Manet, the innovator, the man of tireless industry, the bold Manet, the fighter who tried his hand at everything, and died—faugh! I quote: 'Manet died, exhausted by his work and struggles, of locomotor ataxy, after having vainly undergone the amputation of a foot to avoid gangrene.' Who was it said, 'Though

ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold'?

"Degas troubles and captivates me. Is there anything more alien to beauty than the costume and posturing of a ballet-girl? Yet I would sooner have hanging on the walls of this studio one of his ballet-girl pastels than anything I can call to mind. I suppose it's because he's such a consummate draughtsman. He's got the disease of truth, as somebody said, and I suppose when a man like Degas has those germs in him, he persuades you, even against your will, that what Keats said about beauty and truth, was right. You remember the near woman in his pastel of 'The Greek Dance.' She's hideous, and she and her two companions are pirouetting on their toes—ugly attitude. But what a lovely picture it is! the trunks and the fuzzy branches of the trees imitate, as it were, the lines of the girls' upraised arms. Gesture and light—those are the terms in which I think of that picture.

"And Monet! Consider my machine-made 'Convalescent,' and then think of Monet and the hayricks, the poplars, and the water-lilies. He, more than any man, has made light the persons of his pictures. I see him starting off at sunrise in a carriage with twenty canvases. He seats himself before a hayrick, studies its effect under the early morning light, and paints. So through the long day: to each hour its light, and he the recorder of the shining procession of the hours. He exhibits the pictures together, and you can follow

the magical transformation of a hayrick from sunrise to sunset. Seventeen studies of the towers of Rouen Cathedral he made, and each is a new version of the worn and blackened stone. And his slim poplar-trees —I see them in dreams.

"Here is a good saying of M. Mauclair's: 'If Manet is the realist-romanticist of Impressionism, if Degas is its psychologist, Claude Monet is its lyrical pantheist.' Of Renoir, Sisley, and Pissarro, I cannot say anything now. Seurat and Signac, with their theories of scientific cromatism, are a little beyond me. I prefer the man with the strong purpose to the experimentalist, but they are all for light, and that counts—that counts. The Impressionists have fought well in a good cause—for the right of personal vision, and for the honour and glory of the sun. France may well be proud of these bewildering children."

"Have you heard," I remarked, "that one of the important pictures at the next Salon will be a group of twenty thousand, or is it thirty thousand, Mayors?"

THE MEN OF 1830

It is good to think that, through the years when, except by a few clear-sighted connoisseurs, the men of 1830 were disregarded or neglected, Sir John Day was quietly gathering, not the greatest examples of their work—that was not possible—but the best that came his way. Of course, now they have all come into their own. They are arrived, are Michel, Rousseau, Daubigny, Corot, Jacque, Troyon, Millet, Dupré, and Diaz. They fetch big prices; they also walk immortal in the single street of Barbison and the glades of Fontainebleau. The forest holds them still, an ancient nurse who has outlived her children. Great events—that is, what we call great events—happened in the world while these men were painting. But how transitory the events of the period seem before their work! They were concerned with the permanent. Fashions may change, parties may split, dynasties may fall, but the work of the strong soul face to face with Nature remains. These men of 1830 looked at Nature long and humbly. They found her alight, alive and glowing, sombre and mysterious, but never black. How

little (excepting Millet) they cared about what is known as human interest! Look at the small picture by Dupré of a peasant woman walking over a field-path. What did he call it? Just "Route et Femme." He did not paint that on the first day, or the second day, or the fiftieth day. He did not hire the model and pay her so much an hour to pose. No, that humble scene sank into his nature, became part of him. One day he painted it, and the woman occurred, as the trees grew —"Route et Femme."

The men of 1830 as a phrase may pass. It has a fine, full sound and memorable associations. Big men with large souls, living simple lives and painting great things, rise up at the mention of the phrase. They stand out solemn and great from the classicalism that came before, and the fever of competitive experiment that followed. Moreover, the phrase touches sentiment; it reminds us of the cosmopolitanism of art, and flatters our insular pride. Nine years before, in 1821, Constable's "Haywain" was hung at the Salon, and won the gold medal. Slowly but surely the Englishman influenced French landscape art. Dupré has told the story. It came as a revelation, the example of this man who refused to take truth at second hand, and consequently reached the age of forty before he sold a single landscape beyond his circle. Some of the men of 1830 were friends; others, for all I know, never met. Many years covered the difference between their ages. In 1830 Daubigny was thirteen, Millet fifteen, Jacque seventeen, Rousseau eighteen,

Dupré nineteen, Troyon twenty, Diaz twenty-two, Corot thirty-four, and Michel sixty-seven. Some came to honour in the end, but their lives were for the most part uneventful, as their beginnings were obscure. The father of one was a draper, another a tailor, a third a peasant, a fourth a market-porter, and so on. What strikes one, in looking at these pictures owned by Sir John Day, is their modesty, unobtrusiveness, and sincerity. Those who produced them worked in quiet colours, in the large, simple manner of Nature. Painting for its own sake, and not for exhibition, they never screwed up the colour scheme of a picture so that it might outvie a neighbour. Their pictures give the idea of standing by themselves *hors concours*, deriving nothing, giving everything—towers of personality. Michel's "Old Mill," for example, looming dark and impressive against a luminous sky. How strong, how full of reserved strength, is this simple landscape, and how enduring! They were reticent even in painting spring. Corot's "Printemps" is indeed a green thought in a green shade. Its tender lighting, the soft tones of the awakening leaves that feel their way through the depth of the glade, have all the quiet persuasiveness of very spring. And we know how garish and insistent a Royal Academy picture of spring can be. Indeed, brooding with eyes half closed over these landscapes, from which the busy world is shut out, a land of solitary beauty, where the roads are grass-grown and life is represented by herons and kine and sheep, one resents anything that is not in keeping

with its simplicity. I had become sensitive to the feeling that marks Corot's white, commonplace houses in "Ville D'Avray," when my eye caught Ziem's "Le Port de Marseilles," "glowing with Southern heat." It was like the blaze of a bonfire on a quiet night. In another mood I might have been glad of the incalescent Ziem; but just then he jarred upon me. The flying red flag on the mast of one of the vessels shouts, "I am here! I am here!" and Ziem set it on the mast skilfully enough; but did you see it there, Ziem, with the inward eye, in the way that Michel saw his mill upon the hill, and Corot his spring ichoring through the glade?

But Diaz, the impulsive French-born Spaniard, dying at Mentone at the age of seventy, working with all "the fervour and freshness of a student," brought back the mood that Ziem had cut into. When I saw his "Cattle Drinking: Evening," I realized that the "colour is the melody, the values are the orchestration of the melody; and as the orchestration serves to enrich the melody, so do the values enrich the colour." It may not be given to us all to see such a glowing picture in Nature; but Diaz saw it, and what he saw remains. Close by was another Diaz, "The Lowing Herd" — gold-brown intelligent cows silhouetted against a luminous sky, and, perhaps, if I were asked to choose from this exhibition, I would take that, and beg as a pendant the wonderful little Troyon, "Collecting the Flock: Sunset." With these two pictures one could be happy in the Potteries.

The Men of 1830

These men of 1830 stand out like some Stonehenge on the plain of nineteenth century landscape art, and it is curious to note that of the painters represented in this exhibition one of them is alive. Harpignies, who must now be near his ninetieth year, is still painting, still vivacious and fresh, still individual and sincere. His landscape, "Vieille Route à St. Fargiau," is startling in the directness of its vision, so much so that at first glance one is inclined to think it hard. But a few minutes corrects that. It is the bright clearness of a country after rain, and over all, over the blue sky with its fleecy clouds, over the cornfield, the grass-road, and the passages beyond, light radiates, shimmering and enfolding all. With this painter, who lingers, but not superfluous, in the world where he has found so much that is beautiful, the impressions suggested by this exhibition come full circle. For Harpignies was gold-medalled at the Salon of 1897. The battle for individual vision, for the right of the painter to be himself, was won. The scene may shift, other commanders, other foes, may take the field, but that particular, long fight against classicalism, against authority, against "truth at second hand," is ended. Is it not plain? Constable at the Salon of 1821 pointing the shining way, the men of 1830 struggling to the summits of the hills, Manet and his friends fighting for the cause on other battle-fields, and Harpignies, selected for high official honour in 1897, with his face still towards the light and his sword

bright and keen as ever. How trivial seems the chatter about art and morality, with such examples before us. These men made beautiful things of deep spiritual meaning because they felt deeply. They were great souls true to themselves, and their works follow them.

A TRIP WITH TROYON.

MEN of genius work from an irresistible impulse, following the line of least resistance, like their lesser brethren ; it is the critics who sort and group them, inventing schools and movements, explaining the attitude of the individual towards his bit of eternity, while the man himself, if asked why he painted in such and such a way would answer : "Because that was the only way. How else should I have worked?" Troyon is definitively classed among the Romanticists. His name looms large in the records of Barbison. Also, for a week or so, a year ago, his name met the eyes of a million casual readers of English and American newspapers. Painters, as a class, are seldom analytical, introspective, or readers either of books or newspapers ; but being men, they are capable of astonishment, and if the great Troyon could have been haled from the place where we are told painters shall no longer work for money or fame

'But all for the sake of the working,
And each in his separate star
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It,
For the God of Things As They Are,'

and had been dropped down into London on the Saturday afternoon of that week he would have been astonished, and also a little bewildered.

Astonished! For Troyon, being a landscape painter, with a great and deep sympathy for the beasts of the field, and all dumb things, would have had small understanding of our modern town ways. Astonished, indeed, would have been this "jolly old boy" (it was the phrase used by one of his Fontainebleau models), had he walked into Messrs. Christie's auction rooms that Saturday afternoon. If it had been near the moment when Lot 58, "Cattle and Sheep, with a peasant woman in a woody pasture," was to be put up to auction, he would with difficulty have been able to push his way into the crowded room. For the noise of the sale of this picture had gone abroad, and all who take a professional or amateur interest in the picture market had gathered to hear the agents for the millionaires bid for a brilliant example by the greatest cattle painter of his day, or of any day. If this "jolly old boy" could have stood there on the outskirts of the crowd he might have remembered the hour when he sold this picture. He might even have remembered the modest price. And if, while the sale was progressing, he had walked behind the screen, he might have seen the picture leaning against the wall, ready to be hoisted upon the sale easel, and he would have noticed with satisfaction how little it had lost in the forty-three years since it was painted. As picture after picture glimmered at the buyers for a minute or

two, reached the limit of its present market value, and then, with the click of the auctioneer's hammer, disappeared to make room for another, he might have soliloquised: "This is indeed a nation of shopkeepers." And when he found that "The Escape of Glaucus and Ione," by a Mr. Poole, R.A., went for thirty-eight guineas, and "A Wood Nymph," by Mr. Sant, R.A., for eleven guineas, he might have wondered, not having followed the course of his fame, or the art enthusiasm of the American millionaire, at what price this nation of shopkeepers would value his "Cattle and Sheep." When Lot 58, "Cattle and Sheep," was hoisted upon the easel, what would have been his surprise to hear a sudden cheer—not a wild, roaring cheer, but an orderly, well-bred cheer, in keeping with a pastoral work of art. But a greater surprise would have been in store for him. From somewhere in the midst of the crowd he would have heard a thin voice bid 2,000 guineas. Then he would have heard no more, for to one on the outskirts of the crowd the bidding at a picture sale is all done in dumb show. The auctioneer looks from right to left, and each look means another chestful of guineas. But Troyon, watching the auctioneer's face, and listening to his unimpassioned words, would have heard the bidding jump up and up without pause till 7,000 guineas was reached—then silence, the click of the hammer, and good-bye to "Cattle and Sheep." He would have heard someone mutter "a record price," and then, borne by the retreating crowd, he would have found himself, a little dazed, in King Street.

Suppose he had leave to spend the afternoon in London art galleries. Bewildered he might well be at the variety of the entertainment, including every school and byway of the art, from Margaritone's gaunt Madonna to the latest delicacy offered to the luxurious —beautiful women and faint summer scenes painted upon silken fans. He would learn that the craze of the moment is for gardens, and that at no exhibition he might visit would the red stars of sale be so plentiful as in the small drawings of gardens, home or foreign. But if he was in the charge of a cicerone, compelled by his employment always to be seeking the newest or latest, he would find himself conducted to two shows, one very English, the other very French.

In the English show, at Messrs. Colnaghi's galleries, he would see the work of an Englishman who died when Troyon was a baby. Valentine Green was a master of the beautiful art of mezzotinting, now no longer popular, although still practised. Etching knocked nails into its coffin. Photogravure nearly buried it, and to-day the wealthy dive feverish hands into deep pockets for good examples of the art in its heyday. It happened to be a rich man who a year ago picked up a Valentine Green in a country shop for fifteen shillings which fetched at auction the other day £630, but that piece of luck was waiting for anybody with expert knowledge. At this very moment collectors, wise and foolish, are peering into dusty portfolios in village bric-a-brac shops, for Valentine Greens, particularly for those tall, unageing ladies that Reynolds,

Gainsborough and Romney made immortal. Who shall say to what degree the fame of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney was due to the mezzotinters—Green and his brethren, who rest in unvisited tombs. For one person who saw the picture, a hundred saw the mezzotint. And those who have learnt to rejoice in fine mezzotints, with their velvety surface, their rich deeps, suggesting such splendour of colour, have often been a little disappointed when confronted by the original picture. Solemn and simple, but very living, looked the Valentine Greens on the walls of this gallery. There is life even in "Gulliver addressing the Houyhnhnms," a bold subject, and one that Green could hardly have engraved from choice. Even the Houyhnhnms look surprised. And Troyon, who knew a horse when he saw it, and probably had never heard of Gulliver, would also have looked surprised.

But neither the Houyhnhnms nor the beautiful eyes of the ladies in Valentine Green's mezzotints would have held Troyon long. His cicerone would have carried him off to Bond Street, discreetly avoiding the open door of the exhibition where some of Mr. Sidney Cooper's cattle pieces hang, to the Hanover Gallery. There, in the spring exhibition of French pictures, are some old friends. He would have seen in the catalogue the honoured names of Jacque, Corot, Diaz, Dupré, Rousseau and Millet. Authentic the examples, but certainly not typical. In the place of honour he would have seen something by himself—slight, small and simple—a pastel of "The Old Homestead," and

opposite to it the immemorial Henner woman, pale and auburn-haired, whose wistful look never alters, but who sometimes changes her red cloak for a blue one. He would have seen, too, a Besnard woman, the yellows and greens of the dashing brushwork screwed up to the highest pitch, and alongside it an appealing little Cazin, with a foreground of tender blown grass, and overhead a rainbow cutting the threatening sky. That might have pleased him, but what would he say to Pissarro and Sisley? I can imagine him peering at those nimble impressionists, studying the flecks and spots of paint, the glare that shouts, "I *am* the sunshine," the jumble of wanton colour that drives you back, back, till at a distance of a score or so feet away the picture focusses, and you see Pissarro's spring, and the summer that Sisley saw, and you honour the intention of these gay adventurers into strange landscape lands, and congratulate the Pissarroites and the Sisleyites on their catholicity.

But it is time to let Troyon return to his rest. What is the latest dexterity to one who died at fifty-three, "having exhausted art and life?"

IN LANDSCAPE LAND

I STAYED with him three days, watched him painting, observed his method of living, and discovered that it was planned to serve his work. His aim, I judged, was to master his craft without impairing his personality. A resolute man, clear-seeing, knowing his mind, some years ago he severed himself from town life, turned from the chatter, changing idols and will-o'-the-wisp ideals of the schools, departed, and built himself a studio, alongside an old house, in that green solitude I will call the Landscape Land. It is a country of pearly skies, far horizons, and flowers whose brilliant colours take a wet loveliness from the humid atmosphere; a spacious, sweeping country, with little half-forgotten red-roofed towns to which ships sail through brimming rivers, and canals more numerous than roads; but, best of all, a country of light, saturating the level land, now vivid, now opalescent, now rainbow-hued, ever changing, always paintable. It is a country with a splendid art history, and a bede-roll of great craftsmen. But when those men, whose names are starred in the annals of painting, lived and worked, the modern

love of nature had not become universal. The poets had not yet pointed the way, and it was still the interiors of their houses, their wives, companions, and belongings, that most of those men painted, not the panorama of sky and country outside their doors, not the gardens, orchards, fields of flowers, not the sheep nibbling through the dunes, the windmills and steeples reflected in the water, and barges sailing through lush meadows. It was Constable who was to smite the rock and open out to France the springs of a purer landscape art, and France, so quick to learn, looked and learned, and the springs once opened ran through France, through the painting world, and through the Landscape Land, where, to-day, I see invitations to the painter at every turn, and walking among the dunes I spy the white umbrellas of students shading little pictures in the pains of birth. Wisely they attempt the slight motive. Few, like Constable or Daubigny, can attach a country-side to a canvas and make you feel in paint that the wind blows, that the rain wets, that the great luminous clouds hold the light, and are poised, not fixed, above the teeming fields. I should like to have been behind Constable or Daubigny, and watched those masters with eight-foot canvases spread before them, and the knowledge of a lifetime directing eye, brain, and hand splash on to their canvas with broad, firm strokes the large motive that has just passed before me. In the sky hangs a solemn blue-black thunder cumulus that has just lurched across the sun, fringing the edges with light, and illuminating the other parts

of the firmament, through which slight patches of feathery cloud scurry. The wind is up, the surface of the river is disturbed, the trees bend, the vast view is bustling and alive, and across the foreground moves an eight-wheeled waggon drawn by four straining horses. Two men in blue blouses walk beside the team, and on the backs of the horses are flapping blue rugs. Far away on the left there is the glint of a rainbow's beginnings. What joy to have seen Constable or Daubigny working, with the huge delight of great craftsmen, at this gigantic, wind-rushing symphony in blue.

An hour I would have given them. Too short, you say! Well, I have learnt from my sojourn with the painter who has cut himself adrift from his fellows, that it is the period of preparation that counts. The hours or days spent in brooding over a work of art or literature are never wasted. As a hen sits contemplatively on her eggs, so my friend would sit or lounge contemplatively before his subject. At first, when I saw him spend the morning walking about his garden, gazing over the hedge at the level land, watching the sunlight flecking through the trees in the orchard, mooning over the forms of sheep knee-deep in herbage, I set him down as a lazer. I was wrong. It was his seed-time —he was germinating. Late in the afternoon, perhaps, he would begin, paint ardently for an hour and a half, then for the rest of the day he would sit, purring like a cat, or restless as a locked-out dog, before what he had done. His work is always fresh, for he is continually studying the world anew, not refurbishing a

rusty emotion, that once rose fresh as dew from something seen in a moment of lyrical observation. When I see his pictures in continental galleries, it is the variety and vitality of them that impresses me. He is content to renounce much that the world values, to be himself, and quietly, but surely, his fame has spread. Pupils have come to him from afar. Nearly a score of studios have been built within a walk of his house, and once a week he spends a day in those studios, giving freely of his hard-won knowledge. Thus his days pass, sanely and wholesomely. Each evening finds him tired, but not fagged and desiccated, not unnerved by the lassitude that follows the crowding engagements of town life. Each morning finds him eager to better the work of the previous day. He lives to express himself in paint, without envy of others, incurious of their achievements; but he is appreciative of the work of newcomers. I have known him return from a hurried visit to the Salons, silent about his contemporaries, but eloquent, enthusiastic over a picture by some unknown youth. Living for his art, concentrating himself to its service, he has also the wisdom that comes to one who has refrained and rejected, who has lived fully, who knows that the riper the mind the better can it perform its office. Friends, misinterpreting the intention of his voluntary exile, post him art magazines and columns of art criticism neatly cut out from journals and dated. But he seldom reads them. I found a pile of such ephemera on his studio table, and carried them out to a seat in the garden where, for the past hour, he had

been sitting with half-closed eyes gazing out upon the lovely landscape. "Look," he said, "how the tones of the near grass merge into the grass beyond . . . what warmth in the local colour! there are lazy fellows who would have just washed over all the foreground with cobalt blue. Few understand the difference between painting in colour and painting in light; light is the aim and end. Look at the value of the sky against that clump of dark trees. It's impossible to paint, but so well worth trying."

But he did not make the attempt just then; he continued to brood over the pastoral that stretched before us, unburdening himself of a few enthusiastic reflections now and again, waving with his thumb as he spoke, with despairing sighs. It was a morning of delicious experiences, undisturbed, unintruded upon: sight was the dominant sense; through the eyes the nerves were lulled into a languor that admitted no other sensation. I felt for a little while the essential significance of external beauty, its sweep and call; and I, myself, stupidly broke the spell. Still gazing, I chanced to finger the pages of one of the magazines that I had brought into the garden. Idly I turned the leaves, looked, and like lightning, across the peace of the day cut the personality of that most modern of the moderns, the man who has united the last word in French technique with the vivacity and bravura of modern Spain—the painter Ignacio Zuloaga. Spanish women, painted, powdered, provocative, glanced at me with salacious, sidelong looks from the pages. Up rose the

fan, the flowered dress, the tempestuous petticoat; on slight shoulders the mantilla fluttered; bright eyes shot questions; through parted lips white teeth gleamed; the variegated life of Spain flashed out: street scenes, and the wild joys that stir about the bullfight.

Zuloaga is the painter of actuality; a brilliant executor, able by sheer dexterity in the manipulation of paint, and a quick-witted faculty for design, to present a person, an episode, or a scene at the crucial moment. His kettle is always on the boil: his art knows no tepid moods. It is emphatic, accented "right there," as they say; swift, startling—and quite soulless. He has his admirers, and young France, I understand, is passing, if it has not already passed, through a Zuloaga phase. For the rest he is thirty-four, and has painted nearly a hundred pictures. Some I have seen, and enjoyed, as one enjoys the clever improvisations of a vivid child. He darted across my vision of that quiet landscape like some brilliant-hued dragon-fly.

I closed the magazine; the Spaniard was gone. My eyes rested again on meadows and sky, and the thought came to me that there was one Spaniard whose work, although as far apart as East from West, was not inharmonious with the landscape, because it contains the few elemental, profound principles that endure. "Talk to me about Velasquez," I said to the painter. He withdrew his eyes from the lighted meadows and began: "Velasquez is the greatest——"

A PAINTER'S COLLECTION

ONE can say, without extravagance, that H. W. Mesdag is a favourite of fortune. He is a flourishing banker; his reputation as a painter has long been assured, and for many years he has been able to indulge his fine taste in art by purchasing examples of the best modern work. Friends returning from Holland have spoken of his collection at the Hague, and told how on Sunday mornings the veteran painter has, busily and happily, conducted them from room to room in his house where his own pictures hang, not coyly, beside the works of—other masters. Now visitors to the Hague can see this remarkable collection any day of the week, for Mesdag has bequeathed it to the Dutch nation, together with the house in which it is contained.

Many men have made collections of pictures, but they have rarely been connoisseurs, or gifted with fine taste—buying through dealers, or from the studios of popular and paragraphed painters. They have trodden the primrose path of collecting, taking the line of least resistance; but Mesdag has adopted a much rarer

procedure. He has browsed among the great modern continental masters—Rousseau, Diaz, Corot, Courbet, Millet, Daubigny, Bastien-Lepage, the Marises—but he has never bought those pictures that would be starred in Baedeker, or greeted with cheers when hoisted upon the easel at Christie's. He has picked the choice examples, the pieces that would captivate a painter. For instance, there is one small example by Alma Tadema—an early work—the best Alma Tadema I have ever seen—a little picture that one observes and enjoys across the room before concerning one's self about the name of the painter: which is not the way we regard our Alma Tademas now. This is, indeed, a painter's collection. There is no catalogue, not a single picture has a title, and I approached the house with considerable curiosity, for the day before one painter had said to me: "It contains the finest picture Jacob Maris ever painted"; and another had said: "It contains the finest picture Daubigny ever painted."

The collection is in a modern house: each room is full of curios, bronzes, tapestries, porcelains, and pictures—rooms of infinite richness. There are water-colours on the ground floor that start one off on the quest with a thrill of pleasure—two little Mauves, for example, slight in subject, incidents that you might see half a dozen times in a country walk, yet blown upon with that faint but enduring breeze of beauty that only the true artist can command. Everywhere one is reminded how little subject or pictorial intention has to do with the making of pictures that give exquisite

pleasure, and that always have an early morning freshness because they are eternally beautiful. What subject could be more unpromising than a Dutch cook handling saucepans over a stove? Yet such an episode was all Matthew Maris needed to produce one of the most sensitive, one of the most haunting, pictures in the collection. Is it the perfect drawing, is it the tender relation of the tones, is it the quality of the painting, that produces such a lasting impression of his reserved and distinguished talent? Or is it that, combined with consummate craftsmanship, he gives that suggestion of individual temperament overflowing into the work and remaining there—quiet, undisputed—like the colour on a moor of heather? Words are an idle medium to express the real thing when we find it in art or in literature. I think of a passage in Walter Raleigh's book on Wordsworth: "He pressed onward to a point where speech fails and drops into silence, where thought is baffled, and turns back upon its own footsteps. . . . To know him is to learn courage; to walk with him is to feel the visitings of a larger, purer air, and the peace of an unfathomable sky." Of certain painters that also can be said: it can be said of some of the fine spirits in the Mesdag Collection. The fret, fever, and trouble of their lives is gone with the men and circumstances that occasioned them. Did they know poverty, anxiety, the pangs of disappointment and deferred hope?—those, too, are gone. The pictures remain. This white hill town by Corot, bathed in its pearly light, beneath an opalescent

sky; those sheep and haystacks by Millet; that moonlit pastoral by Segantini—they remain.

What one feels about this collection is the absence of any intention to contrive a picture, to compose an effective subject. Nowhere is this more evident than in the work of Daubigny, and nowhere, I imagine, can the achievement of this great artist be seen in greater variety. In one room of the house there are eight Daubignys, and each one gives some broad open air impression in the big, healthy way that was second nature to the French romanticists. There are, as I have said, no titles to the pictures, and one does not think of them in reference to titles, any more than one thinks of putting a title to a landscape of moors, mountains, and a river gleaming through the valley that one sees from a hillside in Scotland. These Daubignys sweep across the vision, and leave before the inward eye an impression of massive cattle against green lands; setting suns on sea and meadow; haystacks by evening light enfolded in dignity, or a hill village on the estuary of a river flooded in pale light. Most vivid of all to me was a five-foot picture, a mere sketch, done at a sitting in the open air, of a hurrying sky, a river doubling back into the distance, and two horses tugging a barge in the foreground. This picture was never finished, and I am glad of that. It may have taken Daubigny three-quarters of an hour, but the knowledge of a lifetime is there. It is alive and unpremeditated, and you can trace the impulses that moved the artist—the sudden desire to paint that

hurrying sky, those bending trees, and that bright river. Then, as he worked, the horses came in sight tugging the barge. Swiftly he put them in. There was his picture complete: he worked on it no more that day: other days passed, and he let the sketch stand. It remains one of those eager, joyous things done in a mood of exaltation, and catching the exaltation of that mood. Such a picture is good to remember. The beauty of it floats before me as I write far away from the Hague, in a room in the Highlands. I look up, and am confronted by an engraving of a picture by Sir David Wilkie. It is a death-chamber piece called "The Only Daughter." She lies in bed with a night-cap upon her pallid face: a Scotch terrier watches her: a physician feels her pulse: the father stands with one hand on the open Bible, in the other is a handkerchief: the mother watches her husband. Near to the bed hangs (Sir David was not frugal with his symbolism) a bird-cage covered with a cloth, a candle with the snuffer upon it, a falling barometer, and a guitar: one of the strings is broken, and beneath the picture are printed eight lines of minor verse. The first stanza runs:

> "Shall she repair the broken string
> Upon her old guitar,
> And hear again her cage-bird sing
> Unto the morning-star?"

I remove "The Only Daughter" reverently from her nail, turn her face to the wall, and switch myself off from the family anecdotic department of painting to those uncharted seas where Corot, Daubigny, Rousseau,

and Diaz sailed. I am back in the Hague seeing again what the subject picture can be when transfigured by the temperament of such an artist as Bastien-Lepage, whose astonishing study of the bullet-headed, black-eyed girl sitting in a field with that incomparably drawn figure of the lanky peasant, asleep (this *is* sleep) by her side, is in the Mesdag gallery ; seeing again the sad, mystical Matthew Maris, and by contrast Rousseau's tumultuous flock, a huddle of colour streaming down the mountain-side, and the others. Those others are very welcome, not the eager, overreaching Mancini of whom Mesdag has many examples, but the quiet, deep-natured Daubigny, Corot, Rousseau, Millet and Jacob Maris—men who felt strongly but who never thought themselves into weariness.

THE HOUR OF REST

FROM THE PICTURE BY BASTIEN-LEPAGE IN THE MESDAG COLLECTION AT THE HAGUE

THIS sketch shows what the subject picture can be when transfigured by the temperament of such an artist as Bastien-Lepage. One never wearies of this astonishing study of the bullet-headed, black-eyed girl sitting in a field with that incomparably drawn figure of the lanky peasant, asleep (this *is* sleep) by her side.

THE SCIENTIFIC CRITIC

THOSE who take painting seriously, those to whom the end of the summer exhibitions does not portend the beginning of a close time in art, are conscious of a titillation at the announcement of a new book by Mr. Bernhard Berenson. He, of all living critics of classic art, is the most competent and the most distinguished, and where he breaks a path the herd must look intently, even if they do not follow. The amateur of taste whose appreciation of the beautiful is so keen that he does not care who painted a picture so long as it pleases him ; who will wander round a gallery without a catalogue, and who will remember a picture for its own sake, and not because it is attributed to, say, Velasquez, Raphael, or Botticelli, may regard Mr. Berenson's services to art as supererogatory. For Mr. Berenson is the readjuster rather than the cicerone ; he is the exposer of errors ; his life is spent in æsthetic enjoyment (a little frigid, perhaps), and in correcting the attributions given to pictures in the careless old days when Directors of Galleries called a Raphael a Raphael, or a Perugino a Perugino, because it looked something

like a Raphael or a Perugino, or because Vasari, or some other old gossip, had said so. From his home in Florence Mr. Berenson, once a year, hurls his book-thunderbolts, and we all duck our heads, gasp a little, and decide that it is very interesting to watch thunderbolts fall on somebody else's land.

Mr. Berenson derives, of course, from the late Signor Morelli, the founder of what has been sarcastically called the "ear and nose" system of identifying pictures. Let me quote Dr. Bode, of the Berlin Gallery, Morelli's implacable antagonist in the battle-royal that raged around Morelli's oriflamme of heterodoxy. "He issued (says Dr. Bode) a catalogue of the ears, noses, and fingers, the former property of Botticelli, Mantegna, Raphael, Titian, and Co., and with this schedule in hand every lover of art is to patrol the picture-galleries, when he will be able to single out unerringly the different masters in spite of all the wretched mistakes of directors." Dr. Bode may still have his sympathizers, for all I know, and Morelli may have pushed his method to the extreme; but there is no doubt that it was Morelli who first gave the impulse to that system of scientific art criticism through which "the wretched mistakes of the directors" *were* corrected, the complacency of private collectors disturbed, and art history transformed from chaos to something like order. Errors have been made by the scientific art critics, but the balance on the side of accuracy and, yes, common-sense, is enormously with Morelli and his followers. "It would be as absurd," says Mr. Claude Phillips, "to return to a pre-

Morellian period of criticism, as it would be to study natural science whout profiting by the discoveries of Darwin." Morelli, we are told, refused to use his powers of reason: consequently he was always a mere happy inventor, not a real discoverer. "What he would not attempt, I have tried to do," says Mr. Berenson, "and I dare believe that after perusing my essay on the 'Rudiments of Connoisseurship' the candid reader will no longer find anything ludicrous or trivial in the new Connoisseurship."

I, as a candid reader, do not find anything ludicrous or trivial in the new Connoisseurship. It may occasionally be a little dull, and one is sometimes inclined to ask if the scientific art critic ever takes any joy in a picture for its own sake. In Mr. Berenson's case the answer is "Yes!" The naughtiness of Directors of Galleries has not dulled his enthusiasm. His pen has not tired, his fancy is always alert, and if a wrong attribution has a sobering effect on him, beauty can waft him into lyrical regions. I shall not soon forget his analysis of the spirit that inspired the Italian architects of the Renaissance, those men who "took space for a language as the musician takes sound."

Let me consider two of the essays in his volume on *The Study and Criticism of Italian Art*—"The Caen Sposalizio" as an example of Mr. Berenson critical, and "The Drawings of Andrea Mantegna" as an example of Mr. Berenson enthusiastic. Open "The Caen Sposalizio" essay between pages four and five, and you will be greeted by two familiar pictures facing each

other. One is a photograph of Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin" at Milan, the other a photograph of Perugino's "Marriage of the Virgin" at Caen. These pictures are quite old friends, and you will possibly remember to have read that Perugino's picture served as a model for Raphael's. It never occurred to you to dispute the story, and when Mr. Berenson first went to Caen he had not a shadow of doubt that he was about to see one of Perugino's best pictures. But—— He came to admire; he stayed to re-attribute. That is the scientific art critic's way. He will take nothing on trust. "Imagine my astonishment," says Mr. Berenson, "when, at the first glance, the Caen picture presented me with a combination of vivid colours the like of which I could not possibly recall in a single other work by Perugino." The doubt once instilled into his mind, Mr. Berenson proceeds patiently and laboriously to prove that this picture was not painted by Perugino, then to consider by whom it was painted. Having examined the colour, he studies the pose of the figures, the drawing of the limbs, hands, ears, and noses, the fall of the drapery, and compares these details with other classical pictures with which, of course, he is as familiar as we are with the ins and outs of Waterloo Station. He notices in this work, or recalls from other pictures, the ailing delicacy of a figure, the protrusion of a cheek-bone, the swollen second phalanx of a thumb, the sly look of a woman, the flushed cheek of a man. So he continues contrasting, comparing, discarding, calling forth a painter from the night only to send him back, accumu-

lating proof upon proof, until in the end we are given the result straight from the shoulder that the Caen "Sposalizio" was painted by Lo Spagna, not by Perugino, and that Raphael did not borrow from the Caen picture, but that, on the contrary, it was the Caen picture that was borrowed outright from Raphael. Mr. Berenson's method is as interesting as the method of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Indeed, I should like to have the opinion of Mr. Holmes on the construction of this essay.

It is characteristic of Mr. Berenson. Dip into the book where you will, you will find some erudite readjustment of accredited attributions, as, "This Madonna betrays none of the characteristics of Piero, while it possesses all those of Baldovinetti," or, "The names put forward have been those of Puligo and Sogliani; Granacci and Franciabigio have also been suggested. None of these names is entirely satisfactory to the discriminating eye." But Mr. Berenson is more than the iconoclast. He can appreciate, can pass on some of his discreet fire to the reader, and incidentally he makes you an arresting phrase, or strikes out a pleasing simile. The locks of the hair of Holofernes in Mantegna's Dublin picture are like "swaying river grasses swept by the wind"; the swift, unswerving lines of Judith's draperies "have the flow of silent streams"; the Florentine followers of Raphael never knew how to assimilate their thefts, but made a parade of them "like a Fiji islander, strutting about in cast-off European garments." In his paper on Mantegna, that great and

grave master, Mr. Berenson reaches his highest level in appreciation. With the accompanying picture it is an education in the line as a life-communicator to art. Mantegna's line! The words are an inspiration! Look at his figure of a Muse in this volume, follow the lines and folds of the drapery, and then apply the test from which masterpieces alone emerge. The test is Mr. Berenson's, and I make it my final quotation: "Imagine this sheet torn to tatters; like fragments of great Greek art, every shred would betray its value and function, conjuring up the whole."

VENICE AT DAWN

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY MOFFAT LINDNER

IT may be that Mr. Moffat Lindner will find in water-colour the essential expression of his delicate feeling for colour, and forms that half reveal, half hide. It is only by arduously learning the details of drawing and composition that the true artist is able to present such a fairy-like, mystical illusion, and convince us of its reality. This is Venice—and dawn, that wonderful moment in the most sympathetic city in the world. And it is water-colour rightly and beautifully used.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

A PAINTER AS CRITIC

A FEW years ago, for a brief period, it became the fashion for painters to write art criticism. The experiment, which produced some curious results, did not become universal; but it showed that painters as critics of the work of their contemporaries are less catholic and harder to please than literary critics. On the other hand, the great painter, *hors concours*, is bewilderingly lavish of his praise. From his perch on the mountain-top he can afford to scatter adjectives on the strugglers; but the painter of talent, who is still climbing, is more subject to the imperfections of our common humanity. Perhaps the critic who has once painted, but renounced the endeavour, is better able to appreciate the best in divers schools, however wide asunder they may be.

Once I invited a painter to accompany me on visits I was about to pay to three small exhibitions. First we went to the Dutch Gallery in Brook Street, where M. Bauer was showing a collection of paintings, drawings, and etchings. M. Bauer's name was new to me, but I was favourably predisposed to his work, through an appreciative article by an expert art critic

who welcomed him as an inheritor of the Rembrandt tradition. My first impression of M. Bauer's etchings was their size ; second, his industry ; third, that he is a wanderer. His etchings are all Eastern subjects : he is a man of imagination to whom such far-away sights as "Morning at the Holy Ganges," "Harem Guard," and the "Sphinx," appeal. There are immense capabilities in his choice of subjects. They should produce in the beholder the sense of mystery, exhilaration, and wonder ; but they did not. Why? I asked myself. Why did not M. Bauer's enormous etching of the figure of Mahommed II. suddenly appearing in a great, dim temple, on a white horse, with his sword brandished above his head, kindle my imagination, as a Rembrandt etching will? Why did not his infinitely painstaking drawing of Amiens Cathedral impress me? The painter and I discussed the problem. "They're flat," said he ; "there's no depth in his shadows, and his lights have no brilliance. His drawing is awfully dull."

"M. Bauer reminds me," said I, "of a bricklayer, laying his bricks carefully and well, rather than the architect who conceives the design as a whole, and correlates each part to the final effect." I also quoted Sir Joshua Reynolds, who stated this problem in his own large way. But the painter did not quite see my meaning till I recalled to him a portfolio of Goya lithographs that we had examined the night before. "Think what Goya would have made of Mohammed II.," I said, "with a few black splashes. Think in

what a glow of light Rembrandt would have bathed the figure of Mohammed, and in what a mystery of darkness he would have imprisoned the huddled crowd." The painter smiled. "But now you are talking of Great Masters," he said.

On the way to Mr. Dunthorne's gallery, where Mr. Albert Goodwin was showing a number of sunset and colour drawings, we talked of this firm line of demarcation between the great and the merely capable. And we agreed once more that, although genius has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains, such pains continued to infinity will not avail a man to produce a masterpiece unless he has that little more which is everything. It has been called by different names at different times.

We entered the gallery, and in the corridor paused. There, hanging on the wall, was the real thing. We looked from it to each other, from each other to it. Speech was needless, but it amused us to deliver monologues explaining why Rembrandt's etching of "The Three Crosses" was the real thing. Soon we stopped chattering. It spoke for itself: no explanation was needed.

After a while we stepped into the inner gallery, where Mr. Goodwin's drawings are displayed. My companion had never heard of Mr. Goodwin. His manner was somewhat antagonistic, and he had wandered round three walls, while I was still looking at one picture which appealed to my imagination. My companion's interest did not go beyond the quality and

truth of the painting. Therein lies the difference between the painter and the writer. It was nothing to him that Mr. Goodwin possesses a literary imagination, which, as a painter, is to his disadvantage as well as to his advantage. He is a man of ideas and fancies; he has striven to force paint to express more than it can or should express, and I was curious to see if this exhibition showed that his period of discipline had begun. The small drawing before which I had paused answered that question, and suited my mood. I did not particularly want to look at anything else. One's receptive powers are limited, and it is better to have a vivid impression of one picture than a scrambling memory of many. The drawing is called "The Indian Ocean"; it is happily titled and happily conceived. Rich colour, massed and sombre, brooding over solitude and space, is its note. Above a strip of empty sea hangs a great blood-red evening sky. It is that pregnant moment of pause before the sun sinks, when Nature is hushed, as if content to be reverently quiet while the Life-Giver passes. In England, where farms and cottages dot the landscape, the moment is impressive; but on the Indian Ocean—birdless, shipless—such a moment must produce a still deeper impression. Man is an atom in infinite space, infinite loneliness, enfolded by grave, rich colours. This Mr. Goodwin saw and felt: this he was able to transfer to one small drawing. I beckoned to my companion and spent five minutes explaining its effect on me. He appeared to listen, and it was quite plain that he disagreed. "It's

not true," he said. "With all that light in the sky, the sea could never be so dark." That was his only comment. I, content to accept Mr. Goodwin's vision, was grateful to him for the pleasure he gave me; my companion would accept nothing which did not convince *him* that the vision was true.

"What, then, do you like in a picture?" I asked, on the way to Messrs. Carfax's little gallery in Ryder Street, where Mr. Rothenstein's pastels were being shown. He paused before answering. Painters are instant in knowing what they like, but slow to analyze their preferences. "The quality of the paint," he said, as we paused in crossing Piccadilly to make way for a motor-car. "Most modern work is so stuffy." "Mention a name," I said. "Manet! His brush work gives me the feeling of fingering beautiful objects—cameos, gems, and ivories. Not so much his Luxembourg picture; and, oh! I'm not good at expressing myself, but there was a head of a girl by him at the Glasgow International Exhibition. If you saw it, you must have felt how it stood out from all the rest. Manet used paint in the same sort of easy—er—loving way that a musician extemporizes on the piano when he is alone. But I can't explain quite what I mean. The old painters had that feeling for paint; the moderns, for the most part, haven't. If I were a critic, I should always say what I hated." "But you would soon get tired of that," I said. "It's more interesting to state what you like, and so much more difficult."

Mr. Rothenstein is no exception to the rule that a

painter is more satisfying in his studies and lyrical notes than in his finished pictures. Mr. Rothenstein in oil at the New English Art Club is one thing; Mr. Rothenstein in pastel at the Carfax Gallery is another. There he was showing some attractive little formal landscapes, and some very attractive little mother and child pastels. The latter have no touch of popular pathos, or sentimentality: they are just acutely and affectionately observed presentments of the intimate, universal incidents of nursery life—"Before the Bath," "First Steps," and so on. What he has seen he has revealed with quick precision. There is no building up of a picture; no story to be told; no forcing of the note. My companion and I found ourselves in entire agreement. For the first ten minutes he was content to be well pleased; then he began to criticise the drawing. "I don't like that shoulder," he began, and his thumb shot out to figure an imaginary line in the air. But I cut him short, for it was getting late, and he had promised to show me his own pictures.

We returned to his studio, where he placed one picture after another on the easel, frowning as he looked at them. He was very modest, and it struck me that he looked at each picture as if he saw it for the first time. Then I began to criticise, and he to look unhappy. "It's much easier to depreciate than to appreciate," I remarked. "I suppose I agree with you," he said; "but it's worse to be ignored."

A CONNOISSEUR AND COMPANIONABLE MEN

THE modern connoisseur, wealthy and cosmopolitan, has not much affinity with eighteenth-century water-colours. "Where are you going?" said one of these amiable individuals to me the other afternoon. "To look at British water-colours," I answered. He pursed his lips as if in scorn, then said, "Come and see my collection!" The water-colours could wait. It would be foolish to miss the opportunity of seeing my acquaintance's collection of pictures, furniture, china, and curios. So I accompanied him to his house. In silence we ascended the thickly-carpeted stairs and entered the first of a series of noble rooms. "Turn on the lights," he said to the servant who had followed us, and instantly the walls of the larger room glowed with portraits of women of the eighteenth century. The electric lamps, placed close to the portraits, shone on them; shades protected our eyes from the dazzle; the rest of the room was dim, but in that flood of light those gracious masterpieces of the eighteenth century glowed down upon us with startling vividness. My

host did not speak. He gazed affectionately at them, then looked at me, and I guessed the thought in his mind. It was: "What are your pretty water-colours of ruins, hedge-sparrows' nests, and plums, compared with these?" Fortunately, I was not called upon to make a reply, for at that moment he was called away, and I was left alone with the treasures. It was a relief. Something above an ordinary mind is needed to please a collector in the presence of his spoils. He dislikes gushing approval, and silence disturbs him; he is not averse from having his taste questioned, but it must be accompanied by signs of a wider knowledge and a stronger will. And in such a collection as this, which contained examples of all that is rare in the arts and art industries, the attitude of the visitor is curious rather than critical. What can one say about a case of gold snuff-boxes?

The world had been ransacked for the spoils that stood in crowded magnificence in the room where I sat. A French King had written at that bureau; a Princess had used that console-table; that marble group had been ravished from an Italian palace; no power of will or money could duplicate that cabinet of china; time had but given a more illusive beauty to the floral garlands that entwined themselves on the back of the couch on which I reclined. To that escritoire, inlaid with so many shining woods, a picked workman had given seven years of his life. The eye wandered over these things, resting nowhere, dazzled by the pomp and glory of the art world. I touched the shining

woods of a cabinet. The surface was even—perfect workmanship. I removed the heavy key from the lock. It was made of gold. I slipped from that room, intending to return, and made my way to the British water-colours—ruins, hedge-sparrows' nests, and plums.

Old British water-colours are not the thunder and lightning of art. They are the work of quiet men, who would rather paint a landscape with cottages than a storm at sea, a hayfield than a battle. Even when they do choose a moving subject, the drawing is keyed to their reposeful natures. Cox's "Welsh Funeral" is not sad, Copley Fielding's "Storm Clearing off: Entrance to Glencoe," is not dramatic: these drawings arouse no deeper feeling than a mild appreciation. The great eighteenth-century portraits challenge and stimulate, flashing the personalities of men and women before our eyes, disturbing us as human nature—elusive, enigmatic, unending—must always disturb; but the eighteenth-century water-colourists had nothing to do with such Titan's work. For them the simple face of things—evening glow, a church porch, or an Italian lake. Again through their eyes we catch glimpses of quiet corners of the world we have travelled, chosen because of some effect of atmosphere or colour that caught the wandering artist's eye. They repeat themselves, of course, but who is not glad to see again the Campagna or a Surrey common? Wanderers were these old water-colourists, but not great travellers. A motor-car would go as far in an afternoon as David Cox or De Wint in a summer.

Cox, De Wint, Cotman, Cozens, Girtin, Barret—the names have a homely sound. To quiet folk the thought of them is agreeable. They win the kind of affection—mild, but lasting—that Charles Lamb inspires in literature. The English water-colourists who, a century and a half ago, left the highroad of tinted drawings, and broke a path for themselves through the fields and over the uplands, loving the mills on the hills, the sheaves of corn, and the humble incidents of pastoral life, were companionable men. The freshness of the amateur stays with them. They worked, you feel, because they loved their work. They doubted not, neither did they scheme. You do not think of them as delivering analytical lectures to art students, or receiving somebody else's friends on Show Sunday. You do not think of them as "making" pictures year by year, six for the Academy, two for Paris, and one for Munich. You think of them rather as men with loose clothes, big hats, and articulate souls, who would take a walk, brood over something they saw on the way, and make a drawing of it. Simple bodies, with long pauses in their conversation, keen students of the weather, more interested in the varying lights that a shifting wind gives to reeds, or the lines of a gleaner's figure, than in the destiny of man or the state of the navy. Of all lives the happiest and the most comforting I should have said, were it not for the recollection that John Cozens, of whom Constable remarked that "he was the greatest genius that ever touched landscape," went out of his mind, and so remained until

death released him. Restful men with old-fashioned tastes, and those who to-day collect water-colours, who are faithful to their youth, which grew contemporaneously with the development of the English water-colour art, are, I suggest, also quiet men and women with simple tastes preferring sympathy to slickness. They try to be tolerant, but loving simple themes, and old, even ways, they find it hard to accept Mr. Sargent's "infernal dexterity" or the wonder of Degas's line.

It is William Hunt, I believe, with his minutely-painted, highly-finished drawings of fruit and laboriously accurate anecdotes, who is responsible for the indifference or the derision with which some regard "our national art." Hunt had a wonderful eye for colour and texture, and the patience of a watchmaker. He would lavish all his extraordinary skill on the interior of a barn or on a farmer's boy's clothes; he would indicate the bloom on a grape or the sheen on a melon so faithfully that you must say, "Amazing! They are grapes!" or, "Wonderful! How very like a melon!" and then pass on to something more inspiriting. I never see a dish of fruit without thinking of William Hunt, and I never think of William Hunt without recalling this sentence by some forgotten biographer: "He painted 'The Attack' and 'The Defeat,' humorous pictures of the struggle of a small boy with a huge pie, and the 'Dead Humming Bird.'"

There are as many styles and kinds of water-colours as school-boys. The most tolerant critic can hardly be expected to like all. One must even pick and choose

among the Turners. Some of his smaller drawings, effects so lovely, so delicate, that it would seem a breath might blow them away, are in the fairyland of water-colour art; but the classical Turner, the Turner with the shade of Claude peering over his shoulder, the Turner of the "Falls of the Clyde," with the eternal four nymphs in the foreground, or of the panoramic "Chepstow Castle," is to me prose, dull prose.

I confess myself a Coxite—the impetuous Cox, as somebody aptly called him. He crossed a moor in a storm of wind, a good broad-backed brown moor, with a great turbulent sky, a line of waggons lumbering away in the distance, and a group of gipsies following. He painted that moor; it lives—just an impression, but broad and strong, and manifestly the work of a man who took the big, broad view of Nature. No niggler he, no cultivator of allotment patches. All Nature was his allotment. He wrestled with countries, and held his spoil. There is more life and movement in his little drawing of "Calais Pier" than in many a canvas ten times the size. Hunt would have painted the barnacles on one particular sea-washed wooden beam. Cox's roving eye took in all the wild confusion of sky and sea, and the blown watchers on the pier-head. He trapped the elements as they raced by, and left the barnacles alone.

Darkness had fallen when I returned to the connoisseur's house. The rooms were brilliantly lighted, making the spoils look more magnificent than ever. There seemed no place for modest water-colours amidst

such grandeur. My eyes wandered round from one spoil to another, up past the portraits till they rested on the Robert Adam ceiling. The unobtrusive lines of the design of that ceiling, with its simple symbols, its flowers and fantasies, harmonized with the memory of those quiet eighteenth-century water-colours, and I wondered what my host would say to a few water-colours on the walls of an Adam room, with some pieces of Adam furniture against the white walls. But I did not suggest it to him.

THE SALONS

THE two French Salons are either an absorbing interest or a vast weariness merging into a nightmare. It depends upon one's self. Take these rooms and rooms of pictures as a sight to be done in a morning, and, drooping, ill-tempered, dazed, you will never want to look at another picture. Give freely, force brain and eye to be interested, absorb, contrast, shut away your predilections, try to get the focus of these clashing visions of uncomplaining Nature, and you will find the Salons drawing you day after day like a magnet. I began in a mood of eager exaltation, passed through the stages of protestation, savagery, fatigue, complaisance, interest, and ended in humility at the impossibility of writing anything adequate about the stupendous effort of the art world that renews itself each year at the Salons.

I say the "art world" advisedly. Paris is the capital of the art world, and to Paris, as May draws near, the eyes of the painters of all countries turn. Of the pictures that aroused my interest on my first morning visit, I found, on referring to the catalogue, that more

than half were by painters born in other countries. Think of it! Hundreds of trains, from hundreds of towns, hundreds of miles apart, running through strange lands, all bearing pictures from hundreds of easels, all to be finally dumped down in the wonderful city by the Seine, some to have a brief day of life in the gay and shouting grandeur of this Grand Palais in the Champs Élysées, with its coloured frieze, its roof monuments of rearing horses, symbolical figures bearing torches and laurels, and its proud inscription running in great letters over one of the porticos, "CE MONUMENT A ÉTÉ CONSACRÉ PAR LA RÉPUBLIQUE À LA GLOIRE DE L'ART FRANÇAISE."

After all, the Salons do represent French Art. For Paris is the school as well as the patron. And when you find that a painter was born in Barcelona, or Sweden, or Philadelphia, you also find against his name that he is *élève de* Cabanel, or Laurens, or Gérome, or Harpignies. Paris sits smiling by her river, and all the joyous student life of the world chatters, and learns, happy in her hospitable arms. How well they catch her tricks, her cleverness, her irresponsibility, her gaiety, her dexterity! She is the prisoner of herself, and she makes her children and her foster-children prisoners of themselves: how seldom does one of them learn from her to be free and unafraid without amazement. What physical strength her painter children show! There are pictures at the Salons, you can hardly call them pictures, those enormous, glittering stage scenes, that the eye wanders slowly over, forgetting the

first square yard by the time the last square yard is mastered.

One starts with the intention of discovering the few fine works that such a collection must contain ; but the riot of effort, the clamour of the various schools and nationalities, the cleverness of hand and eye, the daring and bewildering choice of subjects, confuse the judgment, and dispose one to treat the collection as a Fair rather than as an assemblage of works of art. How can one appreciate Lhermitte's sober landscapes, or Le Sidaner's misty moonlights, when the eye is charged with the blaze of colour by pointillists who out-Sisley Sisley, or rainbow-river painters who out-Thaulow Thaulow? Yet if these ingenious French painters only knew it, among these acres of strident colour it is often the small dark picture that tells with the perspicuity of a black sheep among a white flock. The painter who screams loudest ; he who chooses such a subject as Amazons wrestling, or a female searcher at a police-station extracting stolen watches from the petticoats of a blowsy demi-mondaine, or a ball at the "Quat'z'arts," or one of the many hideous nudes, does so wittingly. He is making a bid for notoriety, and he knows his business. His clever fingers follow his volatile brain, and if his picture does not sell, he paints another over it for the next exhibition. I do not think this heterogeneous mixture of melodrama and sensation, masquerading under the cloak of art, bamboozles the intelligent Frenchman. Even the bath-chairmen who wheel elderly ladies through the rooms, criticising the pictures

on the way, give a shrug of the shoulders, expressive and inimitable, before the notoriety-hunting canvases. The smile of amused protest, such as a parent might throw at a wilful child, with which one of these bath-chairmen greeted a wild presentment of the Martinique disaster, was worth going to Paris to see. The painters themselves certainly know. I exploited the rooms one afternoon in the company of three distinguished artists who, for reasons of their own, were winnowing the seed from the chaff. They went through the galleries like flying-foxes, ignoring seven-eighths of the pictures, looking and disregarding in the same instant, pouncing on the few fine pictures, some of which I, the day before, with infinite labour, had disentangled from the rest. They took one hour and twenty minutes to examine nearly two thousand pictures, and the result justified the method. Very weary they seemed as we sat together afterwards on a seat in the Champs Élysées, but I do not think they had overlooked one good picture.

French art of to-day, as exemplified in the Salons, does not show any signs of progression. There is technical skill in abundance, but one has only to visit the Luxembourg Gallery or the Panthéon to recognise that this is not the great period of French art. The State and provincial towns are still showering their commissions for the decoration of town-halls and public buildings, and M. Paul Laurens is ready with his enormous triptych of scenes from the life of Joan of Arc, and M. Georges-Bertrand with his photo-

graphic Funeral of President Carnot. There are others, too ; but on the walls of the Panthéon rests the work of that great master, Puvis de Chavannes, showing France, once and for all, how wall decoration should be treated ; or, to go further back, there is David's wonderful "Sacre de Napoleon I." in the Louvre. Few painters can handle a crowd of figures, and so focus the chief incident that the central motive leaps to the eye at first glance. M. Laurens should study Puvis de Chavannes's solitary figure of Sainte Geneviève watching over Paris, at the Panthéon. It would be useless to ask M. Henri Martin to spend an hour with Puvis de Chavannes at the Panthéon. He has introduced that kind of Impressionism called Pissarroism into decorative painting. His gigantic decorative panel nearly filled one wall of Room XX. at the Old Salon of 1903, and the paint was laid on so lavishly that the perfume of it was quite perceptible on entering the room. Unconsciously I half closed my eyes, so vivid was the sunshine radiating from this landscape where men are cutting grass, girls dancing, sheep wandering beneath the trees that stand up straight against the sun-flooded hills. It was a new experiment, interesting, but no more. Nearer to my taste was M. Verhaert's curious and careful panel for the town-hall of Antwerp. This delightful picture or the magistrates receiving the captains, just back from the Canary Isles, is another example of that last expression of French modernity—the return to pre-Raphaelitism, with an added note of gaiety shown in

the flying banners and the bright ingenuity of the costumes.

It would need a book or two to do any sort of justice to the Salons; but would it be worth while? What is there to be said about Harpignies, Aman-Jean, Besnard, and La Touche, that has not been said before; or Carolus-Duran, or Veber, who devotes himself year after year to painting eccentricities and monstrosities? They are amusing, the kind of subjects that a clever painter might produce once in a lustrum, and be a little ashamed of exhibiting them to friends whose opinion he respected. M. Besnard continues to please the moderns. I read in a French paper that he has sobered his marvellous gifts as a colourist, and that M. la Touche has at last begun to give up yellow. That may be; but nothing that M. La Touche shows now is equal to his exquisite little picture in the Luxembourg, and the same may be said of M. Thaulow. One of the painters of established reputation who continues to give pleasure is M. Henner. His secret is his own. The other nudes in the Salons are clever, brutal, ingenious—what you will; but M. Henner's are always touched with something of the beauty and mystery of twilight. He is not realistic like Degas, who achieves beauty of another kind, but it is always a relief to enter a room where there is a Henner nude or a Harpignies landscape.

PORTRAITS

A COLLECTION of masterpieces of the English School! Perhaps unwisely, perhaps wisely, I visited that collection first—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, and Lawrence. Time is on their side, but they, too, are on the side of time. Why these glowing canvases should show no sign of ravage, when many portraits painted a few years ago are already fading or peeling, is a question that must be answered by the painters themselves. Those who, for the sake of a transitory brilliance, use fugitive colours will perish by that brilliance. Even the great Turner was not beyond this reproach, but with him it was an occasional fiery lapse from wisdom. Time has but mellowed his glorious vision of rolling water, and tossing boats off Calais. Time, which has already notched the hundredth anniversary of Romney's death, has but added to the charm of his "Mrs. Carmichael Smyth." How alive she is! Her bright hair, her pretty, troubled eyes, her delicate skin, her white dress with its touch of blue in the ribbon—how simple it all is, and yet how distinguished! Look where you will in this little collection of masterpieces, from Reynolds's wonderful group of

the Angerstein Children to Hoppner's "Children of the Godsall Family" gazing out upon the setting sun, and everywhere you find composure and distinction. There is no hint of cleverness, that bane of modern art; no shouting dexterity of technique; no muddle of paint, no distorted action of limbs. These portraits are so simple in composition that one wonders why any painter should ever attempt to portray a sitter in any other pose or environment. It is the simplicity of greatness—that is all: the greatness of the Gothic cathedral seen by the architect as a whole before the first stone was laid. These masters kept their experiments, the wild struggle of brain and hand with material, for their studios. We in these days hang our experiments on exhibition walls. I left these portraits chastened and grateful: there, in that quiet room in a London street were repose, distinction, the perfect expression of disciplined temperaments—in a word, finality.

I went on my way to another gallery, and was quickly switched on to the motor-car and halfpenny-press Present. Not by design I walked straight into the room where Mancini's "Portrait of the Artist's Father" hung. My first thought was: "Dear me! there's been a fire here!" How else explain the rough, blistered-looking, incoherent background that rages around the head of the "Artist's Father?" Scorching by fire seemed a reasonable explanation of the state of the background, as the head itself is simply and quite beautifully painted. As for the pieces of metal stuck

into the paint, it was suggested to me that they might be fragments of a fireman's helmet splintered into particles through the fall of a girder. But there had been no fire. The portrait is simply the latest expression of the art of portrait-painting. Mancini is a man of undoubted talent, an original and powerful painter. If this were not so, his vagaries would not be worth noticing. "But the end justifies the means," his admirers tell me. "If by means of hills and valleys of paint, by the use of foreign objects imbedded in the pigment, he attains his end, why complain?" Possibly Mancini has attained his end. If so, and he is content, all is well. All I can say is that to me the end he has attained in this portrait is the negation of all that pleases in a work of art. If I admire, with an admiration that borders on idolatry, certain portraits of Velasquez, Van Dyck, and Romney, I cannot like Mancini. Gifts he has, of course. His portrait of "Harold Ponsonby" is vividly alive, the boy's face is charming, the light through the open window is real day; but, taken as a whole, the flaunting vulgarity of the composition makes it to me simply disagreeable. It is not the common vulgarity to which some of our painters have accustomed us, but the virile vulgarity of an ebullient personality who swaggers among his fellows with a "take me or leave me" air. And so I leave Signor Mancini.

The end of art is to give pleasure, to store the mind with vitalizing memories. The subject chosen is a matter of small moment. It is the personality, the vision, of the painter that tells. Of this truth

Mr. Sargent has given us, unconsciously, an object-lesson. He painted the Duchess of Portland and Mr. Alfred Wertheimer in the same year. Now, if you had asked the man in the bus, or the man on a coach, or the woman anywhere, which would be the more attractive picture, the portrait of a young and charming Duchess, or the portrait of a young Jewish gentleman, can you doubt what the answer would have been? Yet (here I speak for myself, not for the man on the bus, nor the man on the coach, nor for the woman anywhere) the portrait of the Duchess in satin dress, standing against a marble mantelpiece, with a crimson cloak thrown over her beautiful shoulders, is but one sumptuous portrait among many. It will pass like the rest. But the portrait of the Jewish youth remains in the memory, and will remain a thing of beauty. Not that the sitter is beautiful, but because the quiet dignity of the figure, so exquisitely drawn, is so modest in its appeal, so suggestive of controlled and organized power in the painter without hint of cleverness or bravado. It is beautiful, and if you ask me to explain further why it is beautiful, I can only answer that Ruskin wrote fifty volumes to explain why things are beautiful, and that the world is still unconvinced.

Again, to my chastened sense, Mr. Sargent's portrait of Lord Ribblesdale is, in essence, a more beautiful thing than his vivacious and instantly, but not lastingly, alluring portrait group of "The Ladies Alexandra, Mary, and Theo Acheson." These three graceful figures, these piquant, laughing faces, joying in their

beauty, joying in their clothes, joying in the orange-tree around which they are grouped, tingle one to the tune of spring, and youth, and happiness. The drawing is so dexterous, the painting is so brilliant, the composition is so ingenious ; and because it is all this, because the group sings and shouts its cleverness, the heart and mind return later, but surely, with a sigh of content, to the quiet power and unaffected humility of the Ribblesdale portrait. This has character. It makes no effort to be impressive. It is content to be itself. It waits, ready to give, when you are ready. The group of the three sisters advances with open arms. It offers all its vitality and charm instantly, without a moment's pause, whether you are ready or not. That waiting quality that gives distinction to the Wertheimer and Ribblesdale portraits, the quality which says, "I am unjewelled and bannerless, but give and I give," lurks in another group by Mr. Sargent, "The Misses Hunter." If this does not allure straightway so delightfully as the Acheson group, the memory of it will linger—longer.

Since the above lines were written Mr. William Heinemann has earned our gratitude by issuing sixty-two of Mr. Sargent's portraits and pictures in a volume, to which Mrs. Meynell has contributed an illuminating essay. This superb tome is a vital record of Mr. Sargent's genius. It contains, besides all his significant portraits, including "Mr. Alfred Wertheimer" and "Lord Ribblesdale," that darkly-vivid, early subject-picture "El Jaleo."

LORD RIBBLESDALE

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. S. SARGENT, R.A., IN THE POSSESSION OF LORD RIBBLESDALE

[*Annan & Sons*]

MR. SARGENT'S portrait of Lord Ribblesdale is, in essence, a more beautiful thing than his vivacious and instantly, but not lastingly, alluring portrait group of "The Ladies Alexandra, Mary, and Theo Acheson." The drawing of the group is so dexterous, the painting is so brilliant, the composition is so ingenious; and because it is all this, because the group sings and shouts its cleverness, the heart and mind return later, but surely, with a sigh of content, to the quiet power and unaffected humility of the Ribblesdale portrait. This has character. It makes no effort to be impressive. It is content to be itself. It waits, ready to give, when you are ready.

LE DERNIER CRI

In the past all schools and temperaments which were not academic, commonplace, or desiccated, have been welcomed at the New English Art Club. The practitioners of flat painting, of broken brush work, of vivid landscape, of dirty landscape; those who could do a slight thing beautifully, but who never courted failure by encountering difficulties like a bride; beginners, whose ambition outran their powers, were alike welcomed. The club sheds members like autumn leaves; but you hear of them again at the Royal Academy and elsewhere.

The Brabazon wall persists through all the changes of theme and method that the working members (I use the phrase with some trepidation) have exploited in the past. The painters whose place is on the Brabazon wall may be compared with the House of Lords. They sit for a few minutes, portray a beautiful effect of evening glow, or a mountain-top rising rosily through the mist, and then they return to their ordinary avocations. Sometimes a member from the other House takes a seat with them for a little while, flashing on to paper some effect of light on sky or sea or moor, or some arrangement of trees in sombre shade.

Accomplished! beautiful! are the epithets that rise to the tongue in speaking of the painters who decorate the Brabazon wall. They are the Austin Dobsons of the club, doing little things supremely well, refraining through excessive modesty from attempting "works." They seek beauty, not as an attribute, but as an essential. You remember the story of a certain Wit who, happening to call upon a lady, found her attempting to decorate the wall of her drawing-room with fans. "Oh, I am so glad you have called!" she cried; "now you can help me to arrange them." "Madam," he answered, "your fans should not be arranged: they should occur."

There was a time, not many years ago, when the average healthy Englishman and Englishwoman giggled at the exhibitions of the New English Art Club. The giggling showed unintelligence with a lack of sympathy, and little did the gigglers know how near they were to being turned out of the gallery by enraged painters and others. It is the way of the world to laugh at the new and unexpected. The world is also against experiments, and the New English Art Club in the past has been experimental and much in earnest. But in the early days the members carried their earnestness with a jauntier air. They frolicked more. Some of them were able to detach themselves from their earnestness, and to regard it humorsomely. It was pleasant to take up one's newspaper and read a paragaph to the effect that Messrs. So-and-So, of the New English Art Club, begged to thank the Royal Academy for the honour

done to them in rejecting their pictures. But the Royal Academy has her own way of progression. She bides her time, and when she beckons few can resist the aged finger. And so, of those who were exhibitioners at the New English Art Club in the last decade of last century, some are now at Burlington House, some have been "taken up" by dealers, some have tired, some have grown sad and civil in teaching, and a few have remained loyal to the club.

The New English Art Club is not quite what it was. With one or two exceptions experimentalism is out of fashion. The public no longer giggles at the New English Art Club pictures. The pendulum has swung back. Time has made the very class of story pictures that the club once fulminated against—new. The average healthy Englishman or Englishwoman, who does not look very closely at workmanship, might very well, after a first glance at a recent exhibition have soliloquised "There are Frith's among us still." Once more Selection, which we were at last beginning to believe was with Truth, Beauty, and Craftsmanship, one of the four essentials, has been set aside. The accessories of a room—flowers, books, vases, the patterns of walls and papers—are no longer beautiful smudges that come together miraculously as you retire from the canvas. They are all painted punctiliously as in pre-Victorian days. Such pictures are now a novelty—*le dernier cri.* And the New English Art Club, which justly prides itself on welcoming every school so long as the painting is good, hangs these new-old pictures in places of

honour. So once more we are taught the old lessons that after last there cometh first, and that if we have patience old things become new. The economical man never throws away a silk hat. He puts it by carefully, knowing that when a few years shall have rolled its shape will become fashionable again.

The two painters who, in this respect, have impinged their personalities on the exhibitions of the club are Mr. Orpen and Mr. Rothenstein. Mr. Orpen has already made himself a reputation in a small but eager circle. Elderly painters refer to him as "that clever youngster." His "Valuers" is frankly a story picture. Four shabby broker's men have just entered a room to value a picture. The men have character, they are deftly drawn, and their figures show well against the agreeable surface of the wall. The picture is clever and promising, and would be quite in place in any exhibition in London. Mr. Rothenstein is even more daringly early Victorian, to the extent of denying us the consolation of atmosphere in his interior called "L'Amateur," wherein the episodes of decoration and furniture are painted with pre-Raphaelite accuracy. The old gentleman who sits in a chair studying a print before the fire has clearly a partiality for green. The mantelpiece, the woodwork around the fireplace, the covers of his chair and book, are all vivid green. It runs through the picture with the insistence of red bunting on a fête-day. Here, too, the drawing is excellent. But the picture does not please. Neither does the same painter's "Tears" give all the pleasure it should. The figure of the woman

who rests, spent after the first passion of grief, attracts; but the glaring green sofa on which she sits offers no repose to the eye. The fatal reflection, fatal because it suggests that the colour is not equal to the drawing, rises to the lips—"How well these two pictures would come in black in white!" Can it be that Mr. Rothenstein has disregarded that blessed word "values"; that he has been so engrossed in the orchestration as to neglect the harmony; that he has flung himself on the part and let the whole take care of itself. The great Dutchmen have shown us that an interior containing homely and incongruous room and wall furniture can be very beautiful. But they knew that it is light and atmosphere alone that can give pictorial immortality to common things; that no detail of a picture can stand by itself, but that each episode must be as impalpably part of the whole as scent is of the flower, as water is when mixed with wine.

But I need not invite the great Dutchmen to step down from their pedestals in order to testify. Let me consider Mr. Russell's picture called "The Mirror." Here, too, is a green couch; but what a tender green it is, with the lines of faint pink flowers, and how subservient the green and pink are to the colour scheme! And the tall mirror into which the girl is looking! Observe it closely. Can you call it a mirror? It is no more than a piece of the wall in the picture, with a frame round it, and a suggestion of light where the reflection would fall. By itself it is neither a mirror nor a piece of the wall. But in value relation to the

picture as a whole, as part of the general scheme, it is uncompromisingly a mirror, and beautiful. Turn now to the facing wall, and look at the staring vase in Mr. Rothenstein's "L'Amateur." Cut it out and rest it against a chair. It is still uncompromisingly a vase. Replace it in the picture, it is still a vase, but quite without value relation to the other parts of the picture. It is an episode among episodes, in a room where atmosphere is not. It is like a member of a football team playing for his own glory, not for the good of his side. Thus, diffidently, I have attempted to explain why Mr. Rothenstein's pictures do not give me the pleasure they should. On the other hand, Mr. David Muirhead has made his homely interior, "The Lost Piece of Silver," entirely beautiful. The woman is plain, and her dress is dowdy; but the light from the candle that falls across the cloth, on her face, and the front of her gown, leaving the room itself in obscurity, brings everything into itself, and in right value relation to the whole scheme. There are no episodes in this picture, and although the literary motive is not insisted upon, behind it lurks an idea, a symbolistic intention, that makes just the difference between a clever picture and a work of art. The eye is eager for right colour, for the finely observed degrees of light and shade that blend into a tone—in a word, for values. And, as Mr. George Moore has explained, the melody of the colour can only be harmonious when the orchestration of the values is scientifically accurate. I want to blot out the green from Mr. Rothenstein's "L'Amateur,"

but it is a delight to linger over the touch of green in the feather in the hat of Mr. Orpen's "Portrait Study of a Lady," playing its part tenderly but unflinchingly in the colour scheme of the portrait, and, moreover, beautiful in itself.

It is the business of the critic to state his preferences, and, if possible, to give a reason for them. He keeps locked in his own breast the struggle for the *mot juste*, and he is but human if he feels a little envious of the ease with which artists themselves will shoot their criticism at a neighbour. Here are two instances: The margin of my catalogue was black with the notes I had made about a certain portrait at the New English Art Club, when an eminent painter came along. I asked him what he thought of the portrait. With head on one side and eyes half shut, he looked at it for a long time, and said "Ripping!" The other instance happened on Show Sunday in the studio of a distinguished member of the Royal Academy. Humbly and haltingly I had tried to say what I thought of the pictures and portraits that stood around the studio. I was still floundering, when another distinguished painter advanced to make his adieus. I paused to listen and learn. He grasped his host's hand, waved largely round the room, and said "Stunning!"

PAINTERS' PICTURES

LATE in the afternoon I found myself in the Dutch Gallery in Brook Street. In that quiet room are always to be found a few pictures of the kind that restore one's balance, and produce the pleasure, grave or gay, that art should give. This exhibition was especially interesting through the work of two craftsmen—Mr. C. Ricketts and Mr. C. H. Shannon. They are not popular in any sense of the word; they never send pictures to Burlington House; their recreations are not printed in *Who's Who*. Indeed, one of them is not mentioned in that handbook at all, and the only biographical detail given about the other is the word "artist." That is just as it should be. They are artists working quietly, modestly, and with great sincerity, producing drawings, decorative pages, portraits, lithographs, wood-engravings. They were also the originators and editors of that admirable but, alas! short-lived publication, *The Dial*. Incidentally, too, they produce paintings.

A Professor of Painting imbued with the principles of the "higher art criticism," with a horror of the

literary, the historical, the allegorical, or the ordinary picture of commerce, might conceivably choose two or three pictures by these artists to exemplify his theory of what good painting should be. They are painters' pictures. To the passer-by who is arrested by a taking subject in a picture-shop window, they would be simply uninteresting. He would not take the trouble to try to feel the artistic impulse that Mr. Ricketts felt in painting "The Samaritan." It would not be at all his idea of the way the Biblical subject should be treated, and it would not be a popular Royal Academician's way. This means that the subject happened to coalesce with the painter's vision of the rhythm of the lines and the colour scheme of the composition. It is a self-conscious picture by a man who is an artist to his finger-tips, worked out logically and scientifically, with a ripe feeling for tone and harmony of colouring. Nothing jars: it is a picture of repose, a picture that the eye absorbs without excitement and without fatigue. The flesh of the outstretched nude figure whom the Samaritan is tending is not white, but umbery gold, in perfect sympathy with the greenish-blue landscape. There is nothing here of the bravura and vitality of Gainsborough. It is just good painting. It has style, slightly oppressed by the mannerism that a strong personality, working under self-imposed academic limitations, cannot escape. As remote from the ordinary pictures of the day are Mr. Ricketts's two other contributions. The subjects of them are Centaurs, but those fabulous beasts are pictorial aids

to the pictures, not their determining incidents. In one they are seen hurrying down a slope bearing huge weights upon their heads. The uncouth figures, and the wild undiscovered country down whose hillsides they run, are contained in a small picture, but although small it has vastness, and it leaves on the mind a curious impression of the reality of the unreal.

Those who want brilliance and vitality in painting do not seek it in Mr. C. H. Shannon's pictures. His pictorial vision is always low in tone ; you feel that he is not looking actually at life, but painting impressions of an idealized world, assisted by life, but not disturbed by it ; impressions that an imagination, reflective and fastidious, calls up at twilight when the eyes are half closed. So a man seated on a balcony at an open-air concert, a little removed from the promenading people, the great lighted band pagoda, and all the emotional activities that the conjunction evokes, may, looking up at the blue night sky, discern pictures that are related to the life about him, but in the allusive, shadowy way in which dreams are related to reality. Two of his pictures I recall. Both express in paint one of those intense moments of emotion, with no hint of sentimentality, that Rodin has expressed in sculpture : both scenes are placed in that crepuscular light where forms are shadowy, outlines blurred ; where white flesh and white garments are no longer white, and blues and greens have taken on their quiet night colour. One picture is called " The Mermaid "; there is no hint of

the joy of life in this fantasy unseen of mortal eyes: it takes place in the desolate places of some fairy ocean. A boat is riding on the waves, heeling over, for the fisherman, one of those brown-bodied figures of the Golden Age, is crouched in the stern of the boat. He is bending over the gunwale, clasping a mermaid, whose body is half hidden by the waves that foam about her. Submissive, she yet turns her head reluctantly from his kiss; called by the world, she is still claimed by the sea. It is not in the least like a modern work: it belongs to that class of pictures that are never in the fashion or out of the fashion, that have in them the elements of greatness. More modern is Mr. Shannon's "The Music-Room." A favourite subject with French painters is the effect of music on a small, neurotic audience; such a picture was recently shown in Paris, where the emotions of some of the humbler frequenters of a Lamoureux concert were italicized in the characteristic Salon way; but that is not Mr. Shannon's way. You see dimly a room in steep perspective, covered with a blue and green drugget, bare but for the outline of a chair placed against the wall. Looking closer, you discern in the centre of the room three figures. One girl has swooned. She lies prone on the floor, her passive hand resting on her violin. A companion tends her, kneeling; a third girl bends over to replace another violin in its case. This theme is evidently a favourite of Mr. Shannon's, as he has already used it for one of his lithographs. Even those who disapprove of subjects in painting must welcome a picture like this

where the subject is so unobtrusive, so subordinate to the colour scheme, and yet so subtly suggestive.

Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Shannon both aim high. They attack pictorial problems that might easily end in disaster did they not control their imaginations by scientific working principles.

COLONIES IN CORNWALL

Nor without cause has the story of Antæus held the imaginations of men. In art, in literature, in life, man is periodically going back to Nature, rethinking, in his own hesitant way, bits of the primal Thought. In returning to his nurse he wins, like Antæus, a strength that the jostle with his fellows cannot give, a fresh vision and unsullied ideas. These returns are among the spiritual documents of history. They vary in degree, not in kind. Pioneered by some strong foe to convention and arrogant authority, quickly he gathers around him others who need but a leader to be brave. The movement spreads, throws out trekkers, who in their turn influence and direct, reaches its zenith, loses kinship with the source that gave it the first abundant inspiration, crystallizes, succumbs to convention, and lingers on, not without light, but lighted no longer from within. It does not die, for its influence has run through many channels. Their streams still irrigate alien lands, but the movement itself has done its work. Historians fasten on it, and in books it is buried. Art has been vivified by many such movements.

Some time in the eighties, those who were interested in painting began to be conscious of a new note at the Royal Academy exhibitions. Its sign-mark was a little window through which the gray light of day, real daylight this, diffused itself into a cottage interior. These young craftsmen, who set themselves, like Corot, to paint light, not colour, were not afraid of the subject picture. They chose the homeliest of incidents, but they never idealized or sentimentalized them. They were no less faithful to the simple round of village life in Newlyn, Cornwall, where they settled, than to the simple light of day. Through their pictures it came into the Academy like the between-showers gleam of an April morning. It was their aim to paint Man and Nature as they are down there on the Cornish coast, where one can work out of doors all the year through, where life is simple and relatively unagitated, and where the individual's work was aided by the common purpose that inspired all around him. Limitation they had; colour they took small joy in, or they disregarded it; and if they selected, they often seemed to select the uncouth in preference to the pleasing; but they did love the light, whether on the beach, on the hillside, or in the cottage—whether the light of day or the glow of the lamp mingling with it. That they studied and painted, humbly and fervently, and we of the town were grateful for the window at the Academy that Newlyn threw open.

Gradually, as the years went by, we began to distinguish between the men who were working at Newlyn.

They took rank according to their achievement. The head boy of the school emerged from his fellows, and we were able to give Mr. Stanhope Forbes, without exaggeration, the title of master. The most capable craftsman of them all, the surest eye, the most consistent realist, he has painted on steadily from year to year, always himself, never wandering after strange gods. Romance does not enter into his work, and you would not always learn from him that truth is beauty. A kind of story he likes to tell, but he is the painter of episodes rather than of stories. I do not believe he ever wittingly chose a subject. His interest in the problem of painting is so great that everything is paintable to him. A village street, the life that passes through it, and the life that jog-trots within its cottages, would give him subjects for a lifetime. Why, he might say, look up or around when there is so much that is paintable passing before my eyes? The other evening, after a day of rain on the south coast, the sky was transfigured with a sunset that pierced the heavens with a colour glory that would have set Turner splashing on a canvas to ease himself of the burden of its intolerable beauty. Mr. Forbes would have painted the quarry team plodding over the white road beneath it. The streak of light on the flank of the near horse, and its glint on the rough stone, with the lines of the dozing carman's figure would have satisfied him. And he would have got them. In life I never want to look a second time on the subjects that Mr. Forbes paints—a fish sale, a wedding breakfast, a village Philharmonic — but the

paintings themselves captivate me through the downright excellence of the painting and drawing, and the honesty of the observation.

In the early years, while the school was still making its way, before the Academy had called Mr. Forbes, Mr. Bramley, and Mr. Tuke into the fold, most of the Newlyners painted fish-sales on the beach, or the departure of the fishing fleet, or gray-lighted interiors; and some of the pictures, I admit, were poor. An outstanding work was Mr. Bramley's "Hopeless Dawn." A painter's picture in its truth of light and texture and subtle drawing, it became, by the poignancy of its pathos and the frankness of its obvious story-telling, the most popular work that has come out of Newlyn. Bought by the Chantrey Bequest, it hangs now in the Tate Gallery. But Mr. Bramley, although much good work stands to his name, seems to have dropped out of the van where the "Hopeless Dawn" placed him. He has left Newlyn. Indeed, of the many who made their reputations in that hill-village by the Western sea, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes and Mr. Norman Garstin, I believe, are alone faithful to Newlyn. Mr. Chevallier Tayler, a craftsman of ability, has, without lessening of his skill, brought into his work a mystical and religious note, heralded by his "Last Blessing." Mr. Gotch, after pursuing the gray light of Newlyn for some years, awoke one day to the fascination of colour, and the wonder in a child's eyes. Mr. Fred Hall was a Newlyner, I imagine, by accident, not design. His glowing landscapes come from another

MOONRISE

FROM THE PICTURE BY JULIUS OLSSON

THE sea, rivers, the reflections that illuminate them, the flush of the afterglow on snow, the flutter of wind on derelict pools, and such delicate interpretations of the beauty of the Cornish coast as this "Moonrise," are the subjects that make the strongest appeal to Mr. Julius Olsson. He knows the sea, he loves the sea, and whether he paints the deep ocean, or the rising of the moon over the bay, light and wind are there, and the air is felt.

source, and his gift for caricature has nothing in common with the Newlyn sobriety. But, in spite of the exceptions, the Newlyn men, as a whole, did not swerve from the purpose that sent them into Cornwall—the painting of life's little things, and incidentally of life's bigger things, encompassed in their own atmosphere of light.

As it was found that the gray light of Newlyn afforded an excellent background for the figure men, so those who were called to landscape found in the warmer colouring of St. Ives much that they needed. At St. Ives Mr. Arnesby Brown paints cattle and horses in movement, in sunlight, and with charm. An exhibitor for many seasons at the Royal Academy, his masterly drawing and technique won for him last year his election as Associate. Mr. Moffat Lindner paints his blue night pieces, his shimmering, sunlit seas, and his studies in reflections, returning to Cornwall to put the final touches to water-colour drawings, wherein he makes captive the loveliness of Venice. At St. Ives Mr. Julius Olsson paints his luminous marines, the flutter of the wind on derelict pools, and such delicate interpretations of the beauty of the Cornish coast as his "Moonrise"; Mr. Louis Grier landscapes and marines, to which he brings a sense of decorative beauty, and a subtle feeling for colour that never fails him. There is essential beauty in his "Plain-land." The pattern of those still blue pools, the space about them, and the simplicity of the three trees rest and refresh the eye. Mr. T. Millie Dow,

another fine colourist, paints landscapes and symbolical pictures that are welcomed at continental galleries; Mr. Lowell Dyer, an American, pictures imbued with early Italian feeling. Then there is Mr. Arthur Meade, landscapist and portrait painter; Mr. Allan Deacon, who turns from portraits to portray the dramatic or tragic moments in the lives of the fishermen; Mr. Fred Milner; and Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb, one of the few modern painters who can impart fervour and ecstasy to a religious subject. His large charcoal drawing called "Piloting Her Home," a characteristic scene of Methodist Cornwall, is, in technique and in feeling, a remarkable example of his mastery in that medium. At Lelant, between St. Ives and Newlyn, Mr. Adrian Stokes painted his sheep, his wet west winds, his grasses changing colour in every gust, the Marazion Marshes, and the moonrise over the dunes; while Mrs. Stokes, looking within herself rather than around, produced from her loom curious and delicate realizations of myth and fable.

I have been able to mention but few of the painters who have made St. Ives their home. Some, like Mr. Alfred East, fresh from foreign journeys in pursuit of beauty, laden with sketches, come to St. Ives to design and paint their large pictures. For the winter months are light there, and the artist has the encouragement of many fellow-workmen. Mr. Cayley Robinson is another of the winter sojourners by the Cornish sea. Into all the beautiful parts of Cornwall our painters have migrated. Sennen and Polperro have had their

PILOTING HER HOME

FROM THE CHARCOAL DRAWING BY W. H. Y. TITCOMB

MR. W. H. Y. TITCOMB is one of the few modern painters who can impart fervour and ecstasy to a religious subject. His large charcoal drawing called "Piloting her Home," a characteristic scene of Methodist Cornwall, is in technique and in feeling a remarkable example of his mastery in that medium.

colonies, and in Falmouth Harbour, in an old hulk converted into a studio, Mr. Tuke has found an alluring way of painting flesh in sunlight.

Diverse in aim, various in manner, wide apart in choice of subject, but united in their loyalty to truth, the Cornish painters have had their influence on the art of our day. Some have told stories in their pictures in spite of Théophile Gautier, who strove hard to persuade mankind that a picture is forbidden to tell a story. Mankind has not been persuaded. I close with a remark made by a wise negro in a book by the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* — "There's room for all sorts in the world."

MÉRYON AND OTHERS

As I went through the wet to the forty-first exhibition of the Old Water Colour Society this sentence was running in my head—He grows more winning as you know him better. I had read it years ago in an article by R. A. M. Stevenson on Méryon, and had not thought of it again till a certain day when I had arranged the programme of the afternoon thus—first water-colours, then etchings by Méryon.

What a contrast! Water-colours of the season and Méryon! I knew what to expect at the Old Water Colour Society in Pall Mall—unobtrusive drawings by men who paint the same scheme, if not the same scene, year after year. Drawings of Venice, of children with kittens, of posies, of the ebbing tide, of milking-time, of boulders in mountain streams, drawings with a snatch of verse for title. Drawings niggled and broad, vigorous and unsubstantial; ambitious but ineffective; earnest but dull. Conscientiously I examined the 287 exhibits, and found my chief interest in the work of such decorative artists as Mr. Anning Bell and Mr. Louis Davis. In Mr. Bell's "Rosewater" there is a fine touch of red

against the white bosom of the woman who is pouring the water; and the green pitcher is pleasant.

I lingered, too, before the drawings of those artists whose vision is still individual, such as Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Clausen, Miss Clara Montalba. Mr. Goodwin's great sun-flecked Venetian sky was memorable. But the general effect of the exhibition may be expressed in the word "respectable." The members were doing the work in life they enjoy, and the desire to produce nice water-colours will, I am sure, remain with them so long as eyes and hands retain their power. And while I wandered round the walls, still that line about Méryon would jingle in my head. Why? Why should this etcher of old Paris grow more winning as you know him better? Is it because he communicated something of his own vitality to his work, touching architecture with the glow of his dark-moving moods? Certainly his etchings of old Paris have the rare quality of animation—of life shall I say? Neither knowledge nor industry will give that. If this were so, one might be able to write of Mr. T. M. Rooke's "West Front of Wells Cathedral" that "it grows more winning as you know it better." This is a large, minutely executed drawing which leaves on the beholder merely an impression of well-directed labour. But Méryon catches you up, embraces you with his personality, makes you see all the wildness, weirdness, and potentiality in inanimate things that he saw.

He died in 1868 in the public lunatic asylum at Charenton, a man in whom insanity and genius met

and raged. He was, says Mr. Frederick Wedmore, who has made a special study of Méryon's work, "poor as well as unpopular, and lonely as well as poor." He tramped Paris in the vain endeavour to interest the dealers and the public in his etchings—to-day for a first state of "L'Abside de Notre Dame de Paris" you must pay £300. The life of this offspring of an English physician and a French dancing-girl was most unhappy. He was tortured by suspicions and the fury of hallucinations. Trained for the French Navy, he spent some years at sea, but left it on account of the stigma that rested on his parentage. "I was mad from the time I was told of my birth on first going to sea." But "this frail creature who [I am quoting Mr. MacColl], on one of his tropical voyages, spent three months chipping out a canoe for himself among wild beasts because he had been refused the use of the ship's boat, had fits of the same tension, just this side of madness, as an artist, and they were long enough to make him an immortal etcher." Fragmentarily, I have tried to give some indication of Méryon the man. Méryon the artist I had an opportunity of studying at Messrs. Obach's galleries. Chance ordained that on the same day exhibitions of Méryon's etchings and British water-colours, the "national art," should be opened. What a contrast!

The present generation had never before an opportunity of seeing such a collection of Méryon's etchings. Many of them Sir Seymour Haden bought from the artist; others have been added. Old Paris lived again

on the walls, not the bright Paris of the tourist, but the old Paris of huddled buildings, dark arches, and bridges spanning desolate reaches of the river. Night deeds, despair, crime, lurk among them : they bear the impress of that sombre imagination that saw everything as through a glass darkly. Méryon's few, willowy, eerie figures always seem to be about a dishonest business, even when they are merely loading a cart as in the spacious and impressive " L'Abside de Notre Dame de Paris." What a sense of the grimy, airless quarters of the old city hovers in this soppy strand and sluggish river ; how boldly the towers stand up against the sky, where birds fly and clouds are blown ! Near by hung " Le Stryge " brooding horribly over the Paris that had sucked Méryon's life-blood. That horned, winged beast, chin on hands, peeping tongue, stared across the gallery at a portrait of Méryon. It is by Bracquemond : the plate was destroyed by Méryon after ten impressions had been taken. It is not so pictorial as the figure starting from the truckle-bed, but the battered face, the big nose, the hunted look lives as his etching of " La Morgue " lives.

That, the best known of them all, was shown in three states, one of them, the only impression in existence, on his favourite green paper. At first glance it betrays nothing untoward. You see the river, the terrace, the grim houses towering above the old Morgue, the blown smoke : all these details are fixed there by " telescope eyes and craftsman's hands," moulded into unity by a poet's vision ; but look closer : on the flags

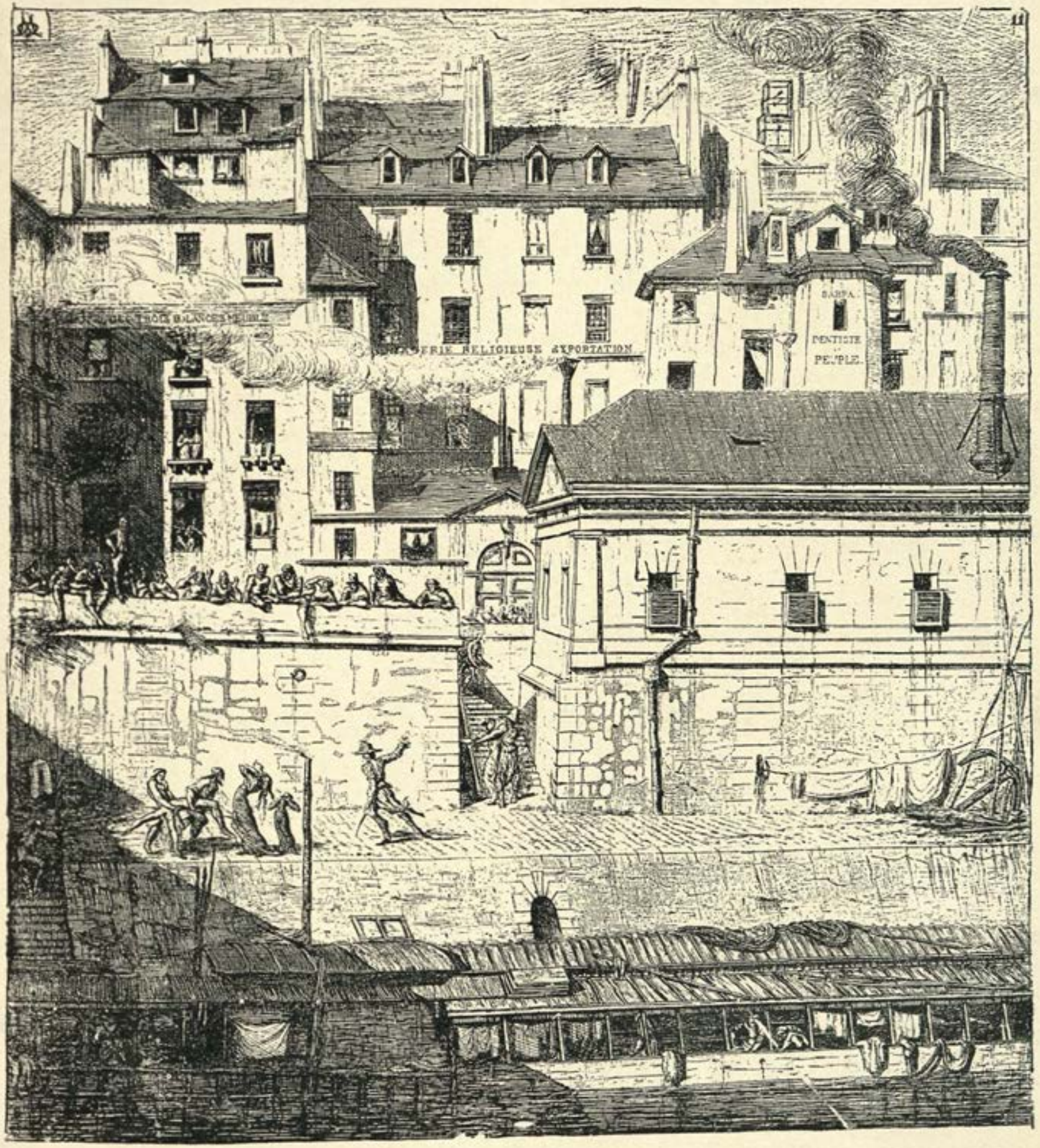
are two lank figures carrying some poor dead creature. A shrieking woman meets them, and over the parapet gaze the idlers—curious, indifferent. This incident is but an episode in the picture. So great an artist never forgot the right proportion of things. But "the suspicion of guilty secrets and hypocrite in house and lane that dogged his art" is rarely absent. It is not always there, although even in such designs as "Le Pont Neuf" and "La Galerie de Notre Dame" the idea of mystery and guilt still seems to lurk. The houses in the "Rue des Chantres" towering above the narrow street might be innocent of any such intention, but again look closer. Something unfriendly to law and order has gathered that group of figures together. One points to the sky, and at the end of the street men are running. Truly, Méryon's wild, wounded imagination has forced a way into this century, and to a place among the immortals.

Not with the greatest of them. Not with Velasquez and Dürer; not with Shakespeare and Goethe; not with those in whom mind and body worked harmoniously. Méryon is among those unhappy children of genius whose earthly tenement is unequal to the strain of the clamouring spirit, who fall wounded, and go on unrecovered. He is immortal, but at what a price! Who, if he had the choice, would buy immortality at such cost?

THE MORGUE

From the Etching by Méryon

At first glance it betrays nothing untoward. You see the river, the terrace, the grim houses towering above the old Morgue, the blown smoke: all these details are fixed there by "telescope eyes and craftsman's hands," moulded into unity by a poet's vision; but look closer: on the flags are two lank figures carrying some poor dead creature. A shrieking woman meets them, and over the parapet gaze the idlers—curious, indifferent. This incident is but an episode in the picture. So great an artist never forgot the right proportion of things. But "the suspicion of guilty secrets and hypocrite in house and lane that dogged his art" is rarely absent.


DENTISTE
PEUPLE

SURPRISES

It was a blustering day. Hats were flying, and skirts were swirling, as I pushed my way down Princes Street, Edinburgh, to the National Gallery of Scotland. In the lulls of the wind I asked myself what fare I should find in the Grecian Doric building at the foot of the Mound. Would there be any surprises? Would any painter, hitherto hardly more than a name to me, whom I had lazily accepted at the valuation of others, suddenly leap out and then fall into rank with the vital personalities of art? Some I found who needed no reconsideration to enhance their achievement in my eyes. It was with no surprise that I encountered the dignity of Van Dyck's "Lomellini Family," Hals's "Dutch Lady," fair and sweet against her gray-green background, or Ruisdael's river valley, sombrely lighted from the processional clouds that sweep the sky. From such great painters one expects great emotions. Their pictures gave me pleasure, stilled the noise of the wind, soothed the irritations of the moment, brought the flush of concentrated interest to the cheek, set the imagination on the trail of adventures, and gave to life

fresh confidence. This is the province of great art. When high seriousness, discipline, the love of beauty and truth, seen by true eyes, have gone to the production of a piece of work, it holds those properties evermore, and offers them to all who are willing to receive. These three painters reasserted themselves without tumult. It was when I came to the pictures by Sir Henry Raeburn and John Phillip that I was conscious of surprise.

Raeburn died eighty-one years ago full of honours, and fifty-five years later a series of his portraits was included in the Old Masters Exhibition. Books have been written in his praise, his portraits have been sold for enormous prices, and most have seen, as I have seen, some of his presentments of the men who "adorned literature and art in Edinburgh during his period." But I have seen them at long intervals, and in looking at a portrait of Sir Walter Scott or Lord Jeffrey it is the sitter rather than the craftsmanship that evokes one's interest. In the National Gallery of Scotland you have Raeburn in splendid profusion, the painter of men and women who were doubtless revered, loved, and envied in their day, but whose names are unhistoric; nevertheless they are alive, kept alive by the painter's genius. Let me speak first of the portraits of two ladies—Mrs. Campbell of Ballimore, and Mrs. Kennedy of Dunure. Roaming around the gallery, I came upon them, as it were, by chance, paused, and stood staring, wondering who the painter might be. Clearly he was a master, one of those who

lean towards the august, simple methods of Velasquez, Manet, and Whistler, using thin colour, and pressing the canvas into their service. There is nothing forced about these distinguished portraits of two ladies by Raeburn seated here so composedly, one beneath a tree, the other at a window through which the distant view of a castle shines. I think of them in terms of green; they are dominated by the delicate green that Raeburn used with such finesse. The garden-chair where Mrs. Campbell sits is green: greenish-gray is her overgown: the cloak that her companion wears is green: it is folded back and discloses a green dress. They have an air of precision: they are accomplished, the work of a matured temperament that saw clearly; was never slovenly and never hurried; neither eager to begin nor eager to finish, just content to do the day's work perfectly. I sought the ten other Raeburn portraits. Who John Wauchope, "admitted W.S. 1774," may have been I know not, but this jovial old gentleman is immortalized. The skill of the presentment is astonishing; here is the man himself, and he stands as an example of Raeburn's power of subordinating his personality, at the right moment, to his sitter's idiosyncrasy. This was a subject to be treated neither with an added dignity nor with a touch of caricature, but just as he was, a jolly, florid, white-haired old gentleman in a dark blue coat. That Raeburn has done. To carry in the memory the Ladies of Ballimore and Dunure, and Mr. John Wauchope, Writer to the Signet, is to have a sound idea of the greatness of

Sir Henry Raeburn. I had returned to Mr. John Wauchope to examine, with renewed pleasure, the painting of his yellowy-white, double-breasted waistcoat, when a voice at my elbow said: "Everybody else looks ordinary beside him!" "But have you seen Mrs. Campbell of Ballimore, and Mrs. Kennedy of Dunure?" I asked. The stranger had not. I made the introduction; then, as time pressed, moved away to study John Phillip.

For in my first perambulation of the gallery it had been evident that "Spanish" Phillip has a much higher place on the rolls of art than I had guessed. I had heard of the brilliance of his colour and the vigour of his drawing, but now it was to be revealed that through sheer vitality, and that uncommon quality called gusto, he could rouse my interest in the crowded subject picture. What a vivid, brilliant thing is his picture of a Spanish wake! Undeniably it is a Royal Academy subject, but the spontaneous way in which it is treated is a lesson to budding Royal Academicians, as Phillip's "Mrs. W. B. Johnstone," leaning against crimson cushions, in the corner of a couch of an Early Victorian room, is an example to certain members of the new English Art Club. But the picture by Phillip that most attracted me was the unfinished sketch called "Spanish Boys playing at Bull-fighting." Here, in these furiously jolly figures, in these splashes of gay colour, are the credentials of the true artist. It is a picture in the making: study it, and you will learn how the man who is great both as colourist and

draughtsman orders his talents. In this lively sketch of rushing movement, Phillip, sure of hand and eye, had no fumbling doubt as to how those central figures, boys using their jackets as the *chulos* use their cloaks, should be brushed in. You find no preparatory studies on the brown primed canvas ; the figures are touched in boldly with the brush ; the dominant colours are briskly indicated ; and sometimes, in the fever of creation, a note of colour, an inspiration of line, something germane to the composition but not part of the figure he was engaged upon, has started in his brain. Then the brush has left its work of the moment, splashed away, indicating here the outline of a dog or the head of a child, there the colour of a cloak, wild but right smudges of colour in some remote part of the canvas, just enough to recover the inspiration when the time came to work on those accessories. So a writer, while hot on the trail of his main theme, will suddenly discover lurking in his mind, subconsciously, illuminative expansions, developments, and will scribble on his blotting-pad single words that will bring the new ideas to mind later. I would like to possess this picture by Phillip in the act of birth. It is so entirely himself, so radiantly alive, so fine an example of the impulse and freshness of the artist — unjaded, unacademic. Now turn to Sir David Wilkie's "John Knox dispensing the Sacrament at Calder House." This also is an unfinished work, broken off at about the same stage as Phillip's picture, but it is lacking in all the qualities—impulse, vitality, nervous force—that

distinguish the bull-fighting sketch. Some of the heads are minutely finished, others are laboriously sketched in with pencil ; there is no flame of travelling colour anywhere, all is orderly and straightforward as a problem of Euclid. Wilkie's picture is conscientious task work, Phillip's the overflow of a brimming talent, giving forth to-day something of the joy the artist felt in creation.

"JOHN, MY BOY—DIGNIFY IT"

"THY native land need not grudge old Rome her pictures of the world; she has pictures of her own, pictures of England; and is it a new thing to toss up caps and shout—England against the world?" It is George Borrow who speaks, and the painter who inspired the passage which follows this patriotic excerpt from "Lavengro" was a fellow East Anglian—Old Crome. Many to whom "The Norwich School" is empty of meaning, to whom Cotman, Stark, and Vincent are mere names, have a slumbering reverence for Crome through that sturdy panegyric in "Lavengro." It was inspired by his brother's determination to become an artist, and to herald the beginning of his career by journeying to Rome to see "the grand miracle" of art —Raphael's "Transfiguration." Then the eyes in the mighty figure of Borrow glowed with indignation, and the fine East Anglian accent rolled out the mind of him, ending thus: "Better stay at home, brother, at least for a season, and toil and strive 'midst groanings and despondency till thou hast attained excellence even as he has done—the little dark man with the brown coat and the top-boots, whose name will one day be

considered the chief ornament of the old town, and whose works will at no distant period rank among the proudest pictures of England—and England against the world!—thy master, my brother, thy, at present, all too little considered master—Crome."

Art has suffered many phases since Old Crome, house-painter, drawing-master, and artist, died in 1821, whispering to his son these last words: "John, my boy, paint, but paint for fame; and if your subject is only a pigsty—dignify it." That Old Crome did: he dignified humble subjects. Indeed, a tree, set in the familiar scenery of his native country, often sufficed for subject; or a heath, or a river scene with a low sun, or a woodland piece with river and road. Such were the simple subjects that Crome painted again and again—mellow, rich, and restful transcripts of English rural life. There is no hurry about Crome, or the men he influenced. He never chose a subject because it was effective, or because it could outstare a neighbour at an exhibition. As a youth he had made a long and leisurely study of a collection of Dutch pictures, and the Dutchman's fondness for a low key of colour (and bitumen) had become part of him. Nothing wars in his pictures. They are pleasant to look upon, as comforting and unexciting as a flat English landscape on an equable day—warm, wooded and unworried by motor-cars, the screech of locomotives, or a telegraph-boy advancing over the crest of a hill. His "beautiful rural pieces, with trees which might well tempt the wild birds to perch upon them," just suited Borrow.

"John, my Boy—Dignify It"

Old Crome holds his own bravely in Room XX. of the National Gallery. There is his great "Mousehold Heath," solemn as a heath should be, yet not gloomy, with the staircase clouds rising across the great sky. The picture is not dark; but let your eyes wander round the walls till they fall on Crome's "Windmill," and you start with delight at the luminous glow that the sky holds. It shimmers with that golden glamour through which Crome, at his best, saw Nature. There is light on the green hill, light on the brown path that climbs over it, and light in the sky. Sitting before it, without loss of fealty to any of the Italians, one can understand the hypnotic power that this painter of rural England exercised over Borrow; indeed, under the spell of his "Windmill" it is not difficult to conjure up the figure of the little stout man in the brown coat and the top-boots, "whose face is very dark, and whose eye is vivacious"—Old Crome. Pleasant it would have been to take his arm, and conduct him round two or three of the exhibitions that were open in London during the week that I was reading Borrow and revisiting Crome in the National Gallery; pleasant to show him some half a dozen modern landscapes. More would bewilder him.

First I should have taken him to Messrs. Tooth's spring exhibition and shown him the Thaulows. Very different from anything Crome ever painted is Thaulow's "Winter in Norway." This brilliant presentment of sunshine on snow, with the river, every ripple vibrating and alive, dancing through its frozen borders, would

have astonished Crome. I doubt if Thaulow has dignified the scene, and therein he would have fallen short of Crome's ideal, but he has contrived a very lively and beautiful picture. I know not what wild and strange wastes of snow country, sparkling under the winter sun, his river had run through before it reached the piled snow banks of this picture, where red wooden shanties set the white winter aflame. When I see the flash of a swallow's wing in the sunlight, or the silver gleam of a jumping fish, I think of Thaulow ; of Crome at the close of day in full summer, when the task is done and the country ripe.

What Crome would have said of Mr. Wynford Dewhurst's studies in the vestibule of the exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists I cannot imagine. Nature was still brown and golden when he died. The eyes that were to see her purple, blue, and violet had not opened to disturb the mellow vision of the Norwich men. I fancy Crome would have liked the clouds that hang so lightly over the flat land in Mr. Paul Paul's "Going Home," and the solemn light that broods on the walls of Mr. Sydney Lee's "The Two Brewers" ; but the decorative impulse that set those red banners whirling in Mr. Hans Trier's finely imagined view of St. Mark's, Venice, would have brought a look of distrust into his vivacious eyes. As a faithful student of the Dutchman, decorative impressionism was alien to Old Crome. Alien to him, I am afraid, would have been Mr. Foottet's personal vision of Hyde Park Corner. It is a blue picture seen on one of those magical moon-

lit evenings when a shower of rain has cleared the sky, and the reflections of the lamps shimmer in the little pools of water left on the pavement, and in the wide roadway. This enwrapping of one of London's most paintable parts in a mystery of violet light may seem extravagant to others besides Old Crome, but when once a man trains himself to see colour, and to catch a momentary crepuscular effect on, say, a March day, he is a bold critic who will cry, "That is not true, because I have not seen it so." In Kent the other evening the wild beauty of the colour in sky and on hills—purple, yellow and green—against a foreground of dark firs, was quite as "impossible" as the colouring in Mr. Foottet's Hyde Park piece, or in his experiment in decorative impressionism from Wordsworth's country, called "Ere Twilight crowns the Night."

The feet of landscape art now race and caper; in Old Crome's they walked sedately. If we fail oftener, it is because we attempt more. We pursue light and colour, and strive to reproduce effects that are gone before we can say "Look! quick, look!" We are always in a hurry, with the date of the sending-in days of half a dozen exhibitions pinned against the wall. The results are interesting, amusing, and suggestive; but the modern landscape-painter is not, as a rule, training himself to say these parting words to his son: "John, my boy, if your subject is only a pigsty—dignify it."

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CLAUDE OF LORRAINE

As a nation we take a sporting interest in art. Nothing rouses the average touring Briton so effectually as to be told that Michael Angelo painted the frescoes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in twenty-two months ; or that a statue was carved from a single block of marble ; or that Milan Cathedral bears the weight of 6,000 statues. The statues may be trumpery, lifeless images, but 6,000 —think of it! Or that there is an artist now living who, having no hands, produces pictures by holding the brush between his toes. Take the average Briton to the Ansidei Madonna, tell him it cost the nation £14 per square inch, and he will fall at once into the proper attitude of reverence. Claude may be to him a mere name, vaguely associated with Turner, and one Claude, or six Claudes, might fail to make his heart beat faster. But thirty-two pictures by Claude, with sixty-four drawings thrown in, hanging on the walls of Burlington House! It is a big thing! It has a sporting interest! The Old Masters Exhibition must be visited.

But Claude will not rouse the enthusiasm of the average Briton. The classical landscape is out of favour.

We have learnt to demand a simpler, a more direct method—one that will give instant pleasure without trouble. The ruined castle perched upon a hill has had its day; nymphs and shepherds that never were on shore or field have been banished for a human interest more authentic than Claude's. His figures are often grotesque; indeed, Claude, when he sold a picture, was wont to say that he made no charge for the people in it.

Born 1600. We are apt to forget that fact when we purse the brow and protest against the formalism of his landscapes. But Claude of Lorraine is a great name, and he had his great triumphs and a long and joyous life, wandering through Europe, always painting, though "during his later years he suffered much from gout and other maladies." He had a Pope at his feet. Did he not refuse to sell "Villa Madama," his favourite picture, although Clement IX. offered for it as much gold as would cover the canvas? And in after-years Turner —well, everybody knows the story of Turner's admiration for Claude; how the Englishman produced his *Liber Studiorum* in rivalry with Claude's *Liber Veritatis*, and how he left two Claudes to the nation, on the express condition that they should always hang side by side with two of his own pictures, thus challenging his self-sought rival from the grave. The compact has been faithfully kept. Side by side in the "French School" room of the National Gallery hang the four pictures, and it is not patriotism alone that compels an Englishman to give his vote to Turner. It would

have astonished Claude could he have had prevision of the extremes of criticism that the generations would give to his pictures. He was not one whom painters or critics can ignore. His was no level road. In one picture he will soar to a height where only the greatest can emulate him, in another sink to a depth where an art student would be ashamed to be seen. Ruskin worked through him like a shuttle through a loom. A column of the index to *Modern Painters* is given to Claude. In that monumental work, a living refutation of Ruskin's momentary mood of pessimism, when he said, "What makes me ill is not my work, but the sense that nothing comes of it," Claude is blamed eloquently for his faults; but to him are also given such credentials as: "His aerial effects are unequalled"; "he had sincerity of purpose"; "he first set the pictorial sun in the pictorial heaven." Also this hard saying: "So far as he felt the truth, he tried to be true; but he never felt it enough to sacrifice supposed propriety or habitual method to it."

Two hundred and twenty-one years have gone since Claude died, and whether we moderns like his pictures or not, there can be no doubt of the influence of his original, unequal genius on landscape art. Corot, Turner, Constable, all looked at him, and learnt from this temperamental painter, who was able to express the emotions of things seen in the glow of his imagination, but not the forms of the things themselves. Skies, distances, setting suns, ruined castles immersed in a dusky glow—dream pictures—were for ever shaping

and reshaping themselves in his mind's eye. You must not take a Claude in detail; you must not judge him by his ugly foregrounds. He must be met half-way. The full mind must go to the comprehension of him. With Claude the whole atones for the part. He was two-thirds poet and one-third painter, joyous in expressing the visions that rose in his imagination, indifferent to the accessories that were necessary to complete the scene. He will draw waves looking like a ploughed field, animals that would not be allowed by the foreman of a Noah's Ark factory, figures that would just pass in a marionette show, and in the same picture show passages of distance that carry the eye through soft gradations, over miles of country, skies shimmering with suffused light, and touched with the mystery of infinitude. So it comes to pass that before the Claudes you will hear such remarks as: "I don't like them a bit," and, "Aren't they lovely, perfectly lovely! So soft—such evening colour!" Claude just painted well what he felt—painted better than he knew and worse than he knew. When he let his brush feel its way through infinity, he was great; where he particularised, he failed.

"Trojan Women burning Greek Ships" is a case in point. The incidents in the foreground are ridiculous —laughable. The ships are rocking at anchor in an impossible place close to the shore. The Trojan women, clad like dancers in a comic opera, with lighted torches in their hands, are going about their task as light-heartedly as if they were playing kiss-in-the-ring,

quite indifferent to the Greeks who are running down the hillside from their encampment to overwhelm them. Claude never gave a second thought to those ships, or women, or soldiers. He never observed any of them in life. He looked up, as we look up, past the Trojans and the Greeks to the real Claude—to the decorative treatment of the masts and flags, to the opening sea, to the sky, cloudy but alight. With a little effort—it needs an effort—the thirty odd ugly, ill-drawn figures of dancers and musicians in "La Récompense du Village" are forgotten in the beauty of the gleaming landscape that stretches away beyond the valley. So sure does one become of Claude at his best—the mellow, luminous, far-seeing Claude—that from some of the pictures attributed to him, harsh in colour, derisive of values, one turns away with the remark, "They are not Claude's."

In two of the pictures shown in this collection Claude is his true, simple, compelling self. One, of course, is "The Enchanted Castle." I was fortunate in catching sight of that magical picture when I first entered the gallery. Here is Claude without his limitations. He painted his dream of an enchanted castle rising from a rocky shore by a blue sea, under a quiet sky, bathed it all in a luminous atmosphere, made one part as indefinite as the other, then awoke from his dream, and, lo! there it was on the canvas. Equally happy was he with "A Shepherd playing on a Pipe." A river winds through the middle distance, blue hills stretch away to the horizon, the sun sets in a daffodil

sky, and the shepherd pipes good-bye. In these two pictures Claude expressed what he was always striving to express, his strongest emotion—the emotion that charges reflective souls as the sun sinks in the west. What had Trojans and Greeks to do with him?

SOME EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTERS

THE contrast between the temperaments of France and England as expressed in paint in the eighteenth century is striking. I entered the first gallery at the Guildhall Exhibition and found myself in a region of perpetual summer. Pleasure—artificial, if you like—is the end of life. Care and anxiety are banished. All the middle-aged women are pretty. Time changes, but does not ravage, in this land of the eighteenth-century French painter, "where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow." These dainty ladies, pretty cavaliers, Dresden shepherds and shepherdesses, find life a delightful way of passing time. The true *joie de vivre* is theirs. Passing troubles are kissed away. As there is no weather, there are no problems. Witty talk, airy badinage, harp-playing in bowers, sailing little boats on sunny lakes, with statues of Cupids on terraces, and a blue sky eternally overhead—that was the fashion in painting in France in the eighteenth century, before the deluge, before Robespierre's portrait ("complexion of a multiplex atrabiliar colour") was shown at the 1791 Salon. Watteau, Boucher, Huet, Fragonard, fell easily into the fashion set by their patrons and patron-

esses, gay favourites of Fortune, who tripped lightly over the surface, warding off the fumes of the volcano that was smouldering beneath, with roses and exquisite scents. Subject? Why, the sending away of a dove by a group of gaily-attired ladies and a youth gathered on the banks of a stream, under a cloudless sky, was sufficient motive for a Court painter. Sometimes there was less incident than that. It was enough for Watteau to "disperse a party of eighteen ladies and cavaliers round a formal pool of water encircled by lofty trees, and adorned with statues," or to embark a gay party of eleven in a gorgeous boat, "while amorini, with blazing torches, hover in the air." Many have seen, many still see, beauty in the joy-at-any-price pictures of Watteau and his school. Walter Pater saw more. He saw the worm i' the bud that coiled round the heart of "our incomparable Watteau." "If I understand anything of these matters," says the supersubtle diarist of *A Prince of Court Painters*, "Antony Watteau paints that delicate life of Paris so excellently, with so much spirit, partly because, after all, he looks down upon it or despises it. . . . Those coquetries, those vain and perishable graces, can be rendered so perfectly only through an intimate understanding of them. For him to understand must be to despise them." For my part, I found "those coquetries, those vain and perishable graces," in the bulk, as we had them at this exhibition, merely uninteresting, and not all their reasoned grace and butterfly colours could fan my coldness into flame.

But these Court French painters of the eighteenth century, with their parade of all the accessories of pleasure, their sham pastorals, their emotionless intrigues, their comedies of gaiety and gallantry that never find their way stealthily into the affections, but begin, like a stage comedy, always sharp on the hour, did me a service. They gave me a feeling of friendliness to Mr. Edward Penny, R.A. To come upon his "The Charms of Virtue, or Virtue Rewarded," and his "Profligacy Punished," after half a hundred pictures of "happy trifles," "elegant gardens," and *plaisirs champêtres*," why, it was like landing at Dover. This feeling of friendliness extended even to the Rev. William Peters, R.A., for his picture of the "Card-Sharpers," and to Joseph Highmore's portrait of "Mrs. Pritchard." Nattier places a Cupid's bow in the fairy hand of the Duchesse de Flavacourt, Joseph Highmore puts into the firm grasp of Mrs. Pritchard a book that looks uncommonly like a Bible. There lies the essential difference between the two schools. The oriflamme of the Frenchman was—a Cupid's bow; of the Englishman—a Bible.

But there were also giants in England in those days, and the citizen's breast could not but swell with pride when, in the second gallery, his eye ran along the wall whose decoration began with Gainsborough's dear and simple "Cottage Girl" carrying "a little fluffy puppy dog," and passed on through Romney's "Lady Hamilton" "in pensive attitude on a bank by the sea," to Gainsborough's "Lady Bate Dudley." No artificiality

here. It is all well-observed, serious painting. Observe the style of "The Hon. Edward Bligh" by Reynolds, the tenderness of his "Guardian Angels," and the richness of his "Mrs. Hardinge." Then return to the French portraits. How pretty and amusing and engaging most of them are, and how artificial and insincere! Here is Nattier's idea of the Duchesse de Flavacourt as "Silence," there his notion of the Duchesse de Châteauroux as "Dawn," and, of course, Largillière painted Monsieur de Noermont with one hand extended and the other on his hip, against a background of a fluted column and a clouded sky.

Born "in and of the laughing land of Provence." That was Jean Honoré Fragonard. Beginning as a notary's clerk, he soon took the line of least resistance and became a painter in Chardin's studio. But scenes of peasant life did not interest Fragonard. The light-hearted Boucher, whose gay unrealities drew from Diderot the exclamation, "What colours, what variety!" was more to his taste, and so Fragonard became Boucher's pupil, outsoared his master, and, in the fulness of time, produced "The Romance of Love and Youth," a series of pictures and panels begun for Madame du Barry to adorn her pavilion at Louveciennes. But they never reached that pavilion. They remained in the painter's studio till the Terror, when they were hastily removed to a friend's house at Grasse, there to linger till 1898, when the inevitable happened to them. Need I say they were bought by Mr. Pierpont Morgan?

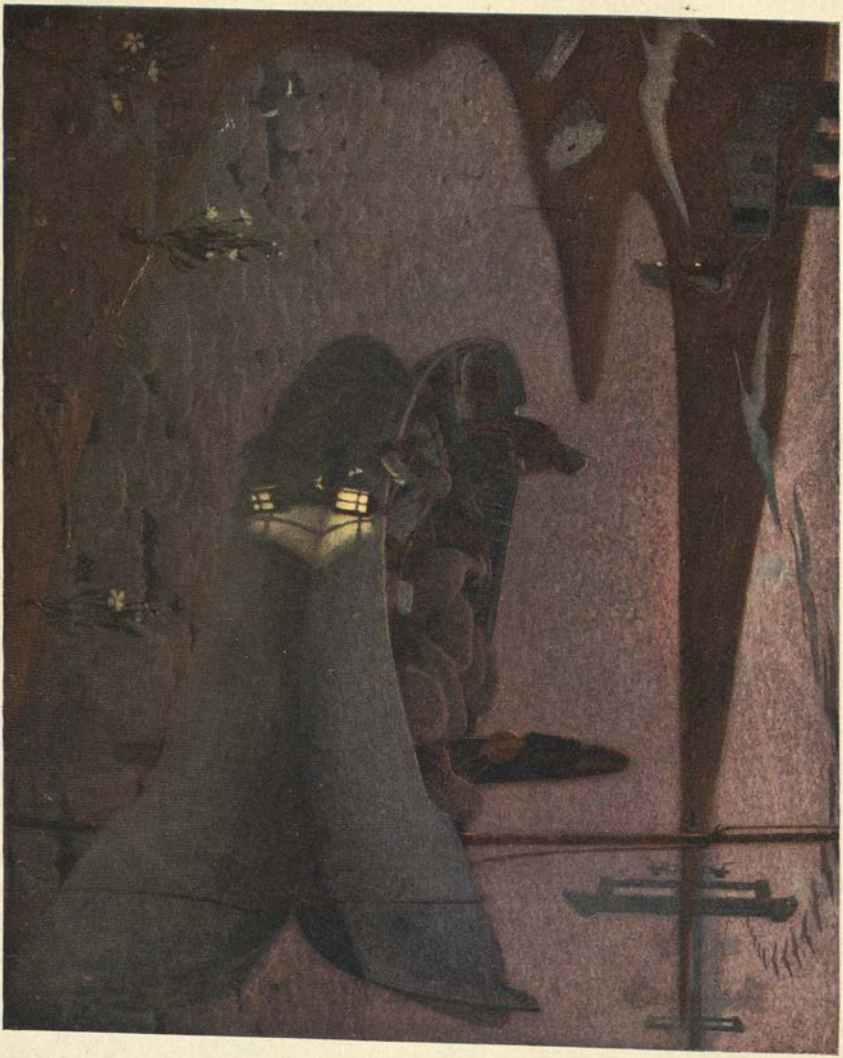
That omnivorous collector, who is as generous a loaner as he is a purchaser (it is said he gave £60,000 for this series), lent "The Romance of Love and Youth" to the Corporation of London. The series reposed in a room by themselves. The walls were hung with gray silk, and the pictures in flat frames stretched from cornice to dado. The first is "La Poursuite," the last is "Abandonnée," and all manner of conjectures may be made as to the under-meaning of these pretty, decorative, artificial scenes. But there seems to be no doubt, and Mr. Claude Phillips supports the theory, that the stout, mature lover who is scaling the parapet in "Le Rendezvous" is Louis XV. (with fifty years off his life), and that the lady who sits expectant in a dress of creamy-white satin is Madame du Barry herself.

So France of that day was revived in the Corporation Art Gallery of the City of London, in King Street, Cheapside. There the Before was pictured. We know the After. And not the least vivid impression that I carried away with me as I stepped again into King Street, Cheapside, was Greuze's portrait of that "greenish-coloured individual," — Maximilien Robespierre by name—"with upturned face, snuffing dimly the uncertain future times."

TO PASTURES NEW

FROM THE PICTURE BY F. CAYLEY ROBINSON

THE finger of Symbolism, outstretching from the dim past, has touched Mr. Cayley Robinson. The dream people of this picture push off at sunrise from the old dwelling, and, as they leave the formal shore, the storks, austerely decorative, fly overhead, and the lantern gleams. The place of this early morning flitting is—where you like; the period—any period. "To Pastures New" has mystery and the air of interior beauty that accompanies a haunting poem.



ALONE IN A GALLERY

I WAS quite alone in the gallery. On the walls were twenty-seven "notable" pictures belonging to Sir Cuthbert Quilter, who had generously lent them in aid of the King's Hospital Fund. The charge was one shilling, but, as for the best part of an afternoon I had the gallery to myself, it is to be feared the charity did not materially benefit. In the silence I asked myself two questions: (1) Do the public really care about pictures? (2) If you owned this collection, what degree of pleasure would it add to your life? The first question answered itself at once; an answer to the second would follow later. Meanwhile the solitude gave me an opportunity of reconsidering my attitude towards Fred Walker; Turner and Rossetti, not as seers of visions and dreamers of dreams, but as picture-makers; and Mr. Holman Hunt. The value of this collection of pictures at auction did not concern me; their interest as depicting the careers of painters at certain stages I ignored; Mr. Spielmann's preface I read and put by, after noting that among all the collectors of pictures in London he knows "of none

endowed so richly as Sir Cuthbert Quilter with the gift of catholicity of taste," and that he finds himself able to use such an expression as "the lovable school" of Fred Walker, Pinwell, etc. This preface I put by; no doubt it is to the advantage of the public to be told that "Turner's wonderful *rifacimento* of Titian is one of the most extraordinary *tours de force* of the artist," and that Rossetti's "La Bella Mano" adds "a rich note of romantic poetry to the exhibition," but I wanted to evade the teacher and to answer my own modest question: "If you owned this collection, what degree of pleasure would it add to your life?" With that intent I placed a gilt-backed chair before each canvas in turn, and there sat for five minutes gazing and reflecting.

My task was nearly ended, when two men entered the gallery. They were elderly: they looked successful, and their conversation, which was not carried on in a whisper, proclaimed that they were connected with the arts. It was not easy to fix my attention on the pictures; one of the remarks, a question I overhead, made it impossible—this: "Have the British public learned to stand Fred Walker yet?"

Could I be dreaming? No! The speaker was real, and he certainly belonged to the old school. Could it be that to him Fred Walker was still a little new, a little daring, a little experimental? That was so. He still wondered if the British public could stand Fred Walker. Stand him? He has been taken to the public bosom these many years: he is the protagonist

of the "lovable" school: his "Harbour of Refuge" calls people to the Tate Gallery: were his "Bathers" to be shown at Whitechapel it would assuredly be at the top of the poll. And for ten minutes that afternoon I had been lamenting my incapacity to derive any pleasure at all from "The Bathers."

I am well aware that this is heresy; that Sir John Millais, large-hearted man, called Walker the "greatest artist of the century," and that George Mason referred to him as the "biggest genius of the present day." But nothing can alter the fact that in "The Bathers," and a few other pictures, Walker is a rank sentimentalist. These bathing boys are posed. Graceful lines, not natural movements, was the artist's aim. He sought beauty, and in seeking it too prettily he lost truth, and found prettiness. Whatever there is of charm and light in the picture is spoilt by the theatricality of the group of figures. They were born from the imagination, not seen by the eye. You have only to look at the boys' shirts to realize how untrue the picture is. Everybody knows the kind of shirt worn by boys who bathe, higgledy-piggledy, in the Thames. Three of the prominent shirts in "The Bathers" are a beautiful red, a beautiful gray-blue, and a beautiful green. The picture irritates by its untruth, its sentimentality, and its forced prettiness. To own it would not give me any pleasure. Similarly, for me "The Harbour of Refuge" is spoilt by the unnatural grace of the mower. Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, in "Patience," laughed that pose off the world's stage. But when the condi-

tions of his subject put the curb on Walker's sentimental idea of beauty, he showed himself to be a great artist. The figures, especially the boy with the hoop, try hard to spoil the charm of "A Fishmonger's Shop"; "Philip in Church," beautiful as it is, verges perilously near the sentimental; but "The Street, Cookham," and "The Rainy Day" are a delight to see and a pleasure to remember.

Neither would I find pleasure in the possession of Turner's "wonderful *rifacimento* of Titian" called "Venus and Adonis," or "The Departure for the Chase." Is there any man or woman living who can place hand on heart and say that this composition gives him or her any pleasure? The goddess sprawls on the bank. Adonis is making ready to start. Cupids sport with doves in the gloomy overhanging trees. For the Turner of the "Téméraire," for the Turner of the water-colours I can shout with the loudest, but this "classical" picture, painted by this "mighty but tottering giant" two years before his death, I should, if I possessed it, turn to the wall. At Christie's, "Venus and Adonis" would fetch an enormous sum, but that shrewd gathering of men who are for ever fingering the pulse of the market judge a work by its rarity, not by its beauty. Neither would it give me any pleasure to see Reynolds's "Nymph and Piping Boy" on my walls, nor Rossetti's dull and dispiriting "La Bella Mano." It would please my vanity to say to a casual acquaintance who had known me in the days when I framed *Art Journal* plates, "Come and see my Reynolds,"

or "Come and see my Rossetti," but nothing more. A pastel by Mr. Clausen or Mr. Rothenstein, a drawing by Mr. Hatherell, or the little "Duse" by Mr. Nicholson on my walls would give me pleasure. Fortunately for painters and dealers most collectors think differently.

I must leave unnoticed many of the pictures that gave pleasure in varying degrees, and pass on to one that fixed my attention, which has beauty of a kind, interest of a kind, and something more. That was Mr. Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat."

It is easy to discover what one does not like in this work. The colour is often hard; the articulations on the distant mountains are painted as minutely as the goat's hair; there is no atmosphere; the most learned scientific critic would find it difficult to explain the values. And yet it is a picture that one does not tire of looking at, and that lives in the memory. It is negatively great; that is rare. Nothing is forced, nothing is done for effect. The painter felt the subject intensely, and he has set down what he felt—no more, no less. "And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited." It is a picture of desolation. The loveliness of the sunlight reflections on the salt-encrusted shores of the Dead Sea accentuates the loneliness of the scene. Carcasses of animals strew the noisome valley, and in the foreground stands the wretched, bewildered beast, its feet sinking into the slime, its eyes wide open with the agony that cannot understand its own fear. This picture is more than paint: it holds an idea.

IN THE LARGE MANNER

To me the surprises of that Old Masters Exhibition were Richard Wilson and John Sell Cotman, and the surprise began early with the picture marked No. 1, "Lake Scene," by Richard Wilson. There is light in it—lighted water, that has been shining there a hundred years and more. Time has not dulled the glow of this lake so still beneath the hills. What a sure touch had Richard Wilson, who "failed to hit the popular taste" of the eighteenth century, and who fell into "straitened circumstances!" How tender is the line of those distant hills. A keen eye and a firm hand had this old master. Personally I could do without the tree, and the ruin on the left. It is the lake and the hills that give such quiet happiness to the eye. But we must take Wilson as he was, a composer of pictures, one of the greatest of that band of British landscape artists, who saw Nature grandly as well as beautifully, and who painted in the large manner. Wilson and Cotman had gusto, and, like the Elizabethan dramatists, they give the idea of having grappled whole-heartedly with life, wrestling to the end even if they were thrown. In painting we

have explored many byways since their day, learnt a little, talked more, but we have lost the spacious outlook, and the large manner has gone out of fashion like the three-volume novel.

The large manner is very reposeful to eyes dazzled by the shreds and patches of multitudinous modern talents. Not only is John Sell Cotman's "Homeward Bound" decorative, and suffused with the magic of the sea; it has also that air of finality that the large manner does not always convey. This great three-masted ship that comes sailing out of the sunset right towards the spectator is alive. Huge though she be, she does not dwarf the vast blood-red sky behind, or the sailing boat that greets her. The three—ship, boat, sky—are one. The eye takes them all in at a glance, or, rather, this triumphant composition seizes you and compels your admiration in the moment of looking. The Cotman who could paint such a picture as this is an unfamiliar personality, as is the Wilson of "The Lake." These two works offered so much for reflection that, for a time, I thought I would postpone an examination of the other pictures till another day, when suddenly "The Opening of Waterloo Bridge," by Constable, forced itself upon my notice. Cotman's large simplicity had not left me in an amenable mood for Constable's brilliant studies of the minute by which he hoped to suggest Nature's eternal ripple of movement, and to set half a county dancing through a picture. But the gaiety of this Thames picture was not to be resisted. The Prince Regent is embarking

at Whitehall Stairs; he is accompanied by a flotilla of gaily-decorated barges; the canvas is crowded with figures, and beyond curves the river, with Waterloo Bridge in the distance. "Waterloo Bridge" is not in the large manner, but it is very amusing.

I looked at my watch. An hour and a quarter had passed since I entered the gallery, and the portal of the second room was still to cross. Of the pictures in the first room I had only really examined three. Should I proceed, or should I retire with the memory of those three in my mind? the outshining light of Wilson's lake, the onward rush of Cotman's ship, and Constable's gaiety. Irresolutely I stood, when, through the doorway of the second room, I caught a glimpse of something all a-shimmer with colour, and delicacy, and iridescent mists; something that was neither a picture nor real life, a flash of beauty, caught by the dreamer just before the flame blinked itself out in the light of day. This was Turner's "Approach to Venice," as unlike Nature as it is unlike any other picture in the world, but what a shimmer of beautiful colour! Unfaded, too! Opposite was another gossamer Turner. "Modern Italy," equally fairy-like, a thing to be seen with the eye, no more to be described with the pen than sunlight dappling the ground in a spring orchard. Close by was another Wilson, and another Cotman, but Wilson's view of "Woburn Abbey," a wet blue scheme of paint, fat and rich in texture, accomplished with easy precision, has not the attraction of the Lake picture, fine though it is. Cotman, in his "Heath Scene," speaks again in the

grand manner. The heath rises solemnly to the windmills by a road contrasting with the cool grass and air on the little heights. There is something final about this picture, as about Cotman's "Homeward Bound," something that I feared I should not find in an adjoining room where hung eighteen pictures by four recently-deceased members of the Royal Academy—Henry Moore, John Brett, Vicat Cole, and M. Ridley Corbet.

Comparisons are as odious in the painting as in the pedagogic world, and I do not propose to contrast Brett, Vicat Cole, Corbet, and Moore, with Turner, Constable, Cotman, and Wilson. But it was impossible to stand in the doorway of that third room and not be struck by the facility of the talent of Brett, Vicat Cole, and Corbet. Pretty, attractive, nice, are the epithets that rise easily to the lips before their pictures. But Wilson's "Lake" or Cotman's "Homeward Bound" unload no adjectives. They flush a feeling into the spectator that cannot be labelled with a faded word. This is the way of masterpieces.

"What about Henry Moore?"

I started at the question, so closely was it allied to my thought of the moment. In the speaker I recognised an acquaintance—a bad painter, but an excellent critic, one of those who can interpret and explain, but who are quite unable to create. "This is sad," he said, waving to the works by Brett, Vicat Cole, and Corbet; "but how about Henry Moore?"

It is unnecessary to be literary with a painter, so I merely said, "His 'Newhaven Packet' is all right, and

there isn't much wrong with his 'Nearing the Needles.' Of course I don't mean to compare them with Cotman's 'Homeward Bound.'"

"'Homeward Bound' is a fine picture, but it isn't by Cotman."

"Not by Cotman!" I said. "Nonsense! I was beginning to apotheosise him. The catalogue says it's his."

He smiled gently. "I never go by the catalogue. Have you seen the Tintorettos?"

"No!"

RUSKIN INTERVENES

BEFORE me lie five volumes. The covers are faded, the end papers have changed colour, faint are the pencil notes on the ample margins, but the well-spaced type is as clear as when, forty-four years ago, the volumes were printed. The day for reading these volumes carefully through has gone by; they have passed into that place where abide those books that, having been once absorbed are now dipped into, never without illumination, often with astonishment. I know no other writer who gives so vivid an impression of a still active personality as does Ruskin in these volumes of *Modern Painters*. He is more alive than many of the living. Perhaps it is because, with all his gifts, he is so human. Other writers hide their weaknesses and blur their inconsistencies; he wears no armour. "I have arrived" is not his motto; he is always the student, no more ashamed of his slips than he is proud of his triumphs, and (in these days this is almost a distinction) he has a Faith on which he leans, in which he glories, and which, through all vicissitudes, remains.

To the writer with whom time is precious and

parcelled out, these volumes of *Modern Painters* have their disadvantages. They delay the work in hand if you use them for reference; you desire to know what Ruskin says about Cuyp, but Correggio catches the eye first, and Cuyp and your duty wait.

At one of the Old Masters Exhibitions at Burlington House there was a room full of pictures by Albert Cuyp, described as the "distinctive feature" of the exhibition. I spent an hour among them to discover that my feeling for Cuyp was neither like nor dislike. An able and conscientious maker of landscapes was the verdict. Then I bought some newspapers and read the columns of comments that had been written on Cuyp during the week. Enthusiasm was not their note. "Among the more tedious of the lesser Dutchmen," said one; "an unloving nature and unlovely manner," said another; "he bears repetition ill indeed, and the sense of manufacture becomes distressing," said a third. Poor Cuyp! Stay. What is this? "Never has winter sunlight been represented as it is in Cuyp's 'Scene on the Ice,'" said a fourth; and a fifth eulogized "a truly marvellous 'Castle of Nemwygen.'" The desire to know what bookmen thought of Cuyp had, by this time, seized me, so I walked down to the British Museum and turned up Cuyp in the nearest encyclopædia. The criticism was as succinct as a market report. "Born 1605. He excelled in the painting of cattle grazing or reposing, moonlights, wintry landscapes, still waters with ships, horse-markets, hunts, camps, and cavalry fights."

From a business point of view the dusty encyclopædia's criticism was admirable, but, surely, there was something more to be said for Cuyp, and that something, if anywhere, should be somewhere in the five volumes of *Modern Painters*. I consulted the index. Good! There was an inch and a half of references to Cuyp. I selected one at random—this : "no sense of beauty, i. 75"—then proceeded to search for the passage, but it was long before I found it. This amazing book makes for delay on every page. Seeking Cuyp, I found myself reading about Angelico, Salvator, Dürer, and Giorgione. Two passages I could not forbear transcribing. These :

"In Dürer you have a far purer conscience and higher spiritual power [than in Salvator], yet, with some defect still in intellect, contending with evil, and nobly prevailing over it; yet retaining the marks of the contest, and never so entirely victorious as to conquer sadness.

"In Giorgione, you have the same high spiritual power and practical sense; but now, with entirely perfect intellect, contending with evil; conquering it utterly, casting it away for ever, and rising beyond it into magnificence of rest."

The man who wrote these passages could not be expected to admire Cuyp unreservedly. Ruskin acknowledged that Cuyp "painted the sunshine," but no more. Turner painted the sun colour. But Ruskin's quarrel with Cuyp was of a piece with his quarrel with all the Dutchmen. They were just painters; their pictures

had no other significance. This attitude is the essence of Ruskinism; for this the world has either loved or derided him. Nothing happens in Cuyp's pictures, says Ruskin, except some indifferent person's asking the way of somebody else. "For further entertainment, perhaps a red cow and a white one; or puppies at play, not playfully; the man's heart not going even with the puppies."

There you have the essence of Ruskinism again. The Dutch painters do not care about the people, he complains, but about the lustres on them. Cuyp cares nothing about the puppies as puppies; he sees only the shine on the flaps of their ears. The fault, he adds finely, does not lie in the thing's being little, or the incident being slight. Then follows this: "Titian could have put issues of life and death into the face of a man asking the way—nay, into the back of him, if he had so chosen. He has put a whole scheme of dogmatic theology into a row of Bishops' backs at the Louvre. And for dogs, Velasquez has made some of them nearly as grand as his surly Kings."

Ruskin has delayed me so long that there is small opportunity, even if one were willing, to say much about the Cuyps I saw that day at Burlington House. It is difficult to be enthusiastic about any of them, even the "Scene on the Ice" or "The Castle of Nemwygen"; but Cuyp has a name, and there are those who went to Burlington House because of the room hung with his pictures. "There are some beautiful Cuyps here," I heard an old gentleman say to an acquaintance, as he

gave up his umbrella in the vestibule. His face wore a look of happy expectation.

When I reached home that night, it was not to read Ruskin on Cuyp, but that last chapter of *Modern Painters* called "Peace," with the promise of the Morning Star, and his confession of faith: "Blind from the prison-house, maimed from the battle, or mad from the tombs, their souls shall surely yet sit, astonished, at His feet who giveth peace."

TWO PICTURES AND A PAINTER

No authority ever includes "The Death of Procris" among the hundred best pictures; but there are some who think of it with unwonted affection, who never visit the National Gallery without pausing before this bright, sad fancy of Piero di Cosimo's. It is so fresh, and the story it tells is so human. The tragedy happened in the Golden Age, but the theme is for all time. It is retold in *Othello*. This legend of love, jealousy, death, and remorse, is easily remembered. Cephalus loved Procris, and Procris loved Cephalus. One day some busybody whispered to Procris that Cephalus loved another. Whereupon Procris, "furiously jealous," hid herself in a thicket and waited. There, learning that it was only the wind that Cephalus had invoked, the repentant lady was about to rush out and atone for her suspicion, when Cephalus, roused by the rustling, and "thinking it was some wild beast," shot an arrow into the thicket—and killed Procris. She told her tale. Then she died, and Jupiter, in pity, turned her into a star.

In this picture the Florentine painter has succeeded

where so many fail. He has told a story of perennial human interest, and combined with it a beautiful landscape, and landscape and subject each bear their part in the picture; neither outruns nor drags behind the other. Piero always charms with his landscapes: not always with his figures. Here the figures are very welcome. He painted "The Death of Procris" in a happy hour, at the ripest period of his powers, and the centuries have not dulled the soft, rich colours, nor made it old-fashioned. It is his testament of temperament and vision, and if a painter can be immortalized by one work, Piero di Cosimo may be well content to be immortalized by this.

In the foreground, on a green sward curiously formal, bordered like a trim garden with a fringe of tiny shrubs, and with small flowers springing up from it, lies Procris—just dead. The warmth is still in the young body; the sandalled feet are crossed, and the palm of the right hand lies open upon the grass. The lips are still parted, but the eyes are closed, and on the breast and wrist there is a trickle of blood, bright as the red garment on which she lies, and that half covers her. By her head kneels Cephalus—man down to the waist, below shaped like his kinsman Pan. His left hand rests on her shoulder; his right just touches her loosened hair. His head, with the wild ears pointing up into the shock of hair, is bent. He is looking at Procris with the gaze of a dumb animal that feels, and of a man groping to understand grief. There are tears in the round eyes, but they cannot flow. The

human face, the brown woodland body, the little hoofs digging into the ground, are eloquent of grief arrested at its tensest moment—grief half human, half animal, that can never spend itself, that can never wholly know. A wise brown dog sits on its haunches by Procris's feet, gazing at death and grief. A grade lower in the scale of creation than Cephalus, it knows only that something untoward has happened. Dumb, with head thrust forward in sympathy, it watches and waits. But Piero, the inventive Piero, has more to say. On the yellow strand in the middle distance are three other dogs gambolling—queer dogs these—and close by are three storks, and more storks are flying through the air. There are boats, too, on the wide double-armed river beyond, lots of boats. All this part of the picture is wrapped in a soft, luminous blue. The low-lying hills beyond the river are blue, too, and the buildings of the little town by the waterside are blue. And you look and look, wondering which part of the picture you like best, passing from one passage to the other always with a fresh pleasure, and very content. And if you think of it, Piero has put most things into this picture. In the foreground, the eternal themes—love, friendship, and death; beyond, the unchanging and consoling element—Nature.

It so happens that the painter of this picture is better known to us as a man than many who hold more important places in the world's regard. Piero di Cosimo lives in the pages of *Romola*—a quaint, original, detached figure. He it was who, with the instinct of

THE DEATH OF PROCRIS

FROM THE PICTURE BY PIERO DI COSIMO IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

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all great portrait-painters, saw beyond the present Tito, saw what he would become. You remember his sketch of Tito, with Fear rushing into his Joy, and how it startled Romola. You remember Piero's reply to Tito's gay taunt that he was a Cynic philosopher in the pleasant guise of a cunning painter: "Not I, Messer Greco; a philosopher is the last sort of animal I should choose to resemble. I find it enough to live, without spinning lies to account for life."

But to learn what manner of man Piero was, we must go to Vasari. In his solitariness, his indifference to the world's opinion, his contempt for what most men value, his absorption in his own ideas, he recalls a greater—Turner. Piero di Cosimo shut himself up, and would not allow anyone to see him at work. The fruit-trees in his garden were never pruned or trained. The crying of babies irritated him, and so did the coughing of men. Flies annoyed him, and he hated the dark. He abused physicians and apothecaries, and when at eighty years of age he wanted to work, and could not "on account of the paralysis," he became very angry, tried to scratch his helpless hands, "while he doddered about, and the brush and maul-stick fell from his grasp." Often he talked too much, repeating his remarks so many times that at last they became wearisome; but sometimes his conversation was so various and diversified "that some of his sayings made his hearers burst with laughter." Towards the end of his life the old fellow "praised capital punishment, saying it was a fine thing to go to death in the

open air amid a throng of people." He was indifferent to material comforts. His usual food consisted of hard-boiled eggs, which he cooked while he was boiling his glue, to save the firing. He had a very inventive mind, and enjoyed arranging Florentine processions. He looked through things and saw visions. He peopled clouds with strange fancies. In Florence there was a wall "where sick persons had used to spit." He stopped to examine it, says Vasari, "imagining that he saw there combats of horses and the most fantastic cities and extraordinary landscapes ever beheld." Such was Piero di Cosimo, a very living, odd, and arrogant man, with great delicacy of feeling, and a tender sensitiveness for beauty, and sympathy for sorrow, or he could never have painted "The Death of Procris."

But, it may well be asked, why write about him at such length now? Well, among the invitations to new picture exhibitions that strewed my table, I found one with the name of Piero di Cosimo upon it, and memories awoke. The picture "The Battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ," height 27½ inches, width 101½ inches, was to be seen at the Carfax Galleries. Thither I went, and was rewarded. For behind the riot of mixed fighting, the product of Piero's invention, not of his imagination, are little peeps of landscape that show the true Piero. The trees stand dark against a faint glowing sky. Again I saw his quiet low-lying water, again his blue hills. "He loved," says Vasari," to see everything wild, saying that Nature

ought not to be interfered with." Piero's invention interfered in the combat between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ. He did not care a maul-stick about it for its own sake—so it passes. But he did care for those peaceful passages of Nature that wait patiently behind the combat. He loved them for their own sake—so they remain.

THE TWO WHISTLERS

THERE were two Whistlers — the painter of his "Mother" and of "Carlyle," and the writer. And as the artist-Whistler can be subdivided into the producer of the etchings, the nocturnes, and the symphonies, so the writer-Whistler contains the clear-seeing author of the *Ten o'Clock*, and the inditer of the witty letters and ready paragraphs that amused London in the late seventies and eighties, often, by their over-elaboration of thrust, winning sympathy for the victim. No man was so sure of himself, no man of the period took such glee in smiting, no man was so apt and ready ; few were so unforgiving, and although he was generally right, few had his power, or perhaps the will to score a point by fluttering from the main issue, and fixing on some subsidiary point. In the encounter of wits with Tom Taylor (what ages ago it seems !), of course Whistler scored ; but although we laugh as heartily as ever over the correspondence—"dead for a ducat, dead ! my dear Tom ; and the rattle has reached me by post"—it is plain that Tom Taylor was unfairly treated. He was a brave man who broke a lance with

Whistler. Those who remember the frays smile: some must have smiled when they read the obituary notices on Whistler, and wondered a little at the changes time has wrought in the attitude of Whistler's critics, grown elderly and enthusiastic. We are all advanced now. The battle of the new art has been fought and won. The International Society of Painters and Engravers is no longer an ailing infant, and Whistler is acclaimed for the great master he was.

Probably no man of our time was so incontestably the artist. Persistently he expressed beauty as seen through his own temperament, selected and arranged, and that beauty he found anywhere and everywhere. He never spared himself, either in his work or in fighting those who were opposed to his vision and method. He expressed in a few etched lines, or in a wonder of dim paint, sights that other men would have thought not paintable, or too difficult to essay. He was a silent path breaker who chose his own way, and the way was strange and untrodden. Ruskin did not understand the elusive charm of that nocturne in black and gold. "I have seen and heard much of Cockney impudence before now, but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask 200 guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face!" Well, none of us are infallible, and Ruskin paid dearly, although the damages were but a farthing, for that moment of indignation against what he had not the temperament, and certainly, not at that time, the will, to understand. Whistler's comment on the trial, called *Art and Art Critics*, was a fighting

paper, the case for the brush against the pen. "Still, quite alone stands Ruskin, whose writing is art, and whose art is unworthy his writing." And — "Let him resign his present professorship, to fill the chair of Ethics at the University. As master of English literature he has a right to his laurels, while as the popularizer of pictures he remains the Peter Parley of painting." These two great men, whose temperaments were far apart as the poles, would not, could not, understand one another.

Stripped of the ephemera that made up his reputation as chief of the light-horse Ishmaels of the day, the sincere artist undistracted by the nimble brain of the writer, was Whistler when he was painting one of his great portraits. What intensity of purpose, what sureness of vision, what knowledge of the few essentials that go to the presentment of an old woman or an old man, mark his portraits of his Mother and of Carlyle! The wall against which Carlyle sits, the unobtrusive pictures, the figure of the sage, the simplicity of the composition, so low in tone, so entirely suitable to the subject, compose into one of those pictures whose rightness strikes one anew each time it is seen. And the companion picture, the "Mother," to see which you must travel from Glasgow to Paris, makes the same kind of appeal. It is grave, quiet, lasting, never new, never old, a portrait for all time. In these portraits Whistler as a painter reached greatness. The abundant vitality of his temperament spent itself in a hundred channels, but now and then, at the right moment, it gathered itself together, and completely expressed itself.

THE PIANO

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. McNEILL WHISTLER IN THE POSSESSION OF EDMUND DAVIS, ESQ.

THE abundant vitality of Whistler's temperament spent itself in a hundred channels, but now and then, at the right moment, it gathered itself together and completely expressed itself. That exquisite picture called "The Piano" is an example of this subtle and rounded artistic vision. To ordinary eyes a piano is as difficult to harmonize in a room as in a picture, but the lines of this instrument run with the lines of the frames, assisting but not intruding upon the lines of the intent figures. This memorable work is an example of an artistic motive imbued with an idea, and here the two are one in feeling and in unity.

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There are those who hold that Whistler occupies a higher place as an etcher than as a painter. He produced nearly 300 plates, tiny plates, most of them not larger than ten inches by six, often just a few lines, but giving all that was necessary to realize the scene. How often have I gone to a certain gallery where, periodically, exhibitions of modern etchings are held, passed round the walls without being particularly moved or elated, and on my departure have caught sight, in the vestibule, of an etching that evoked instantly the thrill that is so rare, and so undeniable, when it does come! How often, looking closer, have I seen the quaint butterfly signature! Before me, as I write, is a copy of his lithograph of the Luxembourg Gardens (it cost a penny); no one with any sort of an eye for

essential beauty could help being impressed by the distinction of this little piece—the sense of atmosphere, the placing of the figures, suggested rather than drawn. Yes, Whistler was a great artist.

And Whistler the man, the writer. You have him in the sparkling pages of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, with its letters of the moment—cruel and witty—and that able setting forth of the Art for Art point of view, the *Ten o'Clock*. "Nature contains the elements, in colour and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music. But the artist is born to pick and choose. . . ." "To say to the painter that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player that he may sit on the piano." How he enjoyed delivering that lecture! How he enjoyed those bouts of wit! How he crowed over his "scalps"! Here is a man, says Mr. George Moore, who, "though he had spent the afternoon painting like the greatest, would spend his evenings in frantic disputes over dinner-tables about the ultimate ownership of a mild joke."

But before the beauty of the world, alone with Nature, his perfect artistic taste working without haste and without rest, Whistler the flaneur, the epigrammatist, the scalp-hunter, sprightful and spiteful, was swept away, and what was left was Whistler the consummate artist responsive to the chords of beauty, the intermediary who wrought the Venetian etchings, the British fleet on a plate a few inches square, the portraits of his Mother and of Carlyle, the "Piano" picture and the "Miss Alexander."

A PAINTER OF MOUNTAINS

THE snow-plough has been struggling to make a track up the mountain road, but the attempt has failed. Not till spring will the heights be accessible. The sun shines, the snow sparkles. It is as warm as a May day in England, but no May day in England can feast the eye as do these changing lights of the day on slopes and heights of snow. Living for awhile among these mountains, roaming their solitudes, I am reminded again and again of Giovanni Segantini, to whom the snow was second mother, who lived among the mountains, and who painted them as no man had ever painted them before.

He died a few years ago, and yet to-day I could have said I saw him. Perhaps it was only a group of wood-cutters ; but that last scene of the winter of 1899 was in my mind, and the one group of black figures toiling up the snowfield recalled the other. The story of that last journey up the mountain is well authenticated. Segantini carried with him the large triptych that was to be his last picture. It was to represent Life, Nature, and Death, symbolical of the progression of the seasons in the mountains—their spring loveliness,

their brief matured beauty, and their long winter sleep. This triptych was apparently finished, but not to Segantini's satisfaction. He desired to add a few final touches to it, and those touches could only be given on the heights where it was painted. So the triptych was packed in a wooden case, shouldered by peasants, and one day, in the autumn of 1899, the procession started for the shepherd's hut high up on the mountain. There Segantini was taken ill. A messenger hastened down to the valley for help, but the painter was beyond human succour. There in that shepherd's hut in the mountains he died; he and his picture were carried down into the valley, and in the little cemetery of Maloja he was buried.

His name is hardly known to the English public, although stray pictures by him have found their way to London. None can look at his "Ploughing in the Engadine" or his "Spring in the Alps" without feeling that his was a new personality—strong, individual, and uninfluenced by any school. He saw the peasant with Millet's sympathy, but stopped short of that suggestion of picturesque sentiment that made Millet less great than he might have been; his figures have the strength of Bastien Lepage, but with an added beauty in the backgrounds where the little Engadine villages peep above the snow, and the mountain-tops shine out for a little while rose-pink at sunset. He hated towns; he lived, as a painter should live, expressing, as rightly as he could, the beauty of the world on those heights where, in his eyes, the purest beauty

of the world was to be found, and in the midst of that beauty he set the hard lives of the peasants who snatch a lean living from the soil.

Perhaps it is well for his fame that Segantini died at forty-one. To my thinking he was at his best when he was painting what he saw and loved, when he was entirely himself, just a painter ; before his receptive mind had heard the echo from the towns of the grave problems of life, making him feel the impulsion to teach, not to interpret. It so happened that an example of this latter phase, "The Unnatural Mothers," exhibited at the New Gallery a few years ago, was the first picture by Segantini I ever saw. The painting of the stunted trees springing from the great snowfield shows no falling off in his skill or vision, but the figures of these wretched women bound by their hair to the trees, writhing in an agony of remorse, are merely unpleasant. Their suffering is too obvious. The moral is not subtle enough. And the same criticism applies to another of his pedagogic pictures, "The Punishment of Luxury," more beautifully painted snow, and more distracted shades of unhappy women. I prefer to think of Segantini as the painter of, say, "Knitting," a girl sitting on the grass against a white fence, two sheep standing placidly beside her, and beyond the white walls of an Engadine village, and the hills.

It was at the last Paris Exhibition that the name of Segantini began to be known outside the narrow confines of the art world. In that mighty collection of canvases it was difficult to bring away a vivid impres-

sion of any particular man's work, but in the weeks that followed the closing of the exhibition three or four times was the question addressed to me: "Did you see the Segantinis?" Another chance of becoming acquainted with him was offered by the magnificent art volume on his life and work published in the autumn of 1901; and not long ago, picking up a magazine, I found a long appreciative article by Mr. Christian Brinton on Segantini.

It is not often that a painter's life gives such simple but uncommon material to the biographer. It ended, as we know, dramatically: it also began dramatically. One stormy night two Milanese peasants hurrying homewards found a boy crouched at the foot of a tree by the roadside. He had run away from home, and was trudging to France. The peasants lifted him into their cart, carried him to their cottage, and, after the manner of their kind, adopted him, sending him out to tend the swine on the hillside. It was a rare opportunity for the development of the boy's artistic talent, alone all day with Nature, watching the animals and the skies, and noting the variability of the light on meadow and stream. The desire to express what he saw took hold of him, and the peasants began to wonder at the lifelike representations of sheep, barns, and figures they found traced with charcoal on flat stones and walls.

Later he went to Milan, and such art training as he had was obtained from attending the evening school of ornament at the Brera, and from a course of elementary figure-drawing at the Academia. Probably

KNITTING

FROM THE PICTURE BY GIOVANNI SEGANTINI

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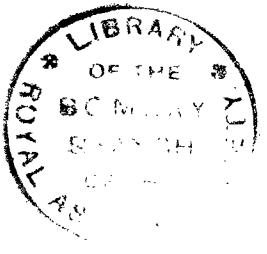
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no modern painter derived less from teachers than Segantini. He raged against the art masters, and was disgusted with such art of the day as he had seen. When asked what he would do if he were as great an artist as his master, he replied, "Hang myself!"

Such a temperament must necessarily work out the fulfilment of its destiny in solitude. That Segantini did. In 1882, having married the sister of a fellow-artist, he went back to his mountain heights, to shepherds and herdsmen, to paint those pictures whose note is the vibrancy of the light that shines from them. Things which were only disclosed to the wise after long years of experiment and effort were revealed almost at the beginning of his career to this clear-eyed man, in whom the child never died. Let me quote Mr. Brinton :

"Though knowing nothing of divisionism, he had instinctively placed pure touches of colour side by side on the canvas without first mixing them on the palette, thus allowing the separate tones to recompose on the retina. He had no scientific theories on the subject ; he merely found that by so doing he could secure better effects. This was before the vogue of Monet and impressionism or pointillism, and the boy had come independently by a discovery second only in painting to the employment of perspective."

His own portrait, which he painted in 1896, might form a companion to Albert Dürer's. A wide-browed man, with deep eyes, a profusion of dark hair and beard, gazing sternly out upon the world. Behind is a night sky and the dark peaks of mountains.

ALOIS AGGERA, ARTIST

"THEY do their painting in a business-like way in the Tyrol," I remarked to my neighbour at the dinner-table. He gazed thoughtfully at the six pictures of the chief mountains that hung on the walls. Each was six by four: between each was six feet of wall: each gave the finest view on the finest day. "Yes," he said, "the natives are learning to be more—er—more business-like. I could tell you a story of a Tyrolese artist." But he did not tell me the story then.

As the fifteen hours' drive that lay before me on the morrow was timed to begin at a quarter-past four, I went upstairs when the clock struck ten. In the corridor I paused, candle in hand, before a twelve-foot upright of the great event in the life of the ubiquitous St. Hubert. Clad in a fur-trimmed doublet, booted and spurred, with horn slung round his neck and sword by his side, he kneels before the astonished deer. One of the dogs snarls; the other, in spite of his amazement, tries to sympathize with his master's extraordinary behaviour. The painting is laboriously

accurate, even to the tiny flowers in the foreground. "That, also, is business-like!" It was my companion of the dinner-table. "They are not so business-like in the villages," he added. "I once knew a Tyrolese artist. I'd like to tell you the story. Are you going to Sulden or Trafoi?" "To Sulden!" "Then, we'll drive together, and if you care to break the journey at Mals, I'll take you to see him. I'm on a sort of pilgrimage."

At a quarter-past four next morning I found him among the muffled travellers in the yard outside the post-office. The postman, who also acted as guard, accommodated us in a little einspanner. Dawn was breaking as we started. When the sun flooded the hill-tops pale yellow, and my companion threw back his coat, I noticed that he had brought two large albums with him. He handed them to me with a smile. I turned over the leaves of the topmost. It contained seventy-five photographs of classical pictures, statuary and architecture. A fine and chastened taste had chosen them. Examples from Velasquez, Botticelli, Mantegna, and Vermeer, Parthenon marbles, Giotto's tower, details of Chartres Cathedral—it was a collection of one man's preferences in the field of ancient art. The other album contained nearly a hundred photographs of pictures at the current exhibition of the Royal Academy.

"Well?" I said.

"They are a gift to a certain Tyrolese artist," he answered. "Would you like to hear the story?"

"Willingly."

"Well, ten years ago I was driving alone on this same route on my way to Meran. About an hour beyond Mals I overtook a man walking very slowly. He was evidently a peasant, but not burnt by the sun like most of the natives. His figure was slight, complexion very fair, with blue eyes. He raised his hat as I passed and wished me good-morning. We talked a little. Presently I asked him where he was going. 'To Meran to buy colours.' 'Then, you are a painter,' I said. 'No, a shoemaker.' Here, thought I, is the man that Browning wanted—a shoemaker who paints. But he was also in pain. He did not complain, but his lips were set, and he limped. 'It is only a blistered heel,' he said. I pointed to the vacant seat in the carriage, and asked him in the most courteous German at my command if he would avail himself of it. He protested. I insisted.

"He was a delightful companion, this artist-shoemaker of Fils, a little hill village three hours up from Mals, quite unknown to the tourist. He earned his living by making and mending boots: he took his pleasure in painting pictures and carving wood. Many of the Scriptural pictures on the white houses of the Tyrol are by Alois Aggera, shoemaker. The best of the little carved wayside figures of St. Hubert and St. Florian are signed A. A. He took no money for his painting and carving. The joy of the work was his wages. He came at anybody's bidding. This bright-eyed peasant was a most unsophisticated little

fellow, and when I told him that in the great cities of the world men made fortunes by painting pictures, it was no more credible to him than that men should make fortunes by making boots. 'Then there must be a great number of pictures in the world,' he said. And he asked if they were all like the work by Knoller in Mals Church, representing the Death of Joseph. I told him that if ever I came here again I would bring him some photographs of ancient and modern pictures and sculpture. So you have the explanation of the albums."

"Why was he walking into Meran?" I asked.

"Ah, that was the big affair of his life. A fire had broken out at Fils some time before, and there seemed every probability that the village would be destroyed, but at the critical moment a storm of rain quenched the flames. The villagers of course believed it was through the intervention of St. Florian, and they determined to build a new church in gratitude. It would take years to complete, for most of the work was to be done gratuitously with their own hands. Alois Aggera's share was a picture of St. Florian over the altar, the stations of the Cross for the walls, and the carving of the pinewood pews. That was ten years ago. How often have I thought of Alois Aggera mending shoes and painting pictures in his mountain village! Ah, there is Mals down in the valley. Now follow that zigzag track to the right past the pine-wood. Do you see a village on the side of the cliff just above the lake? That's Fils, where Alois Aggera lives. I wonder if he'll remember me."

A three hours' climb brought us to the top of the pine-wood. Before us in a hollow, and straggling up the mountain-side, lay Fils. The church was a plain structure with a red-tiled spire, but beside it was a bell-tower so beautiful in form and proportion that we both uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was the ill-fated Campanile of Venice in miniature. "Alois has been to Italy," said my companion, "or there is another genius in the village." Adjoining the campanile was a little wooden shed. We scrambled down to it. Above the door this was written—"NEUE BERGSTIEFEL UND REPARATUREN WERDEN SCHNELLSTENS AUSGEFÜHRT. ALOIS AGGERA, SCHUMACHER." Through the open window I saw a man giving his entire attention to cutting out a piece of leather. He did not look up, but nodded to our shadows, murmured "Grüss Gott!" and smiled. "We'll wait till he's finished his work," whispered my companion. "Come to the church."

Over the altar stood a large figure of St. Florian quenching a symbolical fire. It was not good. The colour was hard, and the composition was theatrical. Neither was the painting of the stations of the Cross better or worse than you may see in any village church in the Tyrol. But two of them, the "Jesus fällt das erste Mal" and "Jesus begegnet der Mutter" were very different. For these he had not trusted to his jaded imagination, but had taken the village types, and painted them just as they were with their rough clothes, kindly faces, and simple sympathy with sorrow. And they were set in no imaginary scene. We recognised

the background. It was just over the way, on the hill we had descended. And the carving on the pine wood pews, rough but bold, just told the story of the cattle coming home at sundown from the hills. No two carvings were alike. Each animal had been separately observed, the same motive controlling all—shelter for the dark hours.

When we left the church, Alois was locking up his shop. Paint-brushes in hand, he walked quickly down the street. Outside the inn, a new building, a small crowd was waiting. Standing a little apart from the rest stood a guide, a splendid creature with a bushy black beard and keen, weather-beaten face. Some children ran forward with a ladder and placed it against the wall. Alois mounted it, squeezed the colours on his palette, cocked his head on one side with a searching glance at his model, the guide, and began to paint. It was "The Journey to Emmaus." The background and two figures were already finished, and as I looked at the bold, free work, its movement and vitality, the unerring strokes of the brush, I felt that Alois had found his own way and was in no need of our chatter or our photographs. The same idea was in my companion's mind, for he shifted the albums and held them out of sight behind his back. We moved away. As we passed the shop my companion rested the classical album on the window-sill. "We might leave this," he said. But he did not.

ART IN THE MOUNTAINS

THE art of the Tyrolese peasant is either religious or patriotic. As with his Bavarian brother, religion permeates his daily life. Sunday at Sulden is a day of rest from mountain-climbing, for no guide will start until after half-past six Mass. Picture-making in the Tyrol is a means towards an end, not an end in itself. The country is one vast picture-gallery with the sky for roof, and the fronts of house, smooth surfaces of rock, or wayside shrines, for walls. Each picture is, as it were, on the line, and the majority are Biblical, or interpretive of some saintly legend. Often childishly drawn, usually glaring in colour, they express the deep convictions of this religiously and physically brave people. The favourite theme is the Madonna and Child, and sometimes one chances upon a picture of uncommon merit. I was descending a pass to a village nestling in an amphitheatre of dolomites—a village where the visitors who do not climb peer through telescopes at the specks crawling towards the unseen summits. An hour above this village, on the route of the telegraph-poles, which always take the short-cut of

the crow's flight, I came upon a "Madonna and Child" framed, glass-covered, so delicately drawn, so tenderly coloured, so natural in expression, that it might have been the work of that great unknown—the Master of the Life of Mary. It bore no inscription—only two letters. Maybe it was a memorial to one who had met death on that spot through an accident, or the "act of God." For the Tyrolese love a pictorial epitaph. Many of the wayside pictures are but records of sudden death. One afternoon I caught sight of an inch of humanity on a dizzy peak. He was cooeeing to the heavens (it was by that cry I discovered his existence) —to the heavens, or to some party of unlocated climbers in the cloud-enveloped heights. Soon I lost sight of him, and his unanswered cry ceased. Perhaps he fell. If he fell some friend or relative will have painted a commemorative picture on the rock where he had been standing. In a land where so many—wood-cutters, shepherds, hunters—face death every day, such pictures are as common as thunderstorms. Often they are a mere daub illustrating the accident, or a picture of the deceased burning in hell, with a request that the traveller will pray for the tortured soul. Incongruous they appear. Hell seems so far from those vast solitudes, but the priest is always near.

Such attempts at picture-making are the true picture-galleries of the people of the Tyrol. They express a national if primitive feeling, working from within to without, not like our exhibitions at Whitechapel, which begin with the without, and hope to penetrate to the

within. But the framed pictures that hang upon the walls of mountain inns and huts are more sophisticated. Portraits of the Emperor of Austria are everywhere, and one little inn, high up, which you can only reach by toiling for an hour through an almost vertical snowfield, had hanging in the place of honour an ancient melodramatic woodcut showing how "our Emperor Franz Joseph I. was on the 18th of February, 1853, on the back of the head, by the hand of an assassin, wounded." But the afterglow of the glamour that was Italy's still shines in parts of remote Tyrol. Our landlord urged me downstairs, late on the night of my arrival, to indicate by candlelight a fresco that had been revealed by scraping the whitewash from the wall. It showed four swaying women entwined in a garland of flowers, and looked like an early Albert Moore. "School of Giotto!" the landlord explained while the candle guttered. This fresco had made him a proud man, and I believe his happiest moments were when, with lighted candle, he could stand before that fresco and murmur, "School of Giotto!"

That was his little vanity, but the possession of this fresco did not kindle him. Giotto would serve for an English traveller, but for him and for his leather-breeched, bare-kneed, shaggy, keen-eyed customers art meant scenes from the lives of Andreas Hofer, of Speckbacher and Haspinger. There, on the wall of that mountain inn, where every sip of wine or sop of bread had to be carried a day's journey upon a mule's back, were wood engravings of eight scenes from the life of Andreas

Hofer, and when I referred to them, he and his family were ready to talk Hofer till midnight. Those eight engravings I was to see again and again, sometimes the set, sometimes two, sometimes but a rough process reproduction torn from an illustrated journal, and pinned on the wall of the *Gastzimmer*. In those remote districts art has but two strings to her bow—Religion and Hofer. Indeed, the time came when I sought Hofer pictures as they seek the edelweiss flower, and when an inn did not possess one I felt all the chagrin of a hunter returning empty-handed from the chase. Hofer possessed me. Over all my journeyings brooded the burly, black-bearded form of that cattle-dealer and leader of men. He started me off from Botzen; his tomb greeted me when, in the end, I dropped down into Innsbruck. In the museum at Botzen, surrounded by life-sized models illustrating all the varieties of Tyrolese costume, a small thing among a number of objects in a glass case, the curator showed me, reverentially, an original portrait of Hofer by Altmutter. In the Tyrolese National Museum at Innsbruck I found the eight pictures by Defregger, whose reproductions had greeted me in so many inns and huts. They are honoured; they have a room to themselves, and yet they are only copies, "touched up by the master." The originals are at Berlin, Dresden, and elsewhere.

The end of Hofer is in the Horkirche, at Innsbruck, where his remains lie; where over his tomb six Tyrolese, representing the six districts of Tyrol, bind themselves by an oath over the lowered banner; where the

Emperor of Austria has erected tablets to Speckbacher and Haspinger, stating that it is enough to say that now they lie side by side with Hofer; where a monument to all the Tyrolese who have fallen in defence of their country bears this inscription: *Absorpta est mors in victoria;* where is that stupendous monument to another Emperor, Maximilian I., with its twenty-eight bronze statues of his ancestors and contemporaries—Clovis, Theodora, Rudolph, Arthur—standing as mourners and torch-bearers on either side of the figure of the Emperor, high above their heads, arrogant in bronze, kneeling on his marble sarcophagus. There are times when no monument to mortal man seems more majestic than this, but when one is fresh from the mountains its power to impress wanes. Memory flies from these sculptured rulers to the rough carved figures scattered in lonely passes, flies from the kneeling Emperor to some mountain village, where at this moment the Angelus is ringing, and the guides, standing together in the village street, bare their heads in prayer.

IN TITIAN'S COUNTRY

"It is difficult," said Ruskin, "to imagine anything more magnificently impossible than the blue of the distant landscape in Titian's 'Bacchus and Ariadne.'" For my part, I would say that to walk through Titian's country is to realize that there is no "magnificently impossible" wonder of colour or form that Nature does not there achieve. From a mountain-side I have seen outstretched on the distant valley slopes splashes of purple, each as large as a village, embedded each in its own lake of sunshine so "magnificently impossible" that no painter would dare attempt to realize the colour, any more than he would attempt to realize the intense blue of the sky last night above the mountain-tops that held the light long after the sun had disappeared. As to the dolomites themselves, under the sport of sun, mist, and rain, they are transformed, as the light changes, into the buildings of history and of fable, or such buildings as only the hashish-eater sees. Here in the clouds on some bright day you see the awful stairway leading to the citadel of Olympus; there the inscribed walls of an Assyrian temple, and on some

lowering night the jagged portals of the Gate of Hell. But it is the colour rather than the grandeur of this region that enslaves one. And many in looking from porphyry rocks to pink pinnacles, and on all the changes of light that forest and meadow-land offer, must echo the words of Aretino: "O Titiano, where art thou, and why not here to realize the scene?"

It is of Titian one thinks in the region where Austria and Italy mingle like water with wine. Not Titian the painter, rather Titian the Man, the colourist, symbol of strength and magnificence, who left his mountain home in Cadore to become the idol of Venice, to live for nearly a hundred years, and to leave his name trailing colour through the centuries; Titian the strong man among men, the mountaineer, who loved work as he loved pleasure and ease, and who would paint a pagan or a Christian subject with equal facility; the human, not the divine, Titian who one day will try to evade paying his income-tax, and on another, when two Cardinals propose to pay him a visit, will fling his purse to his steward, and bid him make ready, "for all the world is coming to dine with me."

The spirit of place was kind to Titian at his birth, and is friendly to his memory. Throughout his life there was one journey that he made at least once a year. It was seventy miles in length. At one end was Venice, the scene of his triumphs. At the other end was Pieve di Cadore, his birthplace. If the ghosts of the departed haunt the places they loved in life, that wild, wonderful road from Venice to Pieve is still

patrolled by the tall, keen figure of Titian. On that road he found his landscapes, on that road, striding away from the heat of Venice, he made sketches for those blue backgrounds, jagged rocks, and towering mountains, that peep out, so refreshingly, from the backgrounds of many of his pictures. To take that three days' journey from Venice to the mountains of Cadore was to recover health. The keen air blew away the effects of his busy, harassing life in Venice. How gladly, when the time came for his yearly visit to his birthplace, would he cross the lagoons, pass through Mestre to Treviso, where he had a cottage, then up through Belluno to Longarone, where the true Cadore country begins, round by Mount Antelao till he caught sight of the Castle of Cadore perched high above the spur of the hill to which Pieve clings! There he would find those whom he knew as a boy, and the humble dwelling from which at the age of ten he started forth to make his fortune in Venice, and to have Palma and Giorgione as fellow-students. Or one can fancy him on some oppressive day in Venice, when the longing for a sight of his native mountains assailed him, ascending the Campanile, looking northwards to the Venetian Alps, and seeing the gaunt form of Antelao towering above the valleys of Cadore, and his home.

Thither I went from Cortina. It had been a night of storm and thunder, but the Tyrol is a land of sudden changes, and all day the sun beat down upon the reapers, and upon the regiment of Italian soldiers

who, as I drove down the Ampezzo valley, were climbing wearily, in single file, up into the mountains. Nearing Pieve, far below, I saw the bridge where the Battle of Cadore was fought, of which Titian made a picture, and which was burnt over 300 years ago. Beyond, suddenly sprang up the Castle of Cadore, now a fort, and soon the horses crawled into the mountain village where Titian was born, and I saw before me the Café Tiziano, the Piazza Tiziano, a girl in a sailor-hat carrying a tennis racquet, the straggling white houses with their green shutters, a huge hotel, a group of excited Italians gesticulating and chattering on the steps of the Municipio, and in the middle of the sun-steeped village, majestic, lonely—Titian himself. He stands in bronze, palette in hand, bareheaded, gazing towards Venice. Close by is a shoemaker's shop, and over the door is the name Vecellio. This descendant of the Vecelli (I suppose he is a descendant) looked at me as I looked at the statue of Cadore's great son, gazing towards Venice, and I thought of that biographer of Titian who found it difficult to fathom the causes which induced Titian's father—a member of this old race of Vecelli—to apprentice his children "to the trade of painting." Behind the hotel, not without searching, I discovered the "humble dwelling" where Titian was born. It is quite without interest, and, as I knew that Titian left Cadore when he was ten, the animated Italian woman who tried to persuade me that the room where she was cooking something in a large pot over a large fire was Titian's studio had a hard

task. Conscious of failure, she handed me over to another animated native, who conducted me to the adjoining house, the Casa Sampieri, where there is a fresco of a Madonna with a boy-angel kneeling at her feet. As I sat in that sunny room, looking at this simple but sincere picture, I could almost have wished that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle had not been born into the world to put right the history of pictures and painters. For centuries the world believed that this Madonna was painted by Titian himself when a boy with the juice of flowers, and that the kneeling figure is the boy-painter "commending himself to the Divine care before going out into the world." But Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle assert that it is a work of another Vecelli, and belongs to the sixteenth century. Were it not so, were this Madonna an early Titian, the thread of association that unravels as one walks through Titian's country would be complete. Here at Pieve he painted his first picture, there at Venice he painted his last, the "Christ of Pity," which he offered to the Franciscans in return for a grave. Those two pictures mark the ultimate points of the road Titian so often travelled over, the road that is for ever associated with him. The "Christ of Pity," was never finished, for, like Perugino and Ghirlandaio, the plague killed Titian; but, unlike them, his body was given a stately funeral. Palma finished the "Christ of Pity."

Between these two pictures, the traditional Madonna and the "Christ of Pity," flash the ninety or so

dazzling years of Titian's life. His pictures are in the galleries of the world, public and private, and the world accepts them without criticism, for the name of Titian is a mighty name. But Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle are not dazzled by a name. In their *Life* they give fifteen pages of genuine Titians and thirty-eight pages of uncertified Titians. So!

Titian as a painter has probably not drawn as near to the hearts of men as many of his lesser brethren. He is a figure, a name, a symbol of all that is magnificent in pomp, of all that is gorgeous in colour. He is Venice at the height of her glory, and it is right that his tall figure should dominate the centre of his birthplace, gazing over the passes to the city where the mountain boy lived royally and painted prodigiously. Glorious Titian, if you like, the friend of Emperors, of Popes, and poets, but not "il divino Tiziano."

"THE THUNDERBOLT OF PAINTING"

THE supreme colourists, according to Ruskin, are seven —Titian, Giorgione, Veronese, Tintoretto, Correggio, Reynolds and Turner. These names dominate the colour world, and as they flash turn by turn upon us, we reconsider them, revisit their pictures, turn the leaves of their lives, recall their splendour, and mark the trail of it through the centuries. Now it is Tintoretto, for this reason: Not long ago in one of the rooms of the National Gallery I marked a change. Railings had been placed on either side of the western doorway of the Venetian Room and, behind them, each hanging alone, were the two great Tintorettos from Hampton Court, lent by the King. They look better here than at the Old Masters Exhibition where they were shown the winter before last. Since then those who care for such matters may have read Mr. J. B. S. Holborn's small book on Tintoretto, and may have formed in their minds a picture of the last of the great Venetians, the "little dyer," one of the most prolific painters the world has known, the worker of untiring energy, the man of colossal brush strokes, "painting tree-trunks in two

touches apiece," whose "Paradise" in the Ducal Palace at Venice is eighty feet long, whose dashing vigour in painting earned him the epithet of "Il Furioso," who was a pupil of Titian's, and, according to Ridolfi, animated "the little worm of jealousy" in his master's breast, and who chose as his motto, writing it on the walls of his studio, "The design of Michelangelo and the colouring of Titian."

The magnitude of Tintoretto's production appals one: in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice there are over fifty pictures and panels by him, including "The Crucifixion," which the guide-books call his masterpiece. One picture a year was his arrangement with the brotherhood of San Rocco, and it was by a characteristic piece of audacity that he obtained this commission. When the members of the brotherhood invited the painters of Venice to offer designs, Tintoretto sent in a finished picture: when they hesitated, submitting that he had overridden the rules of the competition, he offered the picture as a gift, and as their rules forbade them to refuse anything given to the Saint, and "because the picture was very good," they accepted it, received this whirlwind painter into the brotherhood, and let him work his will upon their walls. He possessed the greatest brain ever owned by a painter, says Vasari, which is interesting as an expression of opinion: sure it is that Tintoretto had a merry heart, vitality in abundance, a rough-and-ready disregard of conventions, and that quality which nowadays we call push. He was as great a worker as Dumas, and like

him a mover of mountains. Who, knowing something of Tintoretto, ever walks through that narrow, busy street in Venice leading from the Clock Tower in St. Mark's Square without thinking of him? There it was that Tintoretto once exhibited two portraits, and he illuminated them by artificial light. It was a novel idea, and no wonder this precursor of the modern method of titillating the interest of the passer-by created a sensation. But this showman's trick was far from being quintessential in Tintoretto's nature; it was a flame of his exuberance—no more. A grave, strong man he looks in the portrait he painted of himself for the Uffizi, his hair and beard white, power in the deep-browed head, force in the hand, and in the body something of the gathered-in strength of the couchant lion.

Yet I doubt if this thunderbolt of painting, as J. A. Symonds called him, whose name thunders and flashes, filling great spaces, through Ruskin's pages, is one of the idols in this country. He is too facile, too robust, too Titanic, too unequal. On the day of my visit to the National Gallery, a student was laboriously copying "The Creation of the Milky Way," but the two great Hampton Court pictures were neglected. But surrender yourself to his "Muses on Olympus," and the mastery of these abundant nudes, so well modelled, so well set in the picture, rolling in and out of the light against the sun-torn sky, captivates, even if you are conscious of lukewarm fealty to the grand manner. Another Tintoretto in this room, the "Christ washing His

Disciples' Feet," shows "Il Furioso" in a different manner, the painter of the poetry of chiaroscuro, "expressing moods" (to quote Mr. J. A. Symonds) "of passion and emotion by brusque lights, luminous half-shadows, and semi-opaque darkness." One looks at the kneeling central figure with astonishment. What intention was there in the painter's mind when he made the figure of Christ so inconspicuous, gave him that primitive unidealized head, and that expression of mild amusement at Peter's discomfort? For a parallel we must go to the "sceptical angel" in Leonardo's, "Our Lady of the Rocks." Yet Tintoretto could make his central figure majestic when he chose. There are three of his pictures where the central figure has so graven itself on my memory that I remembered little else about the pictures until they were recalled by the reproductions in Mr. Holborn's book. One was the austere, resigned figure of Christ towering above Pilate's head in the "Christ before Pilate" in San Rocco; the second was the gigantic figure on the cross in "The Crucifixion," making you oblivious of the rush and huddle of life below; the third was St. Mark, at Milan, that arrogant dramatic figure dominating the barrel-vaulted chamber where they seek his body.

Mr. Hoblorn is learned in Tintoretto lore, and enthusiastic in his service, to the point of making invidious comparisons between his idol and Titian. Thrilled by Tintoretto's "Crucifixion" at San Cassiano, Venice, Mr. Holborn remarks: "Titian never painted such a picture; his loftiest conception was of the earth

earthy." Well, there are people who would rush into the fray and break a lance in Titian's service. But for most of us the time has gone by for such encounters. I can sympathize with Mr. Holborn's enthusiasm, and his pæans of rejoicing over various Tintorettos, but his enthusiasm would carry more weight if it was not so persistent. Many think, says Mr. Holborn, that "The Death of Abel" is "unsurpassed in the world, but it is because they have not seen the 'Adam and Eve.'" Later, speaking of four works, including the Hampton Court pictures, the phrase "miracles of art" trips from his pen. Tintoretto's "Last Supper" in S. Paolo, Venice, is "one of the greatest canvases in the world," and "The Crucifixion" at San Rocco "can lay claim to be the greatest in the world. . . . We can only stand and admire." "If comparisons are to be made at all, there is only one man who can be said to be the greatest painter that has yet lived;" and so on.

That is Mr. Holborn's view of Tintoretto, and if all cannot agree with him, he has good men on his side. The late Mr. J. A. Symonds, for example, who considered "The Temptation of Adam" in the Ducal Palace "the most beautiful picture in existence." This picture does not appeal to me, but, turning the pages of Mr. Holborn's book, I find myself looking repeatedly at the reproduction of the "The Last Supper" at San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice. It is a cataclysmic picture, full of noise and bustle and unrest. There is not a place, except a few feet of tiled floor, on which the eye can repose; but what power it has, with the Michel-

angelesque apostles, and attendants, and the clouds of angels born out of the smoke from the flaming brazier! It does not realize in the slightest degree the silent sorrow that a few painters have wrought into this scene, any more than Tintoretto's "Nine Muses" tallies with any dream I may have had of the way the Muses rusticated on Olympus. But I am not "Il Furioso," or a thunderbolt of criticism.

Tintoretto, we are told, influenced Velasquez, but the great Spaniard stalked uncloaked through the gusts that blew from the great Venetian.

DUTCHMEN IN AMSTERDAM

THE Ryks Museum at Amsterdam covers three acres of ground, and in designing the picture section on the first floor the architect set himself to glorify Rembrandt. You will not find religious pictures in the collection, and you will look in vain for works by painters of other nationalities. It is all Dutch, and a good Dutch picture gives about the best the practitioners of painting can offer. Unaffected, unassuming, these magnificent craftsmen loved the world of material things, the men and women about them, their houses and all that they contained. Nothing was common to their eyes. They did not seek beauty—it occurred; and with their knowledge of tone, their watchfulness of light, the dignity they perceived even in figures fat and unwieldy, they made pictures that live.

On my way to the Ryks Museum I turned aside, as all do, and made my way through the Jewish quarter to Rembrandt's house. Tall, narrow, now used as a clockmaker's shop, it is quite uninteresting; but for one who has the remotest interest in painting, Rembrandt is as persistent in Amsterdam as Tintoretto

in Venice. It was of the confident, popular, happy-starred Rembrandt I thought, not the old man broken and bankrupt; of the Rembrandt of the Saskia days, who smiles at us from the Dresden picture, lifting a glass of good liquor above his head, toasting the twentieth century from the seventeenth. With this figure of the free, exuberant Rembrandt in my mind, I postponed looking at the pictures when I reached the museum, and descended the stairs where his drawings and etchings are preserved. They manage these matters well in Amsterdam; when I asked to see the Rembrandt etchings, a liveried custodian waved me to a closed door and indicated a bell. I touched it, was admitted to a quiet room, and given an armchair. A sloping desk was placed on the table before me, and on this desk a soft-footed attendant arranged in turn the best examples of Rembrandt's etchings and drawings. In them you see the range and sweep of the great Dutchman's imagination. No opulent burgher stood at his elbow dictating and suggesting; and if before ascending the stairs to look at his pictures I did linger over the work of another etcher — one Hendrick Goltzius—it was because his dashing performance was new to me, and suggested whence the convention of a clever and deservedly admired draughtsman of our day had been evolved.

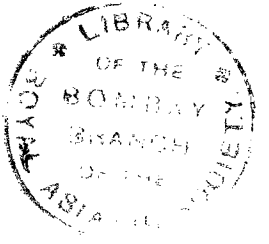
The picture section of the Ryks Museum was, as I have said, designed for the glorification of Rembrandt; but "The Night Watch" did not need the limelight method of advertisement that the architect has given to

ELISABETH JACOBS BAS

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY REMBRANDT IN THE RIJKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

[*Mansell & Co.*]

So I turned my back on "The Night Watch," and sought Rembrandt's portrait of Elisabeth Bas, that stern, hard-featured old lady, one of the great portraits of the world. Here Rembrandt could be himself, painting what he saw, not being urged to give, at all cost, accurate presentments of the faces of worthy citizens; not trying in despair startling and—let the word pass—theatrical effects of chiaroscuro as in "The Night Watch," but painting the thing before him, without a thought as to whether it would please or not.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it. If I liked it least of his great pictures, it is because my eyes have never recovered from the shock that the theatricality of its setting produced.

"The Night Watch," or, to give the picture its proper title, "The Sortie of the Company of Francis Banning Cocq," is thrown in the face of the visitor to the Ryks Museum. It does not come to him persuasively, offering itself quietly to his admiration, like "The Syndics of the Drapers," or the portrait of Elizabeth Bas, but springs, as it were, from the floor at the end of a vista, saying: "Here I rest, a masterpiece, the pearl for which this setting was made." The gallery from which you approach it is long, wide, and lofty; on either side are four cabinets of pictures, and at the end, in the centre of the stage, is "The Night Watch." A crowd of silent and respectful people always stand before "the master's largest and most important work." Well, it is late in the day to say anything about this picture, "which ever since its creation" (see Baedeker) "has been enthusiastically admired by all connoisseurs of art." It did not arouse my enthusiasm; it is too foreign to the character of sober, quiet-coloured, unitalicised Dutch painting. So I turned my back on "The Night Watch," and sought Rembrandt's portrait of Elizabeth Bas, that stern, hard-featured old lady, one of the great portraits of the world. Here Rembrandt could be himself, painting what he saw, not being urged to give, at all cost, accurate presentments of the faces of worthy citizens; not trying in despair startling and—let the word pass

—theatrical effects of chiaroscuro as in "The Night Watch," but painting the thing before him, without a thought as to whether it would please or not.

I left "The Night Watch" and went in search of the gems by Terburg and Vermeer of Delft, and on the way paused before Cuyp's brilliant "Fighting Birds"; the uncatalogued praying woman by Maes, with the jug, platter, tablecloth, and wall on which her keys hang, bathed in that warm, quiet colour of which the Dutch have the secret; and Franz Hals's portrait of himself and his wife, so naïve, so inimitable. But the theatrical setting of "The Night Watch" still troubled me. I spoke of it to an amiable Dutchman, who, with sandals on his bare feet, was making a copy of Van der Helst's superb fat boy. He agreed. We talked of pictures. "You prefer," said he, "'The Syndics' to 'The Night Watch.' 'The Syndics' is a great picture, and, as you say, simple, direct; and no doubt it pleased the merchants who wanted their portraits in the picture and little else. In 'The Night Watch' Rembrandt tried to get out of the rut—tried to give something more than portraiture. Of course they did not like it, and Rembrandt, as you know, paid the penalty of thinking it a finer thing to be an artist than a mere producer of likenesses, and died a bankrupt. But what a stupendous man he was! See him at The Hague! I doubt if there is a finer picture in the world than his 'Lesson in Anatomy.' It has vitality: it shines, it calls out at you. And if you want psychological insight, there is his 'Saul.' Yes, the

LA LECTURE

FROM THE PICTURE BY VERMEER OF DELFT IN THE RIJKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM

IT could not be simpler in composition. On one of those white interior walls that the Dutchmen paint so well hangs a map—half the wall is map—faintly suggested. Against this map stands a homely Dutch girl, the map forming a background to her head and shoulders. She is reading a letter. For the rest, there are two chairs in the room and a table. Look at the lovely blues of her jacket, and the blue of those chairs—such blues! All you can say of this little picture is that it is just right in colour, in composition, in quality.

Dutchmen in Amsterdam

Dutchmen have always been true painters. Once give yourself up to them, and the Italians with their gorgeous colour, the boldness of their drawing, and their tiresome religious motives, seem as unreal—well, if you prefer it so, as 'The Night Watch' seems after 'The Syndics.' Yes, we are a little nation, but we have done great things in art, and the tradition still continues. What country in our time can show such painters—I mean painters in the true sense of the word, not illustrators in colour, or producers of exhibition pictures—as the brothers Maris and Mauve?"

I smiled, and he changed the conversation. "If you were asked to select a picture for your own house from this exhibition, which would you choose?" he asked. Forthwith I led him to the small work by Vermeer of Delft, called "La Lecture." It could not be simpler in composition. On one of those white interior walls that the Dutchmen paint so well hangs a map—half the wall is map—faintly suggested. Against this map stands a homely Dutch girl, the map forming a background to her head and shoulders. She is reading a letter. For the rest, there are two chairs in the room and a table. Look at the lovely blues of her jacket, and the blue of those chairs—such blues! All you can say of this little picture is that it is just right in colour, in composition, in quality.

We looked at it in silence, and while we looked the Dutchman sighed. To me the picture was sheer delight, but his "Ah!" had regret in it. For he was a painter, and he knew he was looking at the unattainable.

SOME DUTCHMEN AND AN AMERICAN

THE best Dutch pictures are simple-hearted and persuasive, "a perpetual grace to God for the beauty of common things." Many of those exhibited at the Guildhall Exhibition I had seen before; but the charm of a fine Dutch picture is this: you can return to it again, sure that acquaintance can never stale its quiet and unobtrusive beauty. Why this should be so I have often tried to explain, as Wordsworthians are always trying to explain the sempiternal appeal of Wordsworth. The Dutchmen, like Wordsworth, saw the beauty in common things, and, looking at them, but not in the common way, made them rare. Consider such subjects as a cook asleep over her work, and a boy musical prodigy, subjects offering open arms to vulgarity and sentimentality; then recall "The Cook Asleep," by Vermeer of Delft, and "The Violinist," by Jacob Maris. The dark grays and tender blues of the latter, with the player's young figure merged in its atmosphere, caressed by the twilight, suggest an artist's vision, not a painter's model. How refined is the painting of the cook's head, the white linen on her shoulders, and the

depth of that inner room made credible by Vermeer's intense observation of the ways of light! Atmosphere relates all the details, and it is only after a while that you realize the full effect of that gleaming line of light on the upright of the door. Keen observation, or inspiration, which you like. A great painter, this Vermeer of Delft, who died in 1675.

Mr. W. B. Yeats has said finely in one of his essays that our thoughts and emotions are often but spray flung up from hidden tides that follow a moon no eye can see. To those hidden tides in us certain poets, painters and writers at certain times, unforeseen, unexpected, penetrate. For me, when I visited the Guildhall exhibition it was Anton Mauve's day. He made me conscious of the movement of the hidden tide. Almost the first picture I looked at was his "Hay-cart," a little pastoral, just a hay-waggon and an attendant woman under a large gray sky flecked with blue, but how right and alluring it is! Why right? the casual reader may ask. Because it has unity and atmosphere, and because Mauve did not paint it for effect. He felt that unemphatic episode; some hidden tide within him surged responsive to its humanity. Many can achieve this lyrical note, but the test of their capacity must be sought in the large constructed landscape. There Mauve is equally the master. His large landscape, "On the Heath, Laren," has all the qualities—unity, atmosphere, soft blending of unobtrusive colours—that distinguish his "Hay-cart." It is infantilely simple compared with some of

the pictorial-at-any-price Burlington House landscapes. Merely a flock of sheep wandering over grass-patched sand-dunes towards a clump of trees. Like all true Dutchmen, Mauve was never happy away from his low-lying, haze-softened Holland. The Rhine scenery he hated, called it "the toy-box of Nature." This silvery-visioned painter died sixteen years ago in his native land, consoled by the presence of Israels and Lhermitte. No fewer than twenty-one of his pictures were shown at the Guildhall, and if you wish to know how he could paint the sun, look at it piercing through the chinks of the wooden shed in his picture of "A Young Bull," and the shimmering light on the backs of his "Sheep in the Forest." I hold no brief for the foreigner, but these Dutch canvases were very restorative after the Royal Academy. There, how many pictures of weddings—the ceremony and the feast—have I not passed with a sigh ; here, "A Jewish Wedding," by Israels, held me for five minutes by the clock. Let me speak of it negatively. It is not vulgar, not pretentious, not new, not conspicuous, not creaseless like a garment fresh from the shop. Into it has passed from the painter's temperament that something of mystical illusion, beyond paint, beyond words, which partakes of the essence of immortality.

Probably no idea of earthly immortality, nor of the other, ever entered the jolly head of Franz Hals, but as long as painters paint their contemporaries his portrait of "Admiral de Ruyter" will be a joy to those who know. This burly, jovial, efficient sailor

is painted just as he looked with all Hals's sure, undeviating instinct for the actual. The Admiral held his gloves carelessly in his broad hand: thus Hals painted him, not adopting the tactics of a certain eminent painter of our day, who fidgeted his sitter into contorting her hands into what he called an artistic position. It needed a master to indicate with broad dashes of paint the balloons of white linen that bunch out from the Admiral's black dress; a fine portrait; a typical example of Hals's imperial gift of enveloping the commonplace in the unconsidered garment of beauty. Having taken my fill of satisfaction from the Admiral, I made a half-turn to the left, where Rembrandt's portrait of his son Titus hung. This is idealism, a father's undisguised pleasure in his son's comeliness. The gentle, almost tremulous handling is very different from the broad sweep of Hals's brush; but the glowing flesh-tints, the lace-trimmed shirt, the chestnut curls, are not niggled. It is idealism kept within stern limits. The Corporation of London has manifold duties; when it adds to them this of showing two such fine portraits to the citizens, long, I say, may it flourish!

This remarkable exhibition also contained twenty works by Matthew Maris. Never again, I imagine, will the public have an opportunity of seeing so many pictures by this gifted man, who still lives and paints—in retirement. You must take Matthew Maris leisurely. He makes no appeal to the citizen in a hurry, and his drawing is not always impeccable—*e.g.*, the primrose-

yellow-gowned lady with the goats, and the feet of the child in the "Butterflies" picture. But how lovely are the harmonies of his colour in "L'Enfant couchée"—pale flesh, pale yellow hair, pale coverlet on which this watching child in her simple blue garment lies! What quality the accessories have in his picture of "The Spinster," and how Maeterlinckian is the atmosphere in his vision of "The Outskirts of a Town"! Also I found there his "Four Mills" and his "Ram's Head," of which Mesdag said: "That splendid head, in which everything is said that can be said—colour, line, tone, expression."

Having exhausted my powers of appreciation, I half hoped that the sketches and studies by Mr. Sargent at the Carfax Gallery would not stimulate me. But they did. Nothing could be further removed from the gray joy of Mauve's landscapes, or Maris's delicate colour harmonies, than Mr. Sargent's swagger water-colours of Venice. On one of the white walls six of them hung together, broad, splashy studies that vivified my memories of Venice in a way that I should have thought impossible. "A Palace Wall," rising brown and glowing above one of the side-canals, is the very place. Then there were two water-colours of men resting on beds (one with his boots on), the extremity of clever draughtsmanship; a dashing oil-sketch of a Venetian tavern (note the touch of white paint that makes the glass held by one of the company); a haunting drawing of "The Perseus of Cellini," bronze-green on a blue ground, and a "David visits the

Camp." This charcoal drawing has all the illusion of looking through a window onto a real night scene, where you perceive faint-gray figures asleep on the faint-gray ground, and two living men moving stealthily among them. It was a leap from his Venetian gaieties to such a study of repose. The small exhibition showed Mr. Sargent in holiday experimental mood, joying in work for its own sake, and with a lively understanding of his power to carry to brilliant accomplishment whatever he undertakes.

AN ADMIRER OF HALS

I WAS looking at Franz Hals's "Laughing Cavalier" in the Wallace Collection, when a voice at my elbow said: "That's a wonderful thing, a wonderful thing, sir. The rollicking humour displayed in that face is——"

He failed to find the word. I had gone to the Wallace Collection to look at pictures, not to listen to a stranger's chatter. But this garrulous man was persistent, really interested in pictures, and particularly in Franz Hals. He held me for half an hour.

"A great painter, sir, and he's becoming popular."

"He deserves to be popular," said I; then added, after a pause, "You see that picture of Van Dyck as 'The Shepherd, Paris,' hanging just above 'The Laughing Cavalier.' Perhaps it was placed there with intention. Anyhow, it reminds me of an anecdote. Van Dyck once visited Hals's studio, and asked the Dutchman to paint him, but he did not disclose his name. Hals completed the head with amazing rapidity. 'That seems easy enough,' said the unknown; 'let me try!' When Hals saw his own portrait starting into

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANZ HALS IN THE WALLACE GALLERY, LONDON

NOTHING escaped Franz Hals's keen eyes. He painted what he saw, not what he dreamed, and because he painted what he saw we extol him to-day. When a cavalier laughed, he painted him laughing; when a soldier stood erect and insolent, with his hand on his sword, he painted him so; when a gipsy hussy came trapesing into his studio, he painted her as she was, laughing and—untidy.

life under those nimble fingers, he cried, 'You must be either Van Dyck or the Devil!' "

"There's no authority for that anecdote," said my companion.

"Then you know something about Hals?"

"Yes; I've just read Mr. Gerald Davies's book. It's a credit to him. It's just the kind of book about a painter that an ordinary man like myself wants. There are no technicalities in it, no theories, but lots of enthusiasm, and views about Hals's work formed from personal observation, not drawn from books. The author is a master at Charterhouse, I think, and it's plain that Hals is his hobby. The volume contains some very fine reproductions of the best portraits and groups."

"You are not a painter, are you?"

"No, sir; I have no occupation. I retired from business five years ago. I was in commerce. Do I look like a painter?"

"My question was due to your admiration for Hals. He is called the painter's painter on account of his astonishing craftsmanship. It takes a painter, I am told, to appreciate the difficulties that he overcame so easily."

"Yes, I have heard that, and it's just those qualities that attract me as a business man. Hals painted a portrait in much the same way as a business man conceives and carries through a difficult operation. He knew just what he meant to do, and he did it, sir, straight and quick, without fumbling. He kept to the

business in hand. He was a portrait-painter, and he didn't want to be anything else. A business man like myself, sir, who always beats in mind that there's a difference between a pound and a guinea, wants a man's face and his clothes in a portrait, not his soul. He wants the man as he is, not what the painter thinks he ought to be. Nothing escaped Franz Hals's keen eyes. He painted what he saw, not what he dreamed, and because he painted what he saw we extol him to-day. When a cavalier laughed, he painted him laughing; when a soldier stood erect and insolent, with his hand on his sword, he painted him so; when a gipsy hussy came trapesing into his studio, he painted her as she was, laughing and—untidy. He never attempted what he could not carry through. Mr. Davies gives a list of things Hals did not paint. He never painted a religious subject, or a subject with a moral motive, and so on. I liked that part of the book. I copied it out into my note-book. But what he did attempt, and I'll say it, sir, before the whole world, couldn't be equalled by any other painter living or dead. Why, a good cutter could make a suit of clothes from the costumes in his portraits. As for his sitters themselves, they're so real that I want to hold out my hand and say, 'Glad to meet you!' Have you ever seen his portrait of himself and his wife, or his Dutch nobleman, or his 'Nurse and the Baby,' at Berlin? Have you ever been to Haarlem? Ah!

"From that visit to Haarlem which I made as a young man I date my appreciation of Hals. I was

fortunate in having as my companion a young Swedish painter whose father was connected with the tulip business. But even without his advice I could hardly fail to have been impressed by the magnificent portrait groups that hang in that small chamber in the town-hall at Haarlem. 'Infinite riches in a little room, sir,' was the remark that I made to my companion. There are a dozen pictures in that room, and eight of them are masterpieces. I have lectured on those pictures, sir, at the Social Institute of my chapel, throwing them in turn upon the sheet. It adds to the interest, although the lantern can give no idea of their wonderful colour, the red sashes the men wear, and the splendid flag that a young ensign holds in one of them. I explain the meaning of the pictures to my audiences in this way. Suppose, I say, that the officers of a flourishing rifle corps in this neighbourhood wished to have themselves painted in a group at a banquet. Carry your minds back to the year 1616 and onwards, and you have the idea of five of these great pictures at Haarlem. The officers of the Guild of Archers of St. George, or St. Adrian, wanted portrait groups of themselves, so they called in Hals. A difficult task? I believe you! He had to group a dozen men round a table, make a fine picture out of it, and yet please every individual. He accomplished it, sir, by sheer force of genius. Each head has character, and, apart from the faces, you will go a long way before you see fruit, and wine-glasses, and lace ruffles, and plumed hats, and silk sleeves, and sword-hilts, so exactly like life. If you want to know

how difficult it is, go round an exhibition of the Royal Academy. I did so four or five times last summer, saying to myself as I looked at the accessories in the various portraits, 'Ah! that isn't how Hals would have done it.'

"What a man he was! Three of the pictures at Haarlem are quite different in subject and colour from the others. One of them was painted when he was eighty-four. Trouble had come upon him, and I have no doubt that it was more to his taste in those anxious years to paint the five old women, Regents of the Haarlem almshouse, than the archers or the cavaliers of his prime. Artists, sir, rave about that group of the five old women, and Mr. Davies says that, even amongst the unforgetable portraits which Hals painted in his earlier days, he hardly knows one which stays with him more vividly than that of the prim old dame on the right. But I prefer him in those happier days when he painted his own portrait, a jolly, fat, jovial man with a twinkle in his eye, and that broad hand that I've always noticed the great artist has.

"It's strange to think, sir, that during the greater part of the eighteenth century nobody thought or cared anything about Hals. His portraits, says Mr. Davies, fetched furniture prices—a good phrase that! Why, for years and years these very Haarlem pictures were rolled up and piled with lumber in cellars. In 1786 a portrait of Hals changed hands for five shillings. 'The Laughing Cavalier,' which in 1865 fetched £2,040, was sold for £80 many years before. Hals himself was

not paid much for his portraits, you may be sure. Very little is known about his life, and what is known cannot be called creditable. He was fond of his glass, and fonder of the companions he met at the alehouse than of intellectual society. Many of the stories are apocryphal, but there is no doubt that he was summoned for maltreating his wife, reprimanded, and dismissed on promising that he would give up dissolute company and reform. It's also clear enough that later in life he fell upon bad times. When he was seventy-two a baker issued a distress warrant against him, and his goods, including three mattresses and five pictures, were seized and sold. But that might happen to any man who does not conduct his life on business principles. Thinking it over, sir, I should say he was a Bohemian, fond of his glass, fond of jolly companions; but nobody will make me believe that a man who painted in the straight, sure, confident way that he painted, right up to the end, was a drunkard. Just look at that portrait of 'The Laughing Cavalier.' It's a wonderful thing—a wonderful thing, sir! The rollicking humour displayed in that face is——"

He found the word at last—"is wonderful, sir."

SOLDIER, SAILOR, AND MEZZOTINTER

He dropped into a chair by the side of an elderly lady who was sunning herself in a garden, and, having admired her flowers, her lawn, and her dog, said "What do you know about Prince Rupert?" This elderly lady, whose mind was an encyclopædia of information, and who delighted to dole it forth, was not abashed by the question. "Surely," she said, "his mother was the daughter of James I., and he was the valiant and impetuous leader of the King's forces in the Civil War. If you will give me a little time, I think I can remember what Carlyle said about him. It was something like this: 'From His Majesty's headquarters ever and anon there darts out, now hither, now thither, across the dim smoke element, a swift, fierce Prince Rupert, too like a streak of sudden fire.' I copied out that passage many years ago. Do you want to hear anything more about him, or is that picture of 'a swift, fierce Prince Rupert' enough?" "A little more, please." "Well, this brilliant horseman—the 'Mad Cavalier' he has been called—was the glory of the Cavalier cause, and had his uncle Charles followed his

advice the disaster of Naseby might have been averted. After his surrender at Oxford and the flight of Charles, Rupert took to the sea, 'was made Admiral of the Fleet, and proved himself to be as daring and resourceful a sailor as he was a soldier. The closing years of his life were spent in scientific pursuits. Oh, and I remember as a girl playing with Prince Rupert's Drops, little pieces of glass that flew into splinters if touched at the pointed ends. Why do you ask me about Prince Rupert?"

"Because—well, you must first know that in the Indian Section of the South Kensington Museum a remarkable exhibition of British Engraving and Etching was lately held. I found it quite by chance. I was wandering through the Imperial Institute road, at the hottest hour of a hot day, and, seeing through an open door a seat in a shady place, I entered, and reclined before the façade of a shop in the Sarak Chowk, Cawnpore, with life-size figures of diligent natives. It was very restful, and I should have remained there an hour had I not overheard somebody asking the way to the Engraving exhibition. It seemed so odd to be holding an exhibition of engravings in the Indian section of the South Kensington Museum, that I, too, asked the way, found it, bought a catalogue for sixpence, and spent two hours and fifteen minutes there."

"But what has all this to do with Prince Rupert?"

"Please give me time. It was one of the most thorough exhibitions I have ever seen. The catalogue gave not only the history of engraving and etching in

brief: it also described all the tools and materials that are employed. Moreover, down the centre of the gallery were cases containing the tools themselves, and plates in various stages of progression. I peered through a magnifying-glass in the mezzotint section, and saw a plate that had been prepared by rocking the grounding tool over it until the burr thus produced prints a rich full black. I learnt that the subject is then wrought by scraping away the burr in the lighter tones, and finally polishing the plate quite smooth in the high lights. I observed that the collection was arranged in twenty-six bays. In the first bay line engravings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were shown, in the last modern mezzotints. Between exhibit No. 1—a title-page engraved in the year 1545—and a wall hung with Whistler's etchings, what a splendid array of work was presented! Velvety portraits, landscapes, engravings of pictures, etchings, slight but sufficient—the walls were a picture-gallery of fine things seen at odd times in one's life in shop-windows, in portfolios, on walls, and remembered. Hogenberg's prim 'Mary, Queen of Scots,' Simon's alert head of Matthew Prior, Hogarth's busy incidents, Valentine Green's mysterious 'Experiment with an Air-Pump,' Phillips's dainty 'Nelly O'Brien,' and those dull, capable line engravings, companions of my childhood, of pictures by Maclise and Frith."

"But what has this to do with Prince Rupert?"

"Patience, please. I inferred from the attendance at this exhibition that British engraving and etching

is not popular. On the occasion of my visit the visitors numbered five, but though few they were, as connoisseurs, exceedingly fit. They carried chairs with them, and, seating themselves before the engraving of their predilection, examined it leisurely with bent brows and protruding head. I, too, took a chair, and asked myself, which of these nine hundred and thirty-one silent witnesses of lonely labour shall I first patiently examine? My choice fell upon an example in bay three, for in my first cursory glance round the walls it was this mezzotint that had given me a thrill of excitement, it was this mezzotint that lurked in my memory. It is called 'The Great Executioner,' it was lent by the King, and it is by Prince Rupert. The subject is not exactly a pleasant one, but Prince Rupert, like Velasquez, had the hand and eye of a master: he so enthrals you with the treatment that the subject hides. This mezzotint has character and dash, just the qualities one associates with a leader of horse. The background is alive, and against the magic of its chiaroscuro stands, his head in profile, the full-length figure of the executioner. His right hand grasps the head of St. John, the fingers clutching the hair, and his left hand holds the sword. The picture is one of repose; the deed is done, and the executioner's face shows neither regret nor elation. Stern, confident he looks, as if, like Moroni's 'Tailor,' he paused in grave expectation of your approval for work swiftly and cleanly accomplished I haven't seen the original picture by Spagnoletto, but this reproduction, so unfaltering in its technique, so

forceful, done with the apparently easy accomplishment of a master, is the work of a master, and his name was Prince Rupert."

"Oh yes, I knew of Prince Rupert's connection with engraving, but I had no idea he was such a swell. No, he was not, as some have thought, the discoverer of mezzotint engraving. The credit of the invention belongs to Ludwig von Siegen, an officer in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, and the first plate ever produced was a portrait of the Landgrave's mother, completed in August, 1642. Pray do not show amazement at my knowledge. My facts are of very recent acquisition. Long after the flight of Charles I., towards the end of Rupert's career as a sea-rover and buccaneer—to be precise, in the summer of 1654—he paid a visit to his mother at The Hague. In the same year, at Brussels, von Siegen communicated his secret to Prince Rupert, and soon afterwards Rupert must have started upon the plate of 'The Great Executioner.' It is dated 1658. The closing years of this war-scarred, weather-beaten veteran's life were spent as Constable of Windsor Castle, 'surrounded with armour and strange implements and old books.' On the walls of his room in the Old Tower at Windsor, no doubt, hung impressions of the fine mezzotints that in 1903 drifted into the Indian Section of the South Kensington Museum, and no doubt on his table reposed a copy of John Evelyn's *Sculptura*, with its folded illustration of 'The Little Executioner.'"

THE GREAT EXECUTIONER

FROM THE MEZZOTINT BY PRINCE RUPERT

THE subject is not exactly a pleasant one, but Prince Rupert, like Velasquez, had the hand and eye of a master: he so enthrals you with the treatment that the subject hides. This mezzotint has character and dash, just the qualities one associates with a leader of horse. The background is alive, and against the magic of its chiaroscuro stands, his head in profile, the full-length figure of the executioner. His right hand grasps the head of St. John, the fingers clutching the hair, and his left hand holds the sword. The picture is one of repose; the deed is done, and the executioner's face shows neither regret nor elation.

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"What, another Executioner?"

"No, the same design, but smaller. John Evelyn's *Sculptura* contains the first English account of mezzotint engraving. Prince Rupert explained the invention to Evelyn, and in the Diary you will find brief references to Prince Rupert—thus: 'This afternoone Prince Rupert shew'd me with his owne hands the new way of graving called *Mezzo Tinto*, which afterwards, by his permission, I publish'd in my *History of Chalcography*.'"

"A copy of this book hung above 'The Great Executioner.' From its pages 'The Little Executioner' fluttered, and—oh yes, there was much that was well worth seeing in the collection, but Prince Rupert rather obsessed me. It seems strange that the 'Mad Cavalier' as you call him, the founder of the Hudson Bay Company, should have been a great artist."

MARBLES AND MEMORIES

I took the book out to the edge of the quarry, and, lying there on the turf, turned the leaves again.

Eight months was Michael Angelo in the mountains of Carrara, quarrying marbles for the tomb of Pope Julius II., helped by two workmen and a horse, and without any salary but his food. In those eight months of his wilderness, what dreams must have been his of lordly sculptures that those blocks of shining marble held! Perhaps there he saw the "Moses" hidden in that crag overlooking the sea, out of which, Condivi tells us, he longed to carve a Colossus that would be a landmark for sailors; perhaps it was during those solitary months that this Titan, so brimful of exuberant life that he had not the patience to work on them to the point of finish, wrenched from the marble those rough-hewn colossal figures now in the Boboli Gardens at Florence. Thirty-four cartloads of marble he shipped to Rome, and when the great masses of marble were strewn out over the piazza of St. Peter's, "they were the admiration of all and a joy to the Pope." Thus happily and triumphantly, with Rome acclaim-

ing and the Pope approving, began the preparations for that tomb of Pope Julius that was to bring Michael Angelo such trouble and grief, and to proceed no further than the "Moses," and the two slaves now in the Louvre. Condivi, his friend and pupil, has told us the story of "The Tragedy of the Tomb," and it was Condivi's *Life of Michael Angelo* that I took out with me to read that afternoon on the edge of the quarry. This document, now translated completely for the first time by Mr. Charles Holroyd, is accompanied by a supplementary life and an account of the master's works from his own pen, with an appendix containing some conversations on painting reported by a Portuguese miniature-painter who was in Rome in 1538. Michael Angelo is the chief contributor to the symposium; another is the Lady Marchioness of Pescara, "of whose divine spirit he was enamoured." This well-designed volume was just the kind of companion to take with one to the edge of a quarry, and to recall through a spring afternoon the deep sign-mark of Michael Angelo on the centuries.

Condivi gives a minute description of his appearance, but the picture does not compose. Heroic was his work, heroic seems the man. Those thirty-four cart-loads of marble strewing the piazza of St. Peter's are typical. I see him against the background of that tumbled mountain of marble, or working for twenty months at that picture-gallery of one hundred and forty separate pictures on the vault of the Sistine Chapel. "When he had finished this work," says

Condivi, "because he had painted so long a time with his eyes turned upwards towards the vault, he could hardly see anything when looking down, so that when he had to read a letter or look at a minute object it was necessary for him to hold it above his head." Out of the past come details of that stupendous work. This vault of gray sky that hangs low over the quarry might be the vault of the Sistine Chapel, and poised there upon the clouds I see the colossal figure of the prophet Jeremiah, his feet crossed, chin resting on hand, brooding into futurity; see, too, the eager head of Ezekiel, restless, minatory, his hand outstretched; the timorously knowing face of the Delphic Sibyl, and that large, lithe, heaving figure of the first man touched into life by the finger of the Eternal. Or it may be that yonder dark clouds shape themselves into the cowering figures of Adam and Eve fleeing into the desert. Superhuman these gigantic shapes seem, superhuman the man who fashioned them. The human figure was his idea of decoration; he loved the human figure. Had he done nothing but the vault of the Sistine Chapel, his achievement in bulk would have been a regal life-work for most painters. Truly, the arch of the sky is the right place to re-create the work of such a man.

And yet it is not the painter of the Sistine Chapel that I think of when I recall the name of Michael Angelo; it is the sculpture of the Overman, who gathered up into single figures the hopes, the efforts, the destinies of generations. That massive "Moses"

who sits out there in his great seat on the edge of the quarry, clutching his flowing beard, tense, massive, very old, typifies the seer and the leader, pitiable, but just, and unvanquished by the world. You see the body beneath the clothes, you feel the power in the bare arms and the arrogant right leg of this "most marvellous Moses," as Condivi calls him. There he sits, unconquered, still eager, the type of man who, playing his part well in the world, yet looks beyond it. Near by, gazing not towards the hills like Moses, but down into the valley where Florence might lie, sits the helmeted Lorenzo, brooding over "what might have been had he acted his part in Florence." His chin rests on his hand; his eyes are heavy and downcast. Defeat has come to him, but it is splendid defeat: he takes it as he took life—magnificently. So I see these two types against the skyline, the colossal "Moses" with his eyes upturned, and the colossal "Lorenzo" with his eyes downcast, and beneath them those four gigantic figures of "Day," "Evening," "Night," and "Dawn," symbols of the poetry, emotion, and effort in human life that, for over four hundred years, men have marvelled at in the dim Sacristy of San Lorenzo.

I see this mighty Michael Angelo snatching what leisure he could from his duties as commander of the forces for the defence of Florence, to labour in secret in the sacristy on these tombs of the Medici, working hard, eating little and poorly, and sleeping less: I hear the old man's cry in a letter to the King of France, praying that if it be possible to carve statues or to

paint in another life he may be allowed to do so there "where there is no growing old": I see him, when his work in sculpture or painting did not proceed as quickly as he wished, writing sonnets and madrigals: I have visions of him, an old man of eighty-two, visiting the hermits in the mountains of Spoleto, and writing to Vasari, "Less than half of me has come back to Rome, for truly there is no peace except among the woods": I hear his lamentation over the death of his favourite servant: "The only hope left to me is seeing him again in Paradise . . . the better part of me went with him; nothing is left to me but endless sorrow." Thus the mortal part of Michael Angelo, grown old and sorrowful; but the immortal part of him stands up there against the skyline—"Moses" and "Lorenzo," towering above the "Day," the "Evening," the "Night," and the "Dawn."

But it is not as old and broken that I like to think of him, but rather in his triumphant days, the arrogant friend of Popes and Princes—sculptor, soldier, architect, poet, painter, ascetic, who asked nothing more than to be allowed to work at his art in this life and the next. "You frighten everybody, even Popes," wrote Sebastiano to him. Indeed, although he was kind to a fault to his relations, sometimes his anger leaps out, as in that letter to Simone. "I have gone these twelve years past drudging about through all Italy, borne every shame, suffered every hardship, worn my body in every toil, put my life into a thousand dangers, solely to help the fortunes of my house; and now that

I have begun to raise it up a little, you alone choose to destroy and ruin in one hour all that I have done in so many years, and with such labours. By Christ's body, this shall not be! for I am the man to confound ten thousand such as you whenever it be needed. Be wise in time, then, and do not try one who has other things to vex him."

One more picture. He is old, but still a worker, consulting scholars as to his poems, and seeing the Dome of St. Peter's, that his brain devised, rising under the hands of the master-masons. His last work in sculpture was the "Pietà" for the high-altar of Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence. He spent days and nights over it; it was to be his monument. The unfinished head of Nicodemus—sad and worn—who clasps the body of his Lord, was to be his own portrait. Vasari saw him in his vast and dimly-lighted studio working by night at this great block of inchoate marble, with a lighted candle stuck in the paper cap on his head. So illumined, I think I see him down there in the gloom of the quarry. I hear the click of the chisel on the marble, see dimly the "Pietà" growing into life, and the sound of mallet and chisel goes to the rhythm of that sonnet of his that Wordsworth cast into his own pure English; so poets are linked to poets:

> "The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
> If thou the spirit give by which I pray. . . ."

His last work! A prayer in stone!

A CRAFTSMAN WHO WROTE

PICKING ten people at random from the multitude who crowd the Royal Academy on the closing day of the exhibition, it would be interesting to address this question to them: "What do you know of Benvenuto Cellini?" Five might have heard his name, three might have a dim recollection that he did goldsmith's work for Popes and Princes, two might have seen his Perseus at Florence, and one might have read his autobiography. Of course, literary folk know that wonderful book which Goethe translated, and which Horace Walpole said was more amusing than any novel. It is the autobiography that has made Benvenuto famous: he began to write when he was fifty-eight. It has brought down all manner of opprobrious epithets upon his hard head. Rogue, liar, braggart, bravo has this man been called who was jeweller, goldsmith, sculptor, musician, duellist, sportsman, man of pleasure, and the writer of a book that is one of the great autobiographies of the world.

It is Benvenuto the man who has lived, not Benvenuto the artist. Few of his works remain, and the

best that can be said of him as an artist is that he was a cunning, capable, and industrious craftsman. He rejected nothing in the way of ornament that his lively brain imagined; with him every part of a design had to be effective and ingenious, and he never doubted either in his art or in his life that he was right. The salt-cellar that he made for King Francis I., now at Vienna, is so overloaded with incidents as to be quite unbeautiful. In this small oval salt-cellar there is a huge nymph representing the land, a huge man representing the sea, an Ionic temple, fishes, waves, horses, and other animals. No doubt it suited the taste of the day. "When I set the piece before King Francis," says Benvenuto, "he cried aloud with astonishment, and could not look at it long enough." We look at it now with curiosity, but certainly not with admiration. While he lived everybody was astonished at everything Benvenuto did, according to the autobiography, and if they were not astonished it was because they were jealous, or his enemies. It was not a safe thing to be the enemy of a man who was always ready for this sort of thing: "Like a mad bull I rushed into their midst, knocked down four or five of them, and fell with them, but dealing dagger-thrusts all the time, now here, now there." That was Benvenuto, and in trying to write about his art I find the man's personality continually rushing in. Benvenuto the craftsman is pushed aside by Benvenuto the bravo. But, in truth, the work by him that exists does not entice one to linger. The Nymph of Fontainebleau,

now in the Louvre, with the stag's head and the medley of animals, leaves me very cold. But, says the confident Benvenuto, "hardly had the King set eyes on the model, when his spirits rose." It would have been better for the fame of Benvenuto had all his work perished. Then our imaginations could have soared; then we could have echoed the shouts of pleasure, felt again the æsthetic joy that, according to himself, every work from his hand evoked from patrons and public. He was skilful, inventive, a master of all the ramifications of the goldsmith's craft, a great worker, sure of eye and hand, confident; but a great artist—no. The button he made for Pope Clement's cope, the dies for his coinage, the chalice—all, according to himself, were wonderful. "Then, having stamped a coin, I carried them all to the Pope one Sunday after dinner. When he saw them he was astounded." What a joy the writing of his autobiography must have been to this strong man! With what gusto he must have penned this phrase: "The other jewellers, turning to Gaio, said: 'Benvenuto is the glory of our art.'"

But the great day of Benvenuto's life was when his Perseus was uncovered in Florence, and there to-day you may see it in the Loggia de' Lanzi. It is accepted as a masterpiece, and the vigour of this dramatic bronze certainly arrests the attention; but here, as in Cellini's goldsmith's work, the abundance of detail disturbs the eye, which wanders from the head of Medusa to the worried helmet of Perseus, down the muscular details of his body to the chaos of the pedestal. And while

the eye wanders the memory travels back, and again the man Benvenuto Cellini overshadows the artist. Listen to him: "Now, as it pleased my glorious Lord, the immortal God, I brought the thing [Perseus] at last to its end, and one Thursday morning I showed it openly to the whole city. No sooner had I removed the screen, though the sun was barely risen, than a great multitude of people gathered round—it would be impossible to say how many—and all with one voice strove who should laud it highest." The delighted people composed sonnets and pinned them near by, and each night when it was covered up there were more sonnets pinned to the curtain, and Greek and Latin verses. And Duke Cosimo, lurking behind one of the palace windows, heard "every word that was said about the statue." That was Benvenuto's hour of triumph, but we do not pin sonnets against the Perseus now. We read the autobiography and are delighted. The living man, lusty and gay and quite immoral, swaggers through the pages. He did everything with gusto—his religious fervours, his amours, his murders ("what I have done I did in defence of that body which God has given me"); and although his translators have groaned over his grammar and syntax—"heaven help the tenses, the conjunctions, the logical sequence"—his pages have just that living, vivid quality that his art lacked. Arrogant, unashamed, convinced that he was always the best man in any company, and pleasing in the sight of "my glorious Lord," he wrote just as he talked, and he wrote and talked as if he lived "in a

deep and subtle obedience to the message really conveyed by the conditions created by God." The phrase is Mr. Chesterton's in the suggestive last chapter of his book on Browning, and into Browning's gallery of casuistical monologues Cellini might well have been admitted. It is hard to reconcile Cellini the murderer with Cellini of the visions and ecstasies in the dungeon of S. Angelo, but the explanation is simple. He had no conscience, no doubts, and no introspective moods. He was the natural man: he believed that he was an instrument put into the world to play his utmost, and when he was out of tune he cursed the other members of the orchestra and fought them. And he always did his best, whether it was making a button for the Pope, leading the artillery in the castle of S. Angelo, composing verses, killing the postmaster at Siena, casting his Perseus, or boasting.

No wonder that the man has persisted, that he still stalks across the Italy of the sixteenth century, and thrusts himself "insolently laughing at apologies and defences" into the twentieth. Nugent translated him into English in 1771, Roscoe in 1823, and J. A. Symonds in 1888. For many years Symonds' translation, which is now in the fifth edition, has held the field, but the other day a new translation was published, which should give this remarkable book a fresh lease of life. Miss Macdonell, who is responsible for the new translation and the Introduction, has done her work with vigour, and with that quality of exuberance and plain, honest speaking, lacking which any translation

of Cellini would be futile. It reads as if the man himself was talking: "I was clad in mail with big boots; I had a gun in my hand, and God was raining down on us all the rain in heaven. Those devils of Germans ——" Or the passage where he expressed his loathing for "that damnable playing on the flute," his playing, his flute that so fascinated his father; or that terrible time in prison, where he drew out his teeth "one after the other, like knives from their scabbards" (some call him a liar); or the account of that glorious morning when the Florentines pinned sonnets against his Perseus; or when "with my sword at my side I set off to St. Peter's, and kissed the dead Pope's feet, not without tears"; or even such a simple statement as this, with its flavour of braggadocio: "I was just nineteen years old then, and so was the century." He was born in 1500. The autobiography breaks off abruptly in 1562. He died in 1571, and was buried with public honours.

FAILURES AND A FAMILY

I WAS taking a walk within sight of the Crystal Palace. The highway was wide and leafy, horses gambolled in the adjacent meadows, and I was reflecting that Dulwich is an attractive suburb, when I noticed a small board swinging to a lamp-post. It bore these words: "To the Picture-gallery."

"This, I presume, is the famous Dulwich Picture-gallery," I remarked to a constable, who had paused to smile at a robin hopping in the orderly garden from which the gallery buildings rise. "That is so, sir," he answered, "and the—er—erection midway of the building is the mausoleum where the bones of the founders repose. There's an entrance to it from the gallery, through a nail-studded door, but you can't get in: there's a string across the door."

I thanked him, walked up the gravel-path, signed my name, entered the gallery, and stalked straight to two small, odd portraits of ancient actors, on the line. One was William Sly, a contemporary of Shakespeare; the other was Tom Bond, period Charles I., whose portrait is thus described by Cartwright: "Tom bonds

pictur, an Actour in a band rought with Imbrodery bared neck on a bourd, very ould." Near by I observed a portrait of Cartwright himself. He presented many pictures to this collection, was an actor and bookseller, and died at his shop in the Turnstile, Holborn, in 1687. "My pictur in a black drees with a great doge" is his own description of this work.

I looked around; every inch of wall space was filled; the pictures towered towards the ceiling. I knew from references to the Dulwich Gallery in art books and catalogues that this collection contained some significant pictures; but, judging from these portraits of Sly, Bond, and Cartwright, with the "great doge," and also by the bituminous appearance of many of the performances on the crowded walls, classical works by deposed masters, dark-corner-of-the-studio landscapes, it was plain that the art of selection is not operative at Dulwich. The Governors of Alleyn's College of God's Gift are probably a little overwhelmed by the quantity, the bulk of the ancient bequests they minister. A generous donor is not necessarily an expert, and our standard of taste and connoisseurship has risen since the pre-Morellian days, when Sir Peter Bourgeois, one of the donors, was a full member of the Royal Academy, and suffered from art wolf-hunger.

I referred to the catalogue. It contained twenty-two pages of pictures that are not exhibited, owing to want of space. One was "Religion in the Desert," by Bourgeois; another, "The Infant Bacchus reared by Satyrs," after Poussin; a third, "Fisherman near a

Rocky Gateway "—and so on. Poor discarded failures languishing in the dark beneath the greenery of Dulwich! Poor failures, purchased with Bourgeoisian shrewdness, and painted with such hopes! "I suppose one can see them," I said to the attendant. He murmured an assent, but his manner plainly signified that the labour of disturbing them would be a barren adventure. So I let the deposed lie undisturbed; and I venture to think that it would be to the advantage of this gallery if some of the exhibited pictures joined them. There should be no place in a public gallery, and especially in such a well-managed and attractive gallery as Dulwich, for pictures that pluck at the cloaks of their betters, sighing that they are "after" so-and-so, or "of the school of so-and-so." The index gives ten pictures by Van Dyck, but two only, perhaps three, are authentic Van Dycks. The honesty of the catalogue is commendable, and it shows the hand of an expert; that hand, an appendix reveals, was the hand of Dr. J. P. Richter. It only needs some person of fine taste to sift the mixture, and give the residue the advantage of ample wall margins. To assimilate ten good pictures in a day, to penetrate the intention of the painters, to study their technique, their composition, their sense of colour, and the power of their line, is enough for the most robust connoisseur. Ten is a feast; four hundred is an orgy.

I do not propose to make such a selection; but there were many pictures that gave true pleasure, and claimed my attention: for example, a "Lady playing on the

Virginals," by Gerard Dow—one of those simple Dutch interiors caressed by light and colour. I liked the straight-backed red chair in which she sits; but the beauty of the picture is in the tender colouring of the light-blue jacket this Dutchwoman wears. Then there was the light beyond the river in a "Woody Landscape" by Hobbema; a glowing cattle piece by Cuyp; and a dominating "Locksmith," by Ribera Spagnoletto, who painted the "Great Executioner" which Prince Rupert engraved. A strong man, Ribera! Then Murillo! I am no friend to his lustrous, saccharine Madonnas, but there is magic in the straight simplicity of his "Flower Girl." This dark-eyed Spaniard, immersed in her harmony of cool colour, decorates a corner of the fourth room; two of the other corners are adorned by fine secular Murillos, and in the fourth corner is that distinguished Velasquez—the portrait of Philip IV., in the red doublet with the silver embroidery, clear, confident, and compelling.

While congratulating myself on the encounter with these four fine pictures, I became conscious of a stir in a room at the end of the gallery. Visitors, and there were many, converged to it. I followed, looked, and realized the force of the attraction that had drawn them to that room. In the centre of the facing wall was Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse"; on one side glowed a great Gainsborough, and on the other side was another Gainsborough. The "Mrs. Siddons" has the world's admiration, so I can spare myself a paragraph of dithyrambic sallies.

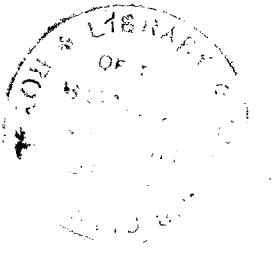
Willingly I refrain. No eyes had I for the stately Reynolds, for alongside it was that lovely Gainsborough —the "Portraits of Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell," ladies who are ageless. Their beauty and intelligence were caught at the ripe moment and set down with Gainsborough's unrivalled grace. They are clad in the lightest of low-necked dresses; the faint yellow colour of one frock is carried on into the tone of the bank where she sits, and to the fallen leaves; the blue-green of the other dress drifts luminously into the tints of the loose, lightly-struck foliage of the glade. One sister sits poised on the bank as if she has just fluttered and alighted there: her dark eyes gaze out from beneath her rolled black hair, challenging the admiration of the spectator; the other, her beauty and keen intelligence perhaps livelier even than her sister's, looks demurely away. These two graceful creatures there embowered, the whole conception light as thistledown, dainty, brilliant, witty, is essential Gainsborough, the vivacious, the impulsive, the quick and generous Gainsborough, who "painted portraits for money, landscapes because he loved them, and was a musician because he could not help it."

This picture is music as well as painting. The white arms of one sister rest lightly on a lute, the white fingers of the other touch a music-book, said to contain the score of a song of spring, the words by her husband, the music by her father, Thomas Linley, the musician, famous in the great days of Bath, when Bath went music-mad. Small wonder, when the world of

MRS. SHERIDAN AND MRS. TICKELL

FROM THE PICTURE BY GAINSBOROUGH IN THE DULWICH GALLERY

ONE sister sits poised on the bank as if she has just fluttered and alighted there: her dark eyes gaze out from beneath her rolled black hair, challenging the admiration of the spectator; the other, her beauty and keen intelligence perhaps livelier even than her sister's, looks demurely away. These two graceful creatures there embowered, the whole conception light as thistledown, dainty, brilliant, witty, is essential Gainsborough, the vivacious, the impulsive, the quick and generous Gainsborough



Bath listened to the singing of these two sisters. Sheridan heard them sing, fell in love, and married one of the sisters—you know the spirited story! Gainsborough, too, heard them sing—he who played on a dozen different instruments—and painted not only the lovely sisters, but the father and brothers as well. Sir Joshua Reynolds also painted one of the sisters as St. Cecilia, and Sir Thomas Lawrence painted a brother, as a pretty youth with curls. You may see the Gainsborough portraits of the family, and the Lawrence, at the Dulwich Gallery, the men delicately handsome as the women were beautiful. What a family! Think of the men who extolled their beauty—Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, Sheridan—painting, music, literature, wit hovering around, and finding inspiration in these girls who live on in Gainsborough's glade, fragile, lovely, one leaning upon a lute, the other with a score of a song of spring in her hands.

Here is the ever-living Gainsborough, the gay, the unconquered: and gay and unconquered Death found him. To Reynolds (they had been estranged) his last words were said: "We are all going to heaven, and Van Dyck is of the company."

PAINTER AND KING

ONCE Blackfriars was the painters' quarter. To-day I stood in that windy corner of London, and, turning from sky and river, looked at modern Blackfriars. I recalled those lines of Ben Jonson's :

> "And thence into Blackfriars,
> Visit the painters, where you may see pictures,
> And note the properest limbs, and how to make them,"

and saw in imagination the house where Sir Anthony Van Dyck lived and died.

To Blackfriars, Van Dyck, thirty-two years of age, in the high summer of his fame, came to revolutionize the art of painting in England, and to leave behind him, the work of seven years, an unrivalled heritage of splendour. He painted Charles I. thirty-six times, Henrietta Maria twenty-five times. Nine portraits he made of the Earl of Strafford, seven of the Earl of Arundel, and the castles and mansions of England, it is said, contain 300 portraits of the aristocrats of those days who flocked to his lordly house in Blackfriars. He settled in England by the wish of Charles I., and who can say how far the sentiment, that still throws its glamour about the Stuart cause, was due to the melan-

choly grace of his portraits of his royal master. The house in the Black Friars, looking over the Thames, was the gift of Charles, together with a pension of £200 a year, a summer residence at Eltham, and knighthood conferred at St. James's Palace in 1632. History records no dissensions between the king of aristocrats and this autocrat among painters, who lived princelike, lavishly spending his enormous earnings, and who at the end of the day's work would press his sitters to dine with him, and regale them with a magnificence equal to any in England. Near to the house in Blackfriars (perhaps on that spot where to-day, leaning over the parapet of the embankment, your eyes are gladdened by the sight of the flowers in the roof-garden that the Thames firemen have made) Charles had a landing-stage built. Thither, when the King was bored or tired, or bothered by affairs of State, he would, slipping from the Palace of Whitehall, take boat to Blackfriars and spend the hours in happy, unconstrained talk with his friend the painter. That gray stretch of river from Whitehall to Blackfriars, the few steps from the landing-stage to the painter's house, now gone and unrecorded, must ever be associated with the courtly figures of those two, Charles and Van Dyck, each delighting in the other's company, the twain touching the imaginations of men in their day as now, and leaving, each in his kind and degree, trails as of comets, the one pale and pathetic, the other glowing and gathering light in the procession of the years. Charles was Charles. Van Dyck was Van Dyck. We see Charles through

Van Dyck's eyes, and I ask myself are these portraits of melancholy grace and sad dignity, as of one who had lost the world and his soul too, so distinguished, touched with a breeding so fine that it never obtrudes—are these essential Charles, or were these qualities inherent in Van Dyck's temperament, illuminating the presentment of all to whom he attuned his sympathetic vision. I see those alluring qualities in his portrait of Charles V., in his portrait of the painter Snyders, in the Earl of Arundel, in Cesare Alessandro Scaglia, in Francois de Moncada, in his own portrait, in Italian noblemen, and in stout burgomasters of Antwerp. And yet it may be that this sad and civil figure of Charles that dominates the picture-galleries of Europe, hinting prophetically his fate (we all see it after the event), was the essential Charles. Perhaps, as some painters can never quite free themselves from the suggestion of a lurking likeness to one face in all the portraits they paint, the line of the lips, a look from questioning eyes, so Van Dyck could never quite escape from the obsession of the face he knew so well.

To me the most compelling of them all is the Charles of the Louvre. The slender, elegant, supercilious figure, arrayed like a butterfly, stands at the edge of a wood, delicately arrogant, the pictorial embodiment of the splendid unreality of Shakespeare's couplet,

> "Not all the waters in the rough rude sea
> Can wash the balm from an anointed king."

Above are the branches of a bending tree, and behind him wait servilely his charger, an attendant, and his

CHARLES I.

FROM THE PICTURE BY VAN DYCK IN THE LOUVRE

[*Mansell & Co.*]

THE slender, elegant, supercilious figure, arrayed like a butterfly, stands at the edge of a wood, delicately arrogant, the pictorial embodiment of the splendid unreality of Shakespeare's couplet:

> "Not all the waters in the rough rude sea
> Can wash the balm from an anointed king."

Above are the branches of a bending tree, and behind him wait servilely his charger, an attendant, and his page. It is magnificent in its pictorial breadth and the distinction of that butterfly figure.

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page. It is magnificent in its pictorial breadth and the distinction of that butterfly figure. Distinguished too, is the great equestrian portrait of Charles in the National Gallery. Pale, bare-headed, confident, his fragile person clad in armour, his right hand resting on a Marshal's baton, he rides forth to his destiny, the ideal cavalier, followed by an equerry bearing his plumed helmet. You can see the pity in the eyes of some who stand before this portrait. The sentiment that must always touch the hearts of his sentimental subjects, "a breath, a flame in the doorway, a feather in the wind," what you will, is there; the man and his grief are quickened to life by the magic of Van Dyck's brush.

Close by are two other portraits—each a memorable Van Dyck. One, aforetime, was thought to be a portrait of Rubens, but art historians derided the attribution; now it is called simply "Portrait of an Artist." This is a fascinating group, in the large manner, but companionable as a Whistler nocturne. On a table, dim in the background, is a statuette, beautiful you may be sure, and by it stand two men, one a negro; the other, intelligent, intent, listens eagerly to the artist, who, with outstretched, persuasive hand, is expatiating on the work of art they have paused to enjoy. This picture, hung too high for a proper examination, was one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' most cherished possessions. The other Van Dyck is that beautiful "Portrait of Cornelius van de Geest." It is small, and on the line. You may take a chair, and,

seated quietly before it, remember that Van Dyck, at one period of his life, considered this his masterpiece, and carried it about with him from Court to Court as an example of his mettle. From the black coat, rich and deep against the black background, from the white ruff, emerges a grave, sensitive face, elderly, watchful, urbane, such a man as you might meet in the pages of Walter Pater, fastidious, scholarly, a connoisseur of life as of the arts, one who has rejected the popular unessentials, and found blessedness, if not happiness, in the residue. There are four other pictures by Van Dyck in the National Gallery, but they are of the classical order, compositions to me uninteresting. Strange that this master portrait-painter, dreaming of a missed vocation, grieved that circumstances did not permit him to paint more historical and sacred pictures.

His life swept forward in grand curves. As a pupil he worked under the all-powerful Rubens, and at twenty-one, when he started forth on his *Wanderjahre*, he had attained in portraiture to the maturity of his genius. I see him riding out from Antwerp on "the best horse in Rubens's stables," a parting gift from his master: see him riding gaily forth to Italy and honour, lingering in cities made famous by his great forerunners, rejoicing in the pictures of Titian, Giorgione, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Most vividly I see him in Genoa; there, animated by the colour and swagger of the great Italians, he painted that splendid series of portraits of Genoese nobles, still the glory of the palaces of their descendants, still talked of with enthusiasm by those

who leave the worn track of sight-seeing, and seek Van Dyck in his meridian splendour. Always sensitive to his environment, the pomp and splendour, the shine and colour, the regal appurtenances, of those Genoese patrician families inflamed his imagination. His quivering artistic personality answered to them as later it was to answer to the sober habiliments of his English patrons, becoming quiet-coloured, black on gray, most persuasive of all pictorial conventions.

The Genoese portraits are Titan's work, and to the end Van Dyck was the begetter of great enterprises. He proposed to Charles that he should cover the walls of the banqueting chamber in Whitehall with subjects from the history of the Order of the Garter, to be carried out in tapestry at an enormous cost, and, when that scheme was found to be impossible, he swept off to Paris eager to persuade Louis XIII. to allow him to decorate the great gallery of the Louvre with historical pictures. In Paris he fell ill, grew worse, longed for his English home, crossed the Channel, and died in his house in Blackfriars. And still great events pursued him. In St. Paul's, the nation mourning, he was buried, and rested there awhile. Then the flames of the Great Fire of London consumed his tomb, and upon his bones fell, mountain high, the débris of the cathedral.

THE GREAT VELASQUEZ

ONCE, in passing a minor art-dealer's window, I caught sight of something that brought me to a halt in a flush of astonishment and pleasure. It was a large autotype reproduction of that magnificent portrait of a gross domineering man who stands against a column, the standard at his feet, arrogantly asserting the pre-eminence of mind and will in himself, and in the painter who saw him pictorially in a single impression, and set him there stamped with the authority of his genius. I entered the shop, bought it; then the sales-man said: "We have had five of them this week. I put them in the window, and not one has remained there longer than half an hour." That picture of Alessandro del Borro, Italian Commander (Berlin Museum), hangs before me as I write. No one who sees it is silent; in everybody it quickens interest, and the power of it has sent many to the National Gallery to seek further acquaintance with the great master who painted it—Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez.

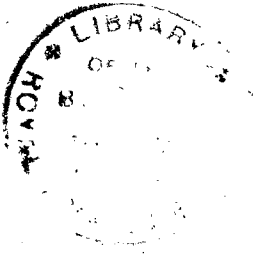
He died in 1660, was buried with pomp in the Church of St. Juan, Madrid, and after his death,

ALESSANDRO DEL BORRO

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY VELASQUEZ IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM

[*F. Hanfstaengl*]

THAT magnificent portrait of a gross, domineering man who stands against a column, the standard at his feet, arrogantly asserting the pre-eminence of mind and will in himself, and in the painter who saw him pictorially in a single impression, and set him there stamped with the authority of his genius. No one who sees it is silent; in everybody it quickens interest.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outside Spain, if there, for 200 years his genius was unrecognised. Italy dominated the art world, and the peace of the great Spaniard was undisturbed. Those who visited Madrid, and saw the majestic portraits and great subject pictures, the representations of Philip, the Maria Teresa, "The Surrender of Breda," "Las Meninas," did not, or dared not, realize the supremacy of Velasquez, who painted men and women as they look in their own atmosphere, the piercing observer who saw things as they are, the great gray colourist who painted light, and with one red scarf or a silver-studded doublet would make a picture glow. For two hundred years he slumbered—unknown. A painter of royal portraits, a dweller in royal precincts, like Van Dyck the bosom friend of a King, on him fell something of the seclusion that hedges a King. His works hung on the walls of Spanish palaces: no whisper from those cloistral places hinted to the owners of his pictures in other countries the worth of their possessions.

Early in the nineteenth century Velasquez's important pictures were removed from the royal palaces to the Prado Museum, and the art world awoke to him. The majority of his finest pictures are in the Prado, but over a hundred are in the United Kingdom, including some masterpieces. Connoisseurs inclined their ears, and his fame spread. Pacheo's volume was reprinted (Velasquez was five years in Pacheo's studio, and married his daughter), other Lives were written, and by the middle of the nineteenth century the gray standard of this great master of his craft was floating

mast high. Few but fit were his adherents in the years that followed his rediscovery. Manet, Whistler, Carolus Duran, fell under the spell of his superb vision, of the technical perfection of his craftsmanship, of the reticent impressionism practised by this grave apostle of the unities to a niggling and meticulous generation; who saw deeper and more truthfully than any painter who has ever lived, and who never betrayed his trust of deep and comprehensive sight. To-day a large and growing circle hail Velasquez not only as the most distinguished of all artists, but as the most potent force in modern painting. "The seed of thought," wrote R. A. M. Stevenson, "has been blown from Spain to every part of the world." Once come under the influence of this master, who so trained his eye that he could draw by it swiftly and unerringly in paint almost without premeditation, who saw in tone, seized an impression, and kept it inviolate in his mind's eye till the last brush-stroke was made on the canvas, and it will never leave you. Few, probably, have seen him in his full strength in the Prado, but many have seen photographs of his pictures, and even the photographs have their instant magnetism. I saw a painter leaving a room in a London house on the walls of which a score of reproductions of the finest things of a dozen masters were displayed, saw him pause before a photograph of a head and bust, stare at it, cock his head on one side, thrust his hands into his pockets, move restlessly like one disturbed, mutter, "What modelling in that head! what handling!" then turn his troubled

face inquiringly to his host. It was Velasquez's "Æsop."

This Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez painted Philip IV. forty times, painted him and his family right through till the time of his death from fever, caught while superintending the pageant for the marriage of the Infanta with Louis XIV. Fortunate was Velasquez in his times, fortunate in his patron and friend the King, who spent almost every day in the studio he had found for him in the palace, coming by secret passages hung with pictures, and saving by his patronage this painter, who was incapable of self-deception, from depending for his livelihood on commissions from the Spanish Church. The annals of his life are immemorable. He was a painter, and his pictures are the wonder and admiration of those who know. Now and again he made journeys into Italy, studying the Italians, holding converse with his friend Ribera in Naples, delighting in the vigour of Tintoretto at Venice. But no fellow-painter held him long. All he saw but ministered to the individual growth of this man, who seemed to have painted "with his *will* only." I see him lingering at Milan before Leonardo's "Last Supper"; see him intimate with Rubens during the nine months that master from the North spent in Spain, the two climbing the sierras, and, seated side by side, making sketches of the palace. But it is chiefly in the seclusion of the palace I see him, there in his large workroom, growing yearly in knowledge of his art, seeing things largely, and always freshly, a law to himself, painting "Las

Meninas," dwarfs, jesters, and eccentrics, "The Spinners," and that great portrait of Admiral Pulido Pareja.

Go to the National Gallery, pause in the Spanish Room, and stand before the wall, not too near, where are the Admiral Pulido Pareja and Philip IV. These two men, full-length, standing so firmly upon the ground, unlike as their characters were unlike, each seen in his own aura, are not all of Velasquez, but they are essential Velasquez. Note how, by subtle play of light, the rich black of the Admiral's dress and the silhouette of his firm legs tell against the luminous gray background; how the shadow composes into the picture; how vital is the white of the sleeves and the collar, and how the red of his scarf sings out from the grave harmony. If the word "inevitable" is ever again to be used in art, that word must be employed here. The presentment of this bushy-haired, ruddy-faced Admiral of Spain is so life-like that one quite understands the story that the King mistook the portrait for the man, and reprimanded him for absenting himself from duty. It must be seen from a distance, but if you look closely the paint is so thin, the surface so unworried, that you wonder by what magic the effect was obtained; by what power of draughtsmanship the gloved hand is made to hold that baton so lightly yet so tightly, by what art those blobs and splashes of paint became sleeves; and how the illusion of the silver-brocaded doublet in the portrait of Philip IV. was accomplished. Velasquez the courtier

had no place in the life of Velasquez the artist. On the facing wall is a bust of Philip—old, pasty, flabby, rambling-necked, again the man himself seen with Velasquez's uncompromising eyes. Apropos of this remarkable portrait, an artist once said to me : " It is the one portrait that among its thousand virtues includes *weight.* I never saw another that suggested that if you took the head in your hands it would be heavy. It is a proof of its absolute rotundity and relief—the perfection in another dimension of Giotto's O."

Let those who say that Velasquez could not paint a religious picture study his "Christ at the Column." It is unconventional—that is, not seen in the common way—because it is Velasquez ; it is great painting, because of the unity of the impression, the transparency of the shadows, the quality of the gray floor, the intense humanity of the figures, the clean, reticent colour of the dress of child and angel ; because of those things it convinces us of its reality, a conviction that many so-called religious pictures utterly fail to arouse. Likewise the unaffected realism of his " Christ in the House of Martha," chaining one to the corner where it hangs—a curiously insistent picture this ! Then retire to the end of the room, absorb the two large canvases, " Philip IV. hunting the Wild Boar " and " A Betrothal," and from those majestic pictures, largely seen, flooded with the painter's vision and personality, informed with the sweep of his composition and masterly technique, you will be prepared for the consummation of Velasquez in the Prado. Even if you

cannot make the journey, you may read R. A. M. Stevenson's book on Velasquez. No work on painting that I know shows such a consummate knowledge of the subject, or analyzes with such insight and skill the craft of painting, its significance, and the place that Velasquez holds in the hierarchy. Through Stevenson's eyes you see the Prado, and wander, by his light, step by step through its glory—which is Velasquez.

Renan said towards the end of his life: "I have loved truth: I have searched for it: I have followed where it called me." Velasquez might have echoed those words. Flaubert said: "Draw life to the life, and your moral will draw itself." That Velasquez did.

JAPANESE PRINTS

On the face of it there is small connection between the Art of Japan and the *Tales of Mean Streets* of London, between the crowded misery of the Jago and the light, laughter-loving life of Japan as we know it in colour-prints and Kakemonos. Turning to the collection of Japanese prints as a recreation, Mr. Morrison found the study so absorbing that he has become one of the few experts on Japanese art in this country. He has the courage of his opinions, and again and again in print tilts a lance at the authorities. The ordinary man can only look on and learn. If he desires to become a collector of Japanese prints, he must buy his experience and make up his mind to be deceived: the clever forgeries outnumber the genuine pictures of the masters by three to one. Many of the finest examples he will never see, for they are "most jealously guarded in the treasure-houses of Japanese nobles, and are never sold." Not till he can distinguish at a glance, with no reference to seal or signature, between the brush work, say, of the three brothers—Tanyu, Noonobu, and Yasunobu—may he consider his judgment of any value. Brush work, rather than the colour, is, it would seem,

what those dim, grave gentlemen, the noble amateurs of Japan, value, and when the English tyro has learnt to recognise the personal touch of the great Japanese painters, and to appreciate their brush work, he will begin to understand, says Mr. Morrison, why some of the Japanese painters most appreciated in Europe are held somewhat lower in the esteem of Japanese amateurs, "Hokusai, for instance."

Now, if there was one name that the cultured English amateur, anxious to be in the movement when, a few years ago, Japanese art was the right thing, clung to, it was Hokusai. That name carried the weight of Japan on its shoulders at English dinner-parties. Moreover, has it not been hall-marked by Whistler? Is is not written in the *Ten o'Clock* that "the story of the beautiful is already complete—hewn in the marbles of the Parthenon—and broidered, with the birds, upon the fan of Hokusai—at the foot of Fusi-yama." Now, alas! the crown has fallen from Hokusai's head. There are others who hold a higher place "in the esteem of Japanese amateurs." But it is hard to let him go, and at the Whitechapel collection of Japanese pictures (one wonders what the East End thought of this exhibition) there was a large landscape painted on silk that pleaded for his restoration. It is a characteristic picture of that gay land where, to English eyes, everybody looks like everybody else, and where the inhabitants have nothing to do but to wear pretty clothes and enjoy Nature and each other's society. That is the land of Hokusai as shown in this picture of a party of Japanese ladies and

gentlemen "Viewing the Cherry Blossom." The party have strewn rugs on the grass, and seated there they look up with childish pleasure at the blossoms on the trees. It is a delightful scene. Possibly the strenuous Japanese of these days resent such a scene being taken as typical of the habits of their countrymen. But Hokusai could be practical when he chose. Another of his designs in colour shows a timber-yard, with one of the poles cutting the cone of Fusi-yama. He died in 1849, at the age of ninety. It is told of him that he said, "If I could only live to be a hundred and ten, then I could be a great painter indeed." He remains the best known, if not the greatest, of the painters, in a land where painting and drawing have always been esteemed since the days when the earliest of the teachers arrived from Corea. A Japanese chronicle of the year 612 gives an account of the arrival of one of these teachers. Mr. Morrison quotes the account from Mr. W. G. Aston's translation. Pèkché was an ancient Japanese name for Corea.

"This year a man emigrated from Pèkché whose face and body were all flecked with white, being perhaps affected with white ringworm. People, disliking his extraordinary appearance, wished to cast him away on an island in the sea. But this man said: 'If you dislike my spotted skin, you should not breed horses or kine in this country which are spotted with white. Moreover, I have a small talent. I can make the figures of hills and mountains. If you kept me and made use of me, it would be to the advantage of the

country. Why should you waste me by casting me away on an island of the sea?' "

Through the centuries the race of Japanese painters has continued unbroken; they have never "made" pictures, but have always looked at the idea rather than the material fact. The literary or historical subject which has become the commonplace of Western art has not attracted them. Some vision of colour, some beauty of line in the human form, some fortuitous arrangement of natural objects, has sufficed. Hokusai saw a group of women on the terrace of a pagoda gazing at Fusi-yama, their supple bodies clad in blue robes, swaying in childish glee at the beauty of their adored mountain. The lines of their pretty backs, the sky, and the mountain, were motive enough for this master.

The delicacy of colour of many of these Japanese prints is astonishing, putting to shame our attempts at colour-printing. But, then, our colour-printing is done by a skilled workman, whereas these Japanese coloured prints are the handicraft of the artist himself, who passes nothing which does not come up to his own standard of beauty. It is this loveliness of colour that attracts the Western amateur, as it attracted Rossetti, and gives, in his eyes, such honour to the name of Hokusai. But it is by the brush work rather than by the colour that the expert in Japan judges a design. Suppose some grave Japanese connoisseur has been asked to give an opinion on a Kakemono that a friend has just acquired. A Kakemono, I should explain, is a hanging picture mounted on brocade. Kakemonos

are kept rolled up, and only one is exhibited at a time, great care being taken to select a Kakemono which is appropriate to the season, or to the taste of the guest in whose honour it is shown. The connoisseur unrolls it slowly and carefully. He does not wish to see the whole of the picture at once: his method is to judge the artist's technical skill by a small section of the brush work; then, when he has made up his mind upon that, the Kakemono is unrolled and his appreciation is free to be delighted with the design and the colour. One of the Kakemonos at Whitechapel, of which the Japanese expert in brush work would surely approve, showed a man holding a monkey, with a dog at his feet. It is by three artists, and was drawn at a tea-party. The monkey is by Mori Sosen; the man by Mori Yusen, his son; the dog by Mori Tessan, the adopted son of Mori Sosen. Observe how even in the excitement of a tea-party the proprieties are observed. Mori Sosen being the greatest of the trio, his monkey stands highest in the picture, the man painted by his son comes next, and the dog, by the least important artist of the three, has the lowest place in the picture.

One of the schools of Japanese painting is the Ukioye, which signifies the painters of "common or passing life." It is a happy custom which persuades a great artist to devote the strength of his genius, to concentrate all his power of expressing beauty of form and colour, in such subjects as travellers resting in a wistaria garden, or a youth with a hawk gathering egg-fruit, or a mother carrying a child to bed under a mosquito-net.

"But you don't avoid pictures!" I said.

"No," he answered, "but I do not seek them. When they come my way I think I look at them. If I could always see one at a time, just a man's best, and look at it leisurely, I should be what is called a picture-lover. But galleries with their interminable rooms, slippery floors, weary visitors, wearier attendants, and acres of pictures, good, bad, and stupid all crowded together, make me tired. I want to look at one picture for a long time, sink into it, as it were. Numbers distress me. One of my nightmares is the thought of being locked up alone, in broad daylight, in the Rubens room at the Munich Pinakothek. There are seventy-six of them. Horrible! Why can't they show a dozen of the best, and lend the remainder to other galleries? Then I shouldn't have to shut my eyes when I pass through the Rubens room on my way to that glorious Ghirlandajo. The subject? I forget. I don't think I ever looked at the details—but the colour! It blazes, like a garden at midsummer. It's all sunshine and loveliness. Nothing's faded, nothing's

gone brown, and it was painted 400 years ago. I like Ghirlandajo, not only because he was a great colourist, but because in his epoch men had not quite scrambled out of the arms of the Great Before."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"The time when painting knew its place: before it had become a marketable commodity: when, like all the other arts, it was but the handmaid of Architecture."

"That was a long time ago," I said.

"Yes—if the thirteenth century is a long time ago. O glorious century of the Gothic mind when buildings soared, and pinnacles and clustered columns chased one another to the skies! Architecture was then the expression of man's ideals. With what modest arrogance the grave designers of Gothic cathedrals dreamed those piles of clustering stones, and said: 'Behold the end. We can build no better, can go no further. The Gothic mind has touched the limit. Now let the painters, and the sculptors, and the carvers, perfect the details. We rest from our labours'! And it was so. About 1300 the spirit of progress in Gothic architecture died, and those early architects whose minds flashed out the design from foundation to coping-stone returned to Nature whence had come their ideas—pillared aisle from some dim avenue of trees, and pointed arch from the meeting of the branches overhead. I take off my hat, I bend the knee, to Meister Gerard von Rile. To dream a design for a cathedral in the year 1248, to have generations of architects poring over your design for centuries, to have the coping-stone

placed upon it in the year 1880—that is something like a life-work."

"Who was Meister Gerard?"

"The designer of Cologne Cathedral. Nothing is known about him, and I don't want to know anything. To me he stands forth as the protagonist of the Gothic mind, of that century when faith and life were comrades, when the master-mason was a conqueror whose achievements were to outlive those of the builders and the dividers of empires. Truly art is long. In one of the dark chapels of Cologne Cathedral you may see, under glass, in a heavy oaken frame, the original sketch on parchment of the west façade of the cathedral. Think of all the architects who followed Meister Gerard, think of Meister Arnold, Meister Johann, and the others, and then look around at the completed work. I see Meister Gerard patiently working at that stupendous plan. I see him a beardless man with a look of serious melancholy, and I think of an epitaph composed by another of those devout craftsmen. He lived 200 years later, when the great age of architecture had passed away, and Flanders and Rhineland were filled with pictures. 'Take warning from me,' this great craftsman wrote: 'I was as you are, but am now buried beneath you. . . . Pray God for me, ye who love art, that I may attain to His sight.'

"The environment of pictures," continued this gentleman with the rambling mind, "is too artificial for me. They are only to be seen under disadvantageous conditions in stuffy rooms redolent of varnish and wet

umbrellas. Architecture is of the open air. It has all the charm of the unexpected. Turn a corner, and there is a church, or a campanile, or a castle, before you. There is no rustling of catalogues to find out if the name of the author is starred. Architecture leaps to the eye, and if you are glad of it, you are very glad of it. The buildings I have seen in my wanderings are closer to my heart (that, I believe, is the right expression) than the pictures."

"Come down to particulars," I said.

He paused a moment, then continued: "One of the advantages of growing old is that you know what you like, and also that you know that you want to see what you like again and again. I never want to see St. Peter's again. I never want to stand again in Venice before St. Mark's. Milan Cathedral, as far as I am concerned, has ceased to exist. But I do want to see Giotto's Tower again, and the white wonder-buildings at Pisa; and there is a little village, far away, hidden in a valley, where, by some chance, above the crabbed, common little hotels soars a campanile that made me happy whenever I raised my eyes to it. I saw it last against a star-sown sky. The moon hung low behind, the peaks of the mountains were capped with snow, and——"

He stopped. I did not interrupt his reverie. Then his mind reverted to Cologne. "When I return home," he said, "there are two halts that I always make —one at Cologne, the other at Bruges. The two cities, or rather my way of seeing them, affect me differently,

but they help and counteract one another, and the result is calming.

"At Cologne I spend a sunny afternoon seated on the balcony of one of the hotels in the Cathedral Square. I look up at the cathedral, giving myself unreservedly to those innumerable clustered pillars, bearing each other's weight, yet independent, that stream for ever upwards. Below the life of the city goes idly on. Men are doing things that end with the day, and pass with the day; but those clustering columns streaming upwards, vieing one with another which shall stretch its slender neck the highest, do not pass with the day. They seem alive, always streaming upwards, without haste and without rest, each slight column, pointed window, lonely pinnacle, helping the other, each part leading upwards to those twin towers that point for ever to the sky. It is the Gothic mind, made stone, using the earth and the earth's materials, but ever eager for something beyond, and rejoicing in the mystic knowledge.

"So speaks to me this master-mason of the thirteenth century, and having basked in his aspiring fervour, I leave Cologne, and go on to Bruges. There I look down, not up. I ascend the belfry-tower and gaze down upon a country. As Cologne Cathedral lifts one from the earth, this belfry, which has stood for 600 years, recalls one to it, which is good for the soul's health. The wide, flat, busy country lies outstretched beneath. There, far away, is Ghent; below, straight and still, the canal cuts its way through the

level country to the sea. The sun is setting. It touches the red-tiled roofs and gables of Bruges. The houses look like painted buildings in a panorama. Up here I still linger in the great age of architecture. I look upon the steeple of Notre Dame, and nearer still rises the Hôtel de Ville, very old, very beautiful, and, in its sedate way, marking the transition from the age of architecture to the age of painting, for the façade, which the sun touches to life, was gilded and coloured by John van Eyck. And near by, in Bruges, are the pictures by the Flemish Primitives. The dawn of the age of painting in the country that the belfry looks upon was a glorious dawn. But I sorrow for the passing of the Great Before."

FLEMISH PRIMITIVES

If stones had memories, the Belfry of Bruges would have smiled when she cast her ancient eyes down across the cobble-paved market-place at the stream of twentieth-century people who were eager to pay three francs to see Bruges' collection of pictures by early Flemish artists. For there was a period after their death when most of these great painters were quite forgotten by the world. The memory of Memling was preserved only in the misspelt form of Hemling, and those who visited the Hospital of St. John at Bruges accepted the pretty legend—how he was wounded in battle, how he was nursed at the hospital, and how in return for the attention shown to him he painted the pictures which the hospital owns, and which had the place of honour in the Exposition des Primitifs Flamands. The Belfry would smile at the ways of man, and the vagaries of the infirmity he calls fame, but she would also feel some degree of enthusiasm for the industry of the art historian of the present day, who, while the world has been busy about its own affairs—battles, the partition of kingdoms, and the

like—has been patiently poring over documents and ransacking libraries and municipal records. From all this dust and diligence a few facts have been gleaned. We know now probably all that will ever be known about the brothers Van Eyck, Roger van der Weyden, Hugo van der Goes, Memling, Gerard David, Dirck Bouts, and Quentin Matsys. It could all be put into a tiny volume.

But who wants to know details of the lives of these Flemish Primitives? We have their pictures, or some of them, as vivid and fresh as the day they were painted. That was the first impression I gained from the collection at Bruges—the gaiety of the colour. It was not garish ; one picture did not kill another ; there was no competition between them, but each stood out clear, well wrought, quaint, and natural. Infinite labour went to the making of them, and yet they show no signs of labour. Faces, hands, details, have the finish of miniatures, and yet nothing is niggled. Imagination you will rarely find, but these pictures have that which appeals to the imagination—the pictured record of common things not looked at in the common way. Take an example in London. Look at the convex mirror in Jan van Eyck's "Jan Arnolfini and his Wife" in the National Gallery, and the painting of the light that falls on the chandelier and on Arnolfini's profile. Patient, persevering, possessed with a passion for efficiency, these Flemish masters of the fifteenth century were incidentally, almost to a man, painters of religious subjects. They

painted for monasteries and churches, not for picture-galleries. It is the exception to find a picture whose central motive is not a Madonna with saints. Their subjects were chosen for them, and they went to work as conscientiously as a skilled carpenter on a cabinet. They painted Virgins, Madonnas, saints, as skilfully as they could; but when they came down to actual life, to that part of the picture where the donor must be introduced kneeling—there, face to face with the living man, the Flemish Primitive showed his real self. Then he fell to; then he took off his coat. It is the portrait of Canon George de Pala that insists on your first attention in Jan van Eyck's "Madonna with St. George and St. Donatian"; the figures of Adam and of Eve, honest painting from the model, are what one remembers best among the twelve scenes that compose Hubert and Jan van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb." Indeed, one is reminded again and again in this collection of the truth that it is sincerity and simplicity of observation and feeling, and not any outside help of subject, religious or otherwise, that produces in the beholder the emotion that only comes when the artist rises to his full stature, or above himself.

Good drawing, good colour, good characterization, will produce this emotion; more often it is through some flash of inspiration in the painting of that most elusive of all things, light. Terburg could shimmer a satin gown into life; Vermeer could make the light play on a wall till you could fancy that you were

standing in the room. The Flemish Primitives had many of the gifts, but not to all was given this desire to track and catch the light of day. But when it came, how swift the victory! It came to Gerard David in a certain "Annunciation" picture. This is the usual capable but monotonous representation of a scene he had painted no doubt half a hundred times; but while painting this particular "Annunciation" a sudden piece of good luck (so I read the riddle) came to him, and he "was there." David, let us suppose, had finished the kneeling figure of the Virgin, finished the descending gold-gowned angel, when he was called away. Returning to his studio, he saw through an open door the morning light falling on the quilt of a bed, and on a single flower, a while lily perhaps, standing in the window. The beauty of folds and petals under the soft light caught his painter's eye. Can you not imagine him quickly bringing his easel out into the passage and finishing the picture there? This "Annunciation" lives by reason of the morning light that fell 400 years ago on bedclothes and lily in a room in David's house, and still falls.

To David for this I am grateful, and also to Dirck Bouts of Louvain. The name of Bouts is not familiar in men's mouths. He is known as the "humble craftsman of Louvain"; but at Bruges and at Munich not once or twice small pictures by Bouts pick themselves out from their more "important" companions. His little "Christ at the House of Simon" in its vivid vigour was a relief after the suave masterpieces of the

mild, all-conquering Memling; but had Bouts painted nothing but the little upright at Munich of St. Christopher, his would be a name not soon forgotten. Claude, we are told, first set the sun in the sky, and although Bouts was not the first of the Flemish Primitives to set his figures in the open air, in this glowing little picture the light of the sun is honoured in a way that must have given his contemporaries pause. With the Child perched lightly on his back, St. Christopher strides through the waves, not, by the way, very well observed; behind him the water in the rocky defile through which he trudges shimmers under the rays of the setting sun. It is a picture of pure light, and the scene was as certainly first absorbed, and then painted for sheer love of painting what he had found beautiful in nature, as Bouts's "The Entombment" in the National Gallery was certainly painted to order. And Quentin Matsys, another of the lesser masters, how he must have enjoyed painting the hands of his little St. Agnes, her lace ruffles, her book, and the palm she holds! Matsys delighted in difficulties. Look at the goffered cambric surplice in his "Portrait of a Canon." Franz Hals would have been proud to sign it. I remember, too, a black-cloaked portrait by Roger van der Weyden against a blue background—such a black, and such a blue! And—but all this time Memling, the big gun of the exhibition, with his thirty odd pictures, including the famous "Shrine of St. Ursula," is waiting. But when I went a second time to the exhibition, it was not the "sweet ex-

pressiveness" of Memling that called me, rather Dirck Bouts, Matsys, and the delightful Bruegel.

By that time, too, these Flemish Primitives had begun to take on individuality. I realized the shadowy form of Hubert van Eyck, about whom we know so little, but this much for certain, that "The Adoration of the Lamb," begun by Hubert, and finished by Jan six years after his brother's death, bears this inscription: "Hubert van Eyck, than whom none greater has appeared, began the work which Jan, his brother, in art the second, brought to completion"; I realized the form of Jan, the courtier, traveller, experimenter in methods of painting, who was himself through all vicissitudes, and never more himself than in the inscriptions he carved upon the frames of his pictures: "As I can, not as I wish," or, "Jan van Eyck was here"; Roger van der Weyden, beloved of the people for the great linen sheets he painted which were hung from the windows of Ghent at festival times; Hugo van der Goes, who, fearing life, became a monk, and died a madman; Memling, the fastidious genius; Bouts, who used his eyes and watched the sun on the waters; David, who saw the light on the lily and the bed-quilt; and Matsys, who in his delicate workmanship heralded those genre painters whose works were to call forth from Louis XIV. the petulant cry: "Eloignez de moi ces magots."

A QUIET HOUR WITH DÜRER

FEW were the pieces of furniture in the panelled room where I sat, and there were fewer pictures on the brown papered walls. But the pieces of furniture were of the best; no fallals worried their graceful lines; no knick-knacks confused their staid design. And the pictures, in narrow oaken frames, that were fast turning the right black, harmonized with the furniture. Colour they lacked; it was not missed. For theirs was that intensity of feeling, that brain-bitten-in force that, whatever the subject may be, insists on the suffrages of the faithful. Some were familiar; all, I was sure, were by the same hand. It was fortunate that my host was not an exacting man. He seemed quite content that his pictures, rather than himself or his food, should hold my attention. But towards the end of the meal one longish remark dropped from his lips. "The flush years of my life," he said, "were spent at Nuremberg. I got into the way of brooding about Dürer, and almost ruined myself collecting him. I've walked in his footsteps through Italy and the Netherlands. I'm Dürer mad, I suppose. At any rate, I'm too old

to change now. Oh yes! a country doctor might do worse than specialize in Dürer."

Three portraits hung over the fire-grate of the room where we reposed. To the right, the familiar visage of Erasmus; to the left, the thin, wrinkled face, with the bright eyes, of Dürer's master, Wolgemuth, eighty-two years of age; in the centre, Albert Dürer, painted by himself. Who does not know that majestic portrait? Who but Dürer could have painted himself in that way, without one fleck of self-consciousness or vanity? The crimped, silken curls that fall down either side of the long, luminous face, the fur robe, the bare neck, the unkempt hair crowning the smooth brow—these accessories, in a lesser man, would have written trivial vanity over all the portrait. But not so here. The portrait is just Dürer, with the brooding, melancholy eyes still peering forward, as in life, to the unattainable, with the full, human under-lip, and the spatulate fingers of his craftsman's hand still caressing the surface of his fur-lined robe.

On the wall before me there was but one engraving—that fascinating interior of ripe craftsmanship, detailed yet broad, dark yet flooded with light, of St. Jerome in his study, with the little indented cushions, the sleeping animals, the hour-glass, the scissors, the pumpkin, the saint's slippers, and his hat hanging on its peg. Facing it, quite alone (my host understood the significance of bare spaces), rode Dürer's grim Knight, his steadfast gaze taking no heed of his unsought com-

panions—Death and the Devil. And on the darkest wall sat that terrible figure of Melancholia, with the comet flaming ominously in the sky. And yet the room was not depressing. Great Art, the inevitable expression of a noble, self-trained temperament, in line, in words, or in form, does not depress. It is insincerity fumbling with tragedy for effect that depresses. "Christ Mocked," the vignette to Dürer's "Great Passion," inspires pity and wonder; it does not depress.

We moved into the study, I looking forward to an afternoon with Dürer and the craftsmen of Nuremberg. The lesson began well. "Here," said my host, "are photographs of four men, living and working in Nuremberg at the same time, and representing the stages of difference between the craftsman and the poet. First, Peter Vischer, sturdy, resolute, strong-willed. He happened to be a brass-founder of genius, but you might meet his double, bearded, leather-aproned, in any English village to-day. Second, Adam Krafft, carver and sculptor, still the craftsman, but the mouth is not so firm, the face is touched with ideality, the eyes are anxious—not calm, like Peter Vischer's. Third, Albert Dürer—you know him! Fourth, Hans Sachs, poet and Meistersinger—sheer idealist. They make——" The telephone bell interrupted him, summoning the doctor to an adjoining village. But before he drove away, through the rain, in his dogcart, he produced from a cupboard six large portfolios, and begged me to occupy myself with their contents till his

return. They were the Dürer Society's publications, and for an hour or so I picked my slow way through that wealth of fancy and industry—till the light gave. Then I leant back in my chair and thought of Nuremberg.

I saw again the little red-tiled, old-world town, snug within its walls ; saw again the shops, with their Dürer prints and photographs; climbed again to the dark, low-ceiled, gabled house in the Albert Dürer Strasse, where he lived and died. Nuremberg, which treated his works so shamefully after his death, selling them to the highest bidder, now holds his house in reverence. For Albert Dürer is Nuremberg. All day long tourists wander through his rooms, sit in his chairs, peer at the reproductions of his works that hang on walls and screens on the upper story, and note that the fine taste shown in the design of his furniture and accessories is reproduced in the furniture and accessories of the chamber in his engraving of "The Death of the Virgin." They buy postcards showing Dürer, sedate and melancholy, standing on the castle parapet above sun-flushed Nuremberg, conversing with Peter Vischer, and Hans Sachs, and perhaps they descend to the little beerhouse against the wall of St. Moritz Chapel and drink a glass of beer, and eat a sausage, to the memory of the three friends who supped there so often when the sixteenth century was young. Perhaps, also, stirred to know more of the inner life of this great German, who was engraver, etcher, painter, carver, sculptor, writer and poet, they buy (it is not easy to procure) a

copy of the *Journal of his Tour in the Netherlands* in 1520 and 1521.

It is not an illuminating work, for Dürer was a reticent man, on the side of those who hold that a diary should be a record of facts, not of emotions. Indeed, it is mainly statements of expenses and purchases, satisfaction at the good effect of the letter of exemption from taxes given him by the Bishop of Bamberg, and accounts of the pictures and engravings he sold and bestowed. Thus: "Item: I sold my host a small painting of the Virgin on linen for 2 florins Rhenish. . . . Herr Erasmus has given me a Spanish mantilla and 3 portraits of men. . . . Item: Meister Bernhart, the painter, has invited me, and has given me such a costly meal that I do not believe it could be paid for with 10 florins. . . . I have given 18 stiver for a red cap for my godchild." That was the man—punctilious in little things as in great, giving the same calm, concentrated attention to a drawing of the Great Passion as to the quality of a cake of cherries, the purchase of half a dozen Flemish cards, or the exact worth of a small yellow post-horn. If on the surface he was of the world, fond of fine clothes, proud of his personal beauty, careful of his silken curls, the deep emotions of this fine nature ran freely. There is a passage in the *Journal* that reveals the man, all the more striking because it flames forth from the mass of trivialities. I mean that cry beginning, "O God, is Luther dead?" And that passage in another place describing the death of his mother—how simply done, yet how touching!

No artificer in words speaks here. It is a distraught man's utterance, but controlled. "She had much fear of death, but, she said, she had no fear of appearing before the Lord. . . . At last her eyes grew fixed, and I saw death deal her two great blows to the heart. Then she closed her eyes and mouth, and died suffering. . . . May God have mercy on my mother! . . . And after my mother was dead her face became more beautiful than it had been during life."

Darkness had now come into the room where I sat, but the figure of Dürer hovered above the portfolios of his drawings, a very living presence. One of the portfolios contained the last portrait he did of himself, with the hair shorn off, very unlike the others. But I did not want to look at that. I preferred to think of him in his prime—comely, high-stepping, triumphant—when he knew Raphael, and Bellini, and Roger van der Weyden, and Matsys, and that "old mannikin Erasmus." And of that day, 300 years after his death, when the artists of Nuremberg went in procession to the cemetery of St. John and sang hymns round his grave. I think I heard those hymns. And of Longfellow, who——

Then the Doctor returned, wet but cheery, and said: "Now we'll have a quiet hour with Dürer."

NAMELESS MASTERS AND A REVERIE

THE custodian of Cologne Cathedral, after ineffectually trying to lure me away to the Treasury where the bones of the Magi (ticket, one and a half marks) are preserved, left me alone in the little side-chapel of St. Michael. He could do so without anxiety. One cannot easily steal the tomb of an Archbishop of the fourteenth century, or the statue of a general of the eighteenth. So I was left alone in the twilight beneath Master Stephen's great winged altar-piece. At such an hour, in such a cathedral, the Shades should come hurrying forth. And forth they came. Shades seem the early German painters of the Cologne School; shadowy was Master Stephen's great winged picture of the "Adoration of the Magi" in the dim cathedral's imprisoned light.

I leant against the tomb of Archbishop Walram and looked at Master Stephen's masterpiece: in the centre the Kings, surrounded by their attendants holding banners aloft, kneel before the crowned Virgin and Child: on the left wing is St. Ursula with some of her 11,000 companions: on the right is St. Gereon

attended by his smooth-faced knights. Field-flowers bloom about their feet. On either side are shutters on rusty hinges. And when I closed them (they creaked like a windlass) virgins, knights and flowers, were blotted out, and I saw on the outsides of the two shutters an angel with outstretched wings, and Mary, at her devotions, with a chaplet of pearls around her unwrinkled brow.

I did not open the shutters again. Master Stephen's picture rests now where it should rest, alone on the gray wall of the cathedral of the city which lends its name to the Cologne School. Glory has come to this great winged altar-piece in these days. You will read that it is "the finest German painting of the fifteenth century"; but there were greater painters in the land in those days, and Master Stephen must acknowledge the supremacy of the Flemish painters, Jan van Eyck, Roger of the Pasture, and the rest. Master Stephen learned from them, and from the world he learned the taste of the bread of sorrow. Elected to represent the Guild of St. Luke in the Senate, the expenses of the office ruined him. It is said he died in a hospital. But in spite of most patient research, he remains a shadowy figure.

Still more shadowy is Master William of Cologne, the father of the Cologne School, who stands at the parting of great ways. Behind him lay the age of architecture: before him was to stretch the great coloured age of painting. Some say one picture is by him; some another; some will not allow him any,

not even the Sta Clara Altar picture in Cologne Cathedral. But he has been granted a vague personality. He is called idealistic, and "full of tenderness and sweetness," and pictures that may have been by him are labelled "Ascribed to Master William," or "Of the school of Master William." What we do know about him is just this, from the Limburg Chronicle: "Master William painted a man as though he were alive." Which is fame, and as true as most epitaphs.

So two shadows—Master William and Master Stephen—have joined me in the little St. Michael Chapel. They are very unsubstantial, but the substantial custodian who is shuffling impatiently on the flags of the aisle, wondering why I linger, must wait a little longer, for other shades are drawing near, and it is my mood to go through with this reverie. Here is one, the greatest of the Germans—an imposing shade he! Deep-browed, of commanding figure, with large, serious eyes, he stands gazing at Master Stephen's great winged altar-piece. A rich fur coat is wrapped about him, and over the fur and over his shoulders falls his long, crimpled hair. It is Albert Dürer on his travels. Later he was to write this in his diary: "Item: I paid two silver pennies to have the picture opened, which Master Stephen painted at Cologne."

By this entry in the great Dürer's *Journal* Master Stephen became known. Thus he took on a fragment of individuality and emerged from the crowd of early German painters, masters many of them, mystics most,

who lived hidden lives in the Rhine Valley during the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, who rest in unvisited tombs, whose very names are unrecorded. But at Munich, at Cologne, in the National Gallery, but feebly there, hundreds of pictures testify to their humility before God, their preoccupation with things of the spirit, and their devotion to art. The hooded Shades of these nameless Masters of the Rhine Valley peopled that little chapel for me, but no slightest hint of individuality distinguished one hooded figure from another. If they could have spoken, they might have swept slowly past me, declaring themselves thus: "I in life was the 'Master of the Life of Mary'; and I the 'Master of the Lyversburg Passion'; and I the 'Master of the Death of Mary'; and I the 'Master of the Glorification of Mary'; and I the 'Master of the Holy Kinship'; and I the 'Master of the Altar of St. Bartholomew'; and I the 'Master of Liesborn'; and I the 'Master of Werden'"—and so on, and so on. For these pictures by the unknown masters have been classed according to their subjects and treatment. He who painted the fine series of pictures of the Life of Mary is called the "Master of the Life of Mary." To him are attributed pictures that seem to be in the manner of that series. Sometimes the art historian will not dare more than "School of the Master of the Life of Mary," or "School of the Master of the Holy Kinship." And when a picture will not allow itself to be classified at all, nothing remains to do but let it stand before the world under the stark designation of

"Master of Cologne," or "Master of Frankfurt," or just "Unknown Master."

These mystic Masters of the Rhine Valley, these modest, capable craftsmen who never signed a picture, and who always sought their themes in sacred subjects, have not been treated very kindly by the art historians and critics. Says one, "The drawing is stiff, the colouring gaudy, and the expression harsh"; another is annoyed by the clumsy nomenclature that has been given them. But are these names so forbidding? Is it so hard a fate to be known after death by the name of your best work, to be known by something you did, and not by a meaningless designation that was thrust on you, to be not Jan or Hans, but the "Master of the Little Passion," or the "Master of the Holy Cross," or even the "Master of the Half-Length Figure"?

They were not all great artists, but they have their particular charm, which neither stales nor wearies, but grows upon the wanderer through German cities. Once fall under the influence of the "Master of the Life of Mary," and you will not easily escape it: you will not want to escape from it. Surely this sweet, simple-minded, homely painter of the scenes from the Life of Mary at the Munich Pinakothek is not the painter of the "Lyversburg Passion," as some critics would have us believe. There is no parleying with the impossible in his pictures of the Life of Mary. The orderly incidents are just such as might have happened in his own home. Look at "The Birth of Mary." In a large bed, the sheet evenly turned over

THE BIRTH OF MARY

FROM THE PICTURE BY THE "MASTER OF THE LIFE OF MARY" IN THE MUNICH GALLERY

THE mystic Masters of the Rhine Valley were not all great artists, but they have their particular charm, which neither stales nor wearies, but grows upon the wanderer through German cities. Once fall under the influence of the "Master of the Life of Mary," and you will not easily escape it: you will not want to escape from it.

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the trim coverlet, standing in a severe but comfortable room, lies the mother propped up against a pillow. Pale but happy, she permits one of her women to take the child from her arms. Eight of these calm, slim attendant women are in the room. One hands a towel from a chest, another pours water into a ewer, a third tries the temperature with her thin fingers. It is a picture of grave repose; the importance of the occasion is shown by the intense preoccupation of each slender, quietly-happy woman in her task. With the memory of this picture in my mind, I was content to let the shutters of Master Stephen's great winged altar-piece remain closed.

Suddenly the custodian made an end of my reverie. He was no longer shuffling up and down the aisle, but stood glaring through the railings. The chapel was darkening. I could no longer see the chaplet of pearls in Mary's hair on the shutters of Master Stephen's picture. It was time to go, to leave the shadows and the Shades. The chapel door clanged after me, and I went out into the restless life of Cologne. There, by easy transition, I recalled the bustling brothers Boisserée, to whom, and to the King of Bavaria, their purchaser in 1827, we owe the preservation of these dear German masters. For it was Sulpice and Melchior Boisserée who, in the early years of the nineteenth century, "rescued" them from churches and monasteries suppressed at Cologne. Think of the excitement and heat, the haggling and carting, that accompanied the rescue work of these quiet pictures.

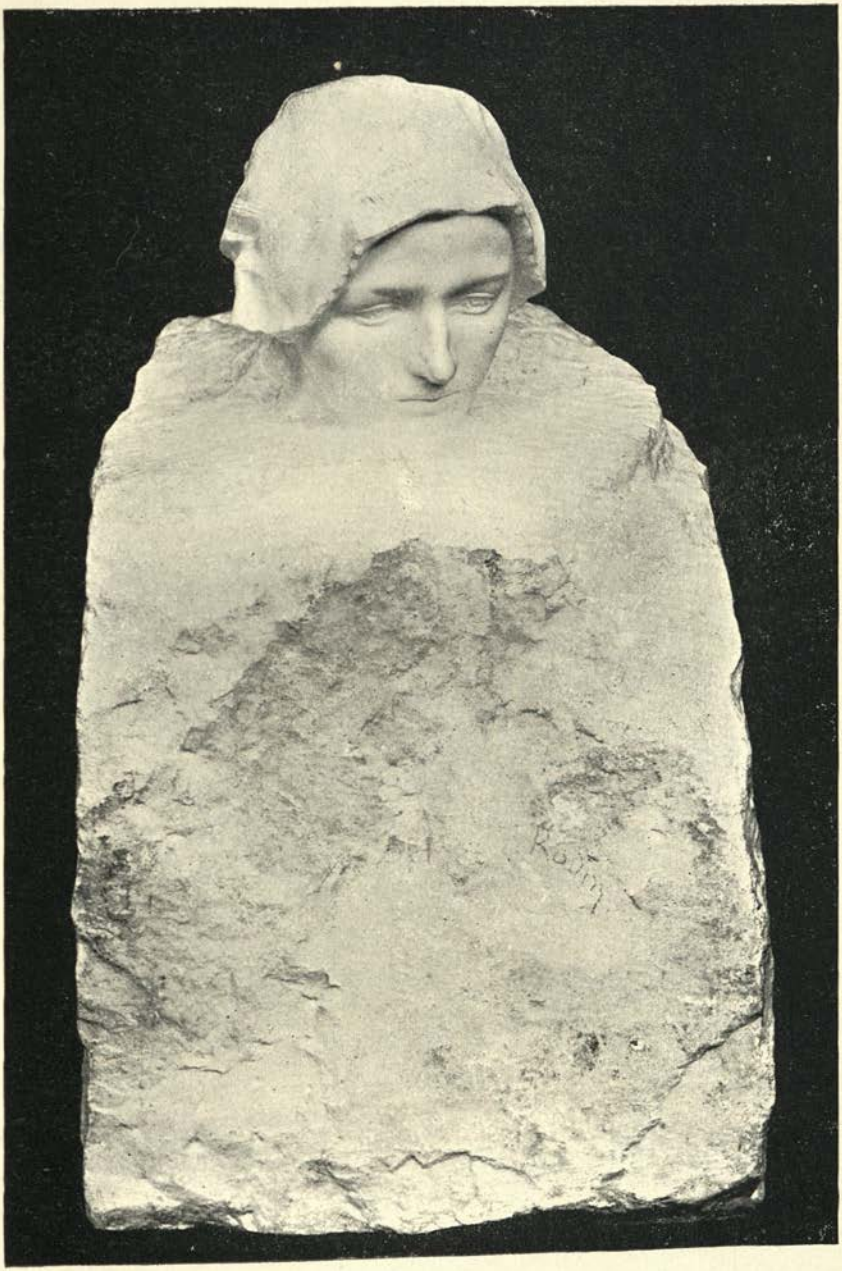
RODIN AND FRENCH SCULPTURE

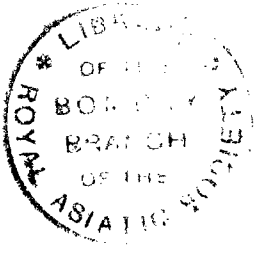
RODIN in London ! There was excitement in the idea. Long, for me, had this master stood high upon his pedestal : long had this Frenchman, of whose personality I knew nothing (it began and ended with his name), been the revealer of the beauty of an art which in London streets is synonymous with the trivial and the commonplace. I first saw his "Tête" years ago as a photograph in a shop-window. That day, for the first time, the wonder and the beauty of modern plastic art became a reality. Without swerving from my allegiance to colour, I joined those to whom form makes the great appeal. I learnt that this "Tête" had been at the 1885 Salon, that the sculptor's name was Rodin, that for long years this strenuous lonely workman had been despised and rejected, but that now he was slowly coming into his own. After seeing that "Tête," never again was I to look at a block of marble but I saw the lovelinesses of form lurking in it, wanting only the craftsman's hand to be revealed. Marble, as material, became potential. Clay grew into shapes in my imagination. That was Rodin's gift to me, a gift whose fresh-

TÊTE

By Auguste Rodin

Beginning at the base and travelling upwards, the eye wanders over an unhewn, rectangular block of marble, till slowly there emerges from the top a woman's head. You receive no shock. It is the flower pushing through the sheath. The head you can see with the chin resting on the marble, and the marble clinging to the neck as if loath to let this creation of man escape from the home where through all time it had been hidden; but the body is still undisclosed. Yet you are content. It is there, and you realize the delicacy of restraint that stayed the sculptor's hand.

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ness Time challenges in vain. Do you know the "Tête"? Beginning at the base and travelling upwards, the eye wanders over an unhewn, rectangular block of marble, till slowly there emerges from the top a woman's head. You receive no shock. It is the flower pushing through the sheath. The head you can see with the chin resting on the marble, and the marble clinging to the neck as if loath to let this creation of man escape from the home where through all time it had been hidden; but the body is still undisclosed. Yet you are content. It is there, and you realize the delicacy of restraint that stayed the sculptor's hand.

The artist has done no violence to the great Mother. He has not, as lesser men do, snatched his bit of material from the world material and tossed it in the air, smirking at his cleverness. There has been no divorce. The head has come to life, but she clings loyally and trustingly to her birthland. She emerges to brood a little while in the world of man, but she is not of that world. This idea of fealty to the material in which he works has always seemed to me the chief characteristic of Rodin. His supple figures—half spirit, half flesh—creep so tentatively from the marble that, as you look, you could almost fancy that if they find this world too cheerless they will return to the marble again. Other manners Rodin has, but never does he lose the direct personal vision. His fellow-craftsmen might never have existed. There are to him but two luminous and self-evident things—himself and Nature. Other triumphs he has achieved, but as I knew him first in

that Head and these lonely figures, timorously happy at the thought of creation, so I shall think of him always. Rodin in London! There was excitement in the idea. And when I attended the banquet in his honour, and found him just as he should be, a deep-browed, composed man, calm under eulogy, as he had been calm under adversity, I went off to Paris the next morning, with a flutter of anticipation that I should see Rodin's latest work at the Salon des Beaux Arts.

But French sculpture is not all Rodin, although French sculpture is very much alive, daring anything in the sun of popular favour that shines upon it. We treat sculpture as if it were a poor relation. The French honour sculpture as if it were the son and heir. Into the magnificent new Palace in the Champs Elysées where the two Salons are held you could drop our Royal Academy, and hardly find it in the way. You could hide all our sculpture exhibits of the year among the trees of the Beaux Arts Salon garden. A British student of sculpture entering the sculpture caravanserai in the Champs Elysées for the first time would think he was in Paradise, or in the Crystal Palace. High above stretches the enormous glass roof, huge blue and white velariums float in mid-air, screening the sun and throwing an equable light on the statues that number almost a thousand. These peep like ghosts from the trees, shrubs, and flowers that wind their way through the walks. The floor is of gravel. You encounter gardeners. An official will offer you a light for your cigarette. Hundreds of chairs invite to rest. You

lunch on a terrace from which you can overlook the whole field of sculpture. The air is full of the song of birds. They fly in and out of the shrubs, or perch on the marble busts of eminent Frenchmen. All is bright and gay. The very waiters are cheerful, and inspired by serving those who offer homage to French sculpture. Kindness exudes from them. One, who waited upon me, delayed bringing my coffee in order that he might throw crumbs to a little flock of birds that had gathered about " Diogène demandant l'aumône à une statue."

The sculpture shown certainly gives an impression of the vitality of this branch of art in France. Also of the feverish desire on the part of many French sculptors by means of size or extravagance of design to outvie one another. Pressing into the service of sculpture themes which are manifestly unsuited to it they offer a wide choice of subject, such as Jacob wrestling with the angel, or a realistic group showing an obese publican pouring out absinthe behind a bar, while in front an agonized wife and child bend over a workman screaming in a fit of delirium tremens. You may see the foolish virgins of Scripture writhing one with another in despair, and hammering at the closed marble door (modern knocker), or Bulgarians acclaiming Alexander II. their liberator. You may see in the Chartres monument to Pasteur a countryside wherein a bewildered flock of sheep gaze in astonishment at a group of scientists, including, I believe, M. Pasteur himself, experimenting upon a captured companion ; or, if you prefer it, Absalom hanging by his hair from the boughs of a tree. There

are groups as big as the wall of a house, and pieces so tiny that you could drop them into your pocket. Everywhere is talent, dexterity, and fertility of invention, hardly anywhere the strong man of personal vision doing his own work. M. Laheudrie with equal facility produces in the same year a Descent from the Cross, and a model of a Grand Piano with two women, gowned and groomed in the last fashion, playing and singing.

But in the race for notoriety it is M. Moreau-Vauthier who wins the laurel, with a mere wall—but such a wall! It is a broken, bulging wall, rising from the ground-floor as if built upwards from the soil. In front, with oustretched arms, stands the Angel of Pity and Protection, and, as you look, slowly you realize that frightened faces in low relief are gazing out at you from the stones, and that unhappy figures are obtruding themselves from the broken surface. They are the victims of the Revolution, the citizens who were shot against the historic wall of which M. Moreau-Vauthier has made a faithful representation.

Here at the Salon one realizes again the folly of the modern system of exhibitions. The shouters get the attention, and he who has once begun to shout must shout each year louder than the last. He who does not shout must be content to wait, as Rodin waited. It would take a week to examine the sculpture alone and to select the pieces of merit. Shy they are, and they shrink from the crowd. I could have stood for a quarter of an hour in appreciation of M. Eldh's little "Linnéa," whose form the sculptor has lingered over so

lovingly, and left so quiet and simple. At no time of the day could I have examined the intrepid M. Gérome's "Joueuse de Boules" without having my toes trodden upon. Parisian to the finger-tips is M. Gérome. Parisian—that is, alert, dexterous, gay, and soulless—is this pink-tinted nude. From the gold hair that crowns her beautiful, restless, twining limbs, to the masks that grin at her feet, she is the personification of the technical cleverness, the unresting experimentalism, of modern French art. She is typical.

But I had not come to Paris to be retaught this familiar lesson. It was Rodin who had called me. I sought him, and found him easily. In the centre of the spacious hall of the New Salon, perched high upon a slender marble column, stood his bust of Victor Hugo brooding, with bent head. It is Thought called Hugo. My catalogue gave another Rodin. "Ombres" it was called, but "Ombres" I could not find. A little pale, dark-locked, black sombrero-hatted French sculptor, who was furtively flicking the dust from his own exhibit with a camel-hair paint-brush, came to my assistance. "M. Rodin's 'Ombres'?" Yes; I should find it in the garden. To the garden I went. It was raining. Through the mist, the raindrops splashing upon them, standing unprotected on a high framework of wood, I saw three strange figures. Each was like to each, and yet each was different from the others. Each head is weary and droops sideways; each left arm is outstretched and pointing to the earth; each right foot is raised, each right knee is bent. They are not of the

earth, they are shades ; alive, yet dead ; motionless, yet sensitively sentient in their gray land. I had no desire to understand the meaning of the group. It was enough to look, brood, and remember. Great art is elusive of explanation. It has no commerce with words. I turned away from these haunting figures to M. Niederhausern-Rodo's towering monument to Verlaine, the knotty forehead, the dome brow, and the figures springing grotesquely from the unhewn marble of his body; to M. Bourdelle's "Beethoven" ("Je suis tout ce qui est, tout ce qui a été, et tout ce qui sera. Nul homme mortel n'a levé mon voile"); but to "Ombres" I always returned.

Later, in Rodin's great white studio at Meudon, built on a hillside in the midst of trees and flowers, the work-room set in Nature of a man who works straight from Nature, I was to be enlightened. There, in that studio, with its sixteen tall windows, bathing in the unsoiled light of day all the lovely things from his brain, all the intimate secrets he has claimed from the great secret of the universe, I was to learn the place these Shades will take above his great work, the "Gate of Hell."

Those mute figures called me back again that evening when the Invalides dome was afire with the last rays of the sun. The sky had cleared. Standing outside among the chestnuts of the Champs Elysées, I looked again over the railings at those Shades escaped from the true Elysian Fields. Very white, very pitiable, they looked against the faint blue sky—very strange and wonderful.

OMBRES

By Auguste Rodin

Through the mist, the raindrops splashing upon them, standing unprotected on a high framework of wood, I saw three strange figures. Each was like to each, and yet each was different from the others. Each head is weary and droops sideways; each left arm is outstretched and pointing to the earth; each right foot is raised, each right knee is bent. They are not of the earth, they are shades; alive, yet dead; motionless, yet sensitively sentient in their gray land.

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REMEMBERED MONUMENTS

No doubt the inhabitants of Winchester are by this time accustomed to the presence of Mr. Thornycroft's statue of King Alfred, and pass it by without a glance; but its effect on the new-comer is as startling as a near rifle-shot. You are walking idly down the High Street, pleasantly subconscious that the shops are ending, when suddenly above the trees, above the houses, dominating even the distant hill, this gigantic effigy starts into being. On the first glance your congratulations go out to the sculptor for his avoidance of that characteristic of most British sculpture, insignificance. The pedestals of rough-hewn stone are taller than many monuments; but they are quite properly proportioned to the noble if arrogant figure of Alfred. Drawn to his full height, his right hand grasping his sword, the point resting on his bosom, the hilt stretching half a body's length above his head, the monument is the most conspicuous object in Winchester. It startles by its size, and suggests that this Maker of England gained his ends by the sword, about which there are divergences of opinion. It is

a plain, dogged, frontal attack on the beholders' sympathies, without subtlety, without beauty, a frank appeal to a conquering nation's Imperialistic mood. It is Alfred alive and sounding the tocsin, not Alfred in the peace of death, a mute guardian spirit of the country he loved, but Alfred clothed in kingly robes, one hand on his shield, the other brandishing his sword above a respectable cathedral city.

I walked away across the hills, and as I walked recalled another high monument, higher, I think, than Mr. Thornycroft's "Alfred," but not dominating he building where it rests as that menacing figure dominates Winchester. The man who designed this monument has a lowly place in it. He stoops beneath, helping to support the weight of his work, which clings to one of the sets of clustered pillars in the Church of St. Lawrence at Nuremberg. It is a miracle of filigree stonework. It caresses the clustered pillars, growing slighter and slighter as it creeps upwards, not ending suddenly when, 65 feet from the ground, it reaches the bend of the vaulting, but curling over like the apex of a Bishop's crosier, or a bud too slight to bear the weight of its efflorescence. It is Adam Krafft's Ciborium, or receptacle for the Host; but it is not alone for its rare beauty that I mention his Ciborium here. If you will look beneath, you will see that this gossamer tower of stonework is supported on the shoulders of three kneeling figures in cap and apron, with mallet, chisel, and measure in their hands—Adam Krafft and his two assistants.

Those kneeling figures are not easily forgotten. That the idea should have entered Krafft's mind, that it should have fructified there—remains. But those weary, straining figures, compelled to bear their burden unceasingly through the ages, is a diminishing joy to sensitive souls. They do not like to think of the effort of life continuing after death even in marble. Joy may continue, as in Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn:*

> "Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
> Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu."

But effort, no! Better the august quietness of the nine recumbent figures on the floor of the Temple Church. There, indeed, is rest after labour, and whatever may be the signification of the crossed or uncrossed legs of these fully-armed Associate Knights, they certainly have the power to touch the imagination. It is only by the recumbent figure, severely natural, that sculpture can suggest the perfect simplicity of death. Add the slighest vagary of imagination, and it is no longer death, but merely a lifeless body. Mr. Onslow Ford's beautiful monument to Shelley at Oxford fails to suggest the perfect simplicity of death, because his imagination played about the pose of the nude figure. And nobody can assert that the "comely" recumbent effigy of William of Wykeham in Winchester Cathedral represents the perfectly simplicity of death. He lies in a lovely tabernacle, that early Perpendicular chantry that one could almost believe was some fairy thistle-down bower blown one day into the cathedral, and caught and held between the piers of the nave. In

such a chantry the recumbent figure of the Bishop whom it honours might well have been unadorned and unattended. But apart from the distasteful comeliness of the figure, the eye is distracted, and the mood that death, even in marble, should occasion is disturbed by two little figures of angels supporting the pillow at his head, and three little figures of monks at his feet offering prayers for the repose of the Bishop's soul. It is said that these three monks were William of Wykeham's assistants in the cathedral works. Adam Krafft chose a different position for himself and his assistants in the Nuremberg Ciborium.

Seldom does one feel that a statue or a monument is in its rightful place, that nothing should be changed, added, or taken away from it. Of this rarity are the nine recumbent figures lying with the recurring emblems of the lamb and the cross on the floor of the Temple Church. They are where they should be, they are as they should be. Another monument, right in design and in its rightful place, occurs to me. It is in the open air on a heather-clad hill, toned by time to a gray that harmonizes with sky and all weathers. It is never obtrusive ; indeed, often the eye must seek it. And the curious who care to decipher the inscriptions half a century old, three words on each side, will read:

In Obitu Pax.
Post Obitum Salus.
Post Tenebras Lux.
In Luce Spes.

Yet another comes to my mind. I saw it first at three in the morning, that intermediary hour of

quietness before the night-workers have begun to go homeward. At that quiet hour, beneath the pale beginnings of dawn, London's monuments and buildings become new. The still statues starting up from the empty streets take on something of the indefinite potentiality of another day. So I was thinking as I came down the slope into Trafalgar Square, when on the island between the National Gallery and St. Martin's Church I saw something strange and attractive that had sprung—so it seemed—from the ground the night before. It was new to me, and it was unlike any other statue I had ever seen. Had it not been for the very real figures of printers drinking coffee from a stall at its base, I could have believed that I was looking upon the delusion of a dream. The statue was shrouded in a dark-green garment that covered the rider's body, but the cloth hung short of the tassels of the camel's saddle. That, with the animal's legs and the symbol that the rider carried—an ash stick—were bare. The rest was hidden. The other statues of London were open to the day. This had the mystery of the unrevealed. The cloth fell into its own graceful lines, and I could have wished that so it would always remain, with the camel's queer, stalking legs beneath, and that ash stick in the rider's hand pointing over London. Later this fine statue of Gordon was unveiled; now it is in Khartoum; but I shall always think of this work as I saw it shrouded on that midsummer dawn, hiding while it revealed, revealing while it hid.

HOW

YESTERDAY, returning from a wild coast walk, I recognised an acquaintance gazing out from the window of his studio upon the sea. I shouted down the wind, and he bawled back an invitation to me. He had just returned from Spain, and he oozed with talk of Spanish colour. On the floor, propped against a chair, was a small water-colour of the picture he proposed to paint on a canvas 8 feet by 6. It was already roughly blocked in. Why, you may ask, should he come to Cornwall to paint a picture of Spain? Well, experience has taught him, as it teaches all, that the best place for the building up of a large picture is the studio. It is almost impossible to paint face to face with nature. The light is for ever changing; the distractions are endless; it is prodigiously hard to sustain the unity of the first impression. The wise painter produces a bold sketch, often in water-colour, of that first impression; later he will make studies of details in colour, amplifying them by "prose notes" on the margin of his sketch-book. When he has thought out the whole scheme, absorbed it, he locks himself in his

studio, works from the bold first sketch which states the unity of his picture, from the many detailed studies of passages, and from the memory of the colour and form that his mind holds. Every picture is helped by the knowledge of what the painter has seen and painted before. You admire in a picture of a mermaid the delicate shimmer of colour on her tail. The man who painted that tail had spent three days making careful studies of three fresh herrings.

Occasionally a painter will begin and end his work in the open air; but he is sadly handicapped by the changes of light. Even on a sunny day the effect he is seizing may last only a few minutes. Even on a gray day the changes to the trained eye are as subtle as they are various. How, then, is it done? How are they produced, those pictures of rolling seas, of deep green waves foam-crested, rivers flowing through green meadows, with houses dark against a daffodil sky?

Well, every painter has his own method. One man will take three weeks; another will labour for three months, and be eager to work upon the picture at intervals for three years. Whatever the method, behind the painter are long years of study. Drawing, values, composition, colour even, may be taught to a point; but the great draftsman is born a great draftsman, and the fine colourist is born a fine colourist. All, in varying degrees, can learn about values. It is the quest of quests to-day. The word values holds an august place in this colony of artists where I am writing. It is ever on the lips of those who take

pupils. Pupils dream of the word. It is the word that is oftenest on the lips of Carmichael Johnson, whose picture of "The Ferry-boat" I am about to describe from the inception to the end—if that end ever arrives.

How did he come to choose that subject? Well, one afternoon, walking inland over the towans, he in time reached the summit of a high hill. There he paused, and exclaimed, "By Jove! how beautiful!" It was the hour of low-tide, and windless. Below flowed the river, a delicate blue, wide beneath his feet, but curving and narrowing as it neared the sea. As it flowed and curved the tiny distant reaches looked like pools of faint blue derelict water half hidden by reeds. In the foreground, nuzzling in the sand that stretched between the river and the meadows, was the ferry-boat and beyond, silhouetted against the sky, loomed the irregular line of the houses of the seaport town. In the last bend of the river was a tramp steamer, her bare masts cutting a faint lapis-lazuli blue cloud.

There and then Carmichael Johnson saw his picture. A few changes might improve the composition. He would elongate the line of the houses; the church-spire might be heightened; and the steamer would look better a little further to the left; but the general effect could not be improved pictorially. Rapidly he made a rough sketch in pencil of the scene, with notes of the colours. Then he half closed his eyes and studied the values of his picture—that is, the gradations of light of the component parts one to another, from the highest

light in the sky just above the horizon, which he called No. 1, to the deepest dark on the near side of the ferry-boat. This he called No. 20. The intervening numbers between 1 and 20 were allocated to various parts of the picture. Thus, the walls of the houses in shadow were 15, the walls facing the sun 8. The upper portion of the sky was 2, the river 3, the sand 4, the grass 6, and so on. That was his system of fixing the values clearly in his mind. When he came to paint the picture, if once he got the proper relations of light between 1, 10, and 20, the intervening lights should fall dutifully into their places.

By the time he had finished this scientific examination of nature, rain-clouds had risen and taken all the glory out of his picture. He returned to the scene the next evening with his paint-box; but the sun was coy, so he contented himself with making careful studies of the houses, the boat and the steamer, the pools of water among the reeds, and the sportive way in which the river foamed in little creeks into the sand. On the fourth day the effect as he had first seen it was repeated. In half an hour he had blocked in the whole composition on a small canvas, not troubling about details, but bending all his faculties of knowledge and vision to getting his values right. "Colour is an inspiration," I have heard him say. "Take care of your values, and the colour comes of itself—if it's in you."

So much for nature. To paint his picture he turned his back upon her inconsistencies, but remembered her in that charming mood when he had first

seen his picture. I saw him with the impressionistic first sketch before him, studies and note-book by his side, roughing in the picture on a six-foot canvas boldly and freely in transparent golden ochre, with a dripping brush. Then, when the design was roughly indicated, his hand went for the faint blue of the lower sky, dropped to suggest the reflections in the river, jumped to the dark side of the boat, splashed at the houses, and swished round the curve of the meadow, just above the sand, where the tide had left a deposit of weeds. He finished no part of the picture that day, or the next, or the next, but flitted over it like a butterfly, lightening it here, deepening it there, getting all his darks roughly blocked in larger than they should be, gradually painting the lighter parts round them, and as he painted the drawing of the forms began to be coherent. At the end of a week he said, "Now it begins to be interesting." Then began the second painting.

At the end of a month he had given up "The Ferry-boat" in despair, and was working upon an old picture of sheep nibbling in an orchard. A fortnight later I found him in his shirt-sleeves gaily dabbing at "The Ferry-boat," whistling as he dabbed. On the afternoon of that day I helped him to carry it out to the hillside so that he might correct his impressions. The moment we reached the spot it began to drizzle, but he was quite happy in spite of the rain.

Two mornings ago he painted out the tramp steamer, and changed the square church-tower into a spire. In the afternoon he cut four inches off the sky. He was much depressed. His last words to me were, "I think I must take out the ferry-boat. It's like a blot of ink. Do you think a few sheep would relieve the bareness of the meadow?"

I repeated to him the old story that a time comes in the painting of a picture when the artist's best friend must kill him. He smiled.

Yesterday he ordered the frame.

WHY

I CAUGHT sight of him from the beach—his head, shoulders, and the top of the easel ; but he was much too engrossed to see me. His crouching body was framed within the open window of the studio, and I paused, surprised and amused, at the spectacle. Why should he, a writer, be painting? Then I heard a masterful voice say, "Hold your brush at the end, and get away from the canvas. You're using a paint-brush not a pen."

Smiling, I ascended the steps of the studio, and greeted him. He did not seem overjoyed to see me. His eyes wandered furtively from my beaming face to the tiny canvas on a huge easel, whereon I detected a crude resemblance to the gay sea scene that shimmered in the sunlight beyond the window. I also noticed that his face and clothes were speckled with paint. I finessed, and presently he said, "It's dark at five." I took the hint.

A few minutes before five I returned. The doors and windows were closed, and within I could just discern his figure bending over a little panel on another

large easel. He examined his watch. "Two hours and twenty-five minutes," he said. "Amazing! It seems like a quarter of an hour. Painting is awfully engrossing. This? Oh, it's merely an attempt in monochrome at that little window in the recess with the gray daylight beyond. But the lights and shadows on the walls of the recess, on the shutters—look at them! Aren't they lovely? Sitting here alone in the silence, peering at those fugitive shadows, tracking those elusive lights, I could almost fancy the shadows were alive. Strange how suddenly a picture comes right! An hour ago I was in despair. Then it dawned upon me that the white-washed wall that frames the window was much too light. I darkened it, and the gray day flashed into the room. I raised the value of that panel in the shutter, put a spot of white where the brass knob is, and, lo! it became a shutter—the shutter of that window."

Still talking, he scraped the mess of paint off his palette, and cleaned the knife on a rafter. "I'm a duffer," he said; "but I know I'm a duffer. Two months ago I began painting all I could see in every colour of the rainbow. Now I'm beginning over again on studio interiors in monochrome. There are my colour attempts against that wall, a dozen orgies, all ambitious, all—— They hurt you to look at them? They should. They hurt me now. I began as if I were a millionaire. I bought a large paint-box and a small paint-box, one with a hole in the bottom for the thumb, so that I could paint standing in a turnip-field or on a hillside; the other

with a strap, enabling me to hang the box around my neck and pursue cattle over meadows; two easels; a camp-stool; fourteen hog's-hair brushes; twelve small canvases; twelve panels; fifteen tubes of colour; and a can of paraffin. Then I began, and into whatever colours I dipped my brushes the pigment on my canvas was always like raspberry jam mixed with cream. At the end of a week, under advice, I put away most of the tubes of colour, and restricted myself to yellow, red, blue, and white. The result was encouraging. That little thing there—the departure of the fishing fleet in a white-capped sea against a flaming sunset sky—was done with that simple palette."

"Wonderful!" I said.

"Not at all. I must go slowly; but an experienced painter finds the right colours as swiftly and unerringly as a musician the right notes on the keyboard. What do you think of my fishing-fleet attempt?"

"The boats seem a little—er—wobbly."

"Ah, there you've hit it. Let me whisper in your ear—I can't draw! A man who can't draw is pulled up at every point. He may have feeling—the sense of mystery—even colour; his perspective may be tolerable; but if he can't draw it's like a man walking hatless down Bond Street. He may swagger, but everybody knows his hat isn't on his head. That seascape of mine yonder has a sort of feeling; the pretty pink sky is the lightest part, as it should be, and the reflections look less like engine boilers than once they did; but it's all wrong. Why? Because the waves aren't observed

and *drawn*, because the contours of the clouds aren't observed and *drawn*. I thought by omitting all the boats and the lighthouse I could conceal my ignorance. No! Since painting that I have sat for hours in a dripping cave drawing waves. I have copied boats on the beach just as if they were pothooks and hangers, surrounded by fishermen and children ominously silent. In my sitting-room at night I have covered yards of Michelet drawing-paper, broken dozens of sticks of charcoal, drawing every article in the room. I have tried the dog. Hating cats, I have enticed two into my lodging. I have drawn myself in the mirror. Horrid! Oh, may I be forgiven — once I called Raphael facile!

"Pleasures of discovery I have had," he continued, with a note almost joyous in his voice. "One sunny day I was painting some houses from the shore. They are old; the walls are stained by storms; they stand stark against the sky-like battlements; such a blue sky, such a glow of light on the saffron-gray walls, such yellow sand! I painted the scene in as high a key as I could devise, and it came out like a view in Lapland. I turned my back on it, and read the newspaper. A very small child came up, scrutinized my attempt, and exclaimed in a high voice: 'I don't like that picture!' 'Little girls,' I said to her, 'who don't like my pictures must go home to their mothers.' Presently I looked again at the view I had been trying to paint, saw that there was a faint shadow cast by the eastern wall, a deeper shadow on the tall house, subtle gradations of

light and shade on the buildings, and the windows were blue, not black. I felt for those unobtrusive shadows, copied them, and as they darkened on the canvas the sunshine blinked out and shone upon my picture. 'It's Algiers,' I shouted, 'not Lapland.'

"Another day I pitched my easel up a blind alley crowded with rickety cottages. It was cold, it drizzled. My fingers could hardly hold the charcoal, and at the end of two hours the canvas looked as if a chimney had been swept over it. I squeezed some burnt sienna and white on my palette. I would get the black doorway in the foreground, anyhow. Good! Now the steps. I put plenty of dirty-white on the surfaces, and made the uprights dark. A miracle! There they were—real steps, a real door. I was on the right road. I had let myself go. From that foundation the picture grew. I forgot my luncheon. I don't say it's a great picture. I don't say it's worth a frame. But—you understand. It's my ewe lamb. Painting is terribly difficult—to me."

I placed my hand on his shoulder, and said gently: "Why do you try, my friend? Why do you do it?"

He turned fiercely on me: "Why does Mr. Chamberlain grow orchids?"

OCCASIONAL NOTES

Mr. Clausen.

It would need a book to say all one could say about Mr. Clausen's temperament and achievement. He is the antithesis of the popular subject-painter: commercialism, that insidious foe of all art, has never touched him. He is a painters' painter, an artists' artist, by which I mean that his work is more interesting to the craftsman than to the connoisseur, or to the happy-go-lucky picture-lover. Heredity or fortune gave him many of the gifts that go to the making of a great picture, but she denied him full cognisance of that rounded feeling for sheer beauty that puts the crown on the craftsman's work. In technique the equal of Mr. La Thangue, more learned, with a surer vision than Mr. Edward Stott, he falls behind those painters in the power to express essential beauty pictorially. Let us consider his "The Path by the Ricks," which was shown at the Goupil Gallery. The way the sun has been studied and caught, the extraordinary technical power shown in the

drawing of the hens, wild with excitement and movement, as they burrow and flutter in the straw, are achievements that any artist would be proud to sign; but this picture, somehow, fails to give one the full pleasure it should. It is so good: one regrets that the word "great" cannot be used, and wonders why not. It is, as it were, the part, not the whole. But when I come to write of Mr. Clausen's pastels, I am inclined to withdraw all I have said about his limitations. In these small lyrical studies, notes of the changes in the seasons and the hour such as "Twilight," "Dusk," "Winter Sunshine," "A Hot Day"; notes of things seen in a day's walk, such as "The Plough Boy," "The Pond," "Sheep-fold," he has found, I believe, the perfect medium for the expression of his gifted and austerely-trained temperament. I have called them lyrical studies, because Mr. Clausen seems to me to have carried out in his medium Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's admirable definition of the lyric: "I take the lyric to be a short poem, essentially melodious in rhythm and structure—treating summarily of a single thought, feeling, or situation." That is just what Mr. Clausen has done in colour. The man who on a few inches of canvas can express all the blank bareness of "Bare Fields," and on a few inches of canvas all the wonders of the "Harvest Moon" shining on the gathered-in plenteousness, need have no regrets that he has not yet scaled other heights.

MR. STRANG AND MR. BOOTH.

An acquaintance called me, and, leading the way to the end of the gallery, bade me admire Mr. W. Strang's etchings. It was not easy, and my acquaintance, who is one of the thick-and-thin admirers of Mr. Strang's work, seemed aggrieved. Mr. Strang has, what so few painters or etchers possess—individuality. His line is as purposeful as the drive of a plough through a field. In his treatment of London types he pushes his own particular method of realism to the verge of caricature. His costermongers, his gutter hawkers, the surroundings of his street traffic scenes, are not in the least like the objects presented, bold and vigorous though they be. The wheels of his carts are drawn anyhow, and in the "Billiards" etching it is impossible for the players to walk round the table unless they remove the stand of refreshments. Mr. Strang sees things ugly and grotesque. In itself that is no disqualification. Velasquez painted a man of a corpulency so marked as to be repulsive, and the result is dignified and noble. Méryon made the Morgue fascinating. The loathsome figures are forgotten in the majestic blankness of the towering houses, and the wind that blows the smoke. To me Mr. Strang's types of Londoners remain as he saw them—ugly. I have not met Mr. Strang's archaic types in the flesh, and all his skill does not make me wish to meet them again in art.

How different is it with a small mezzotint by a Mr. Booth, of the full moon peering through the

piled night clouds, illuminating the waters of Shields Harbour, with a barque and the lighthouse in the environing shade! This wonderful little mezzotint, the mystery of the moonlight mingling with the water of the harbour, as water mixes with wine, is a new example of Mr. Booth's versatility. It was never exhibited during his lifetime, but found with other of his effects in the little house by Thames-side, where, withdrawn from the world, sufficient unto himself, passing his days in solitary toil, this Mr. Booth died. His works glow like suns in their appointed resting-places, and when other side-lights of his genius are shown they flash out vivid as the lightning above his view of Pæstum. Here it is mezzotint; the other day it was a water-colour. He died at Chelsea, under the assumed name of Booth. But he is known to the world as Joseph Mallord William Turner.

A Whistler.

Zorn is clever—brutally clever—the seizer, in a few bold strokes, of the arrested movement. He will choose the unworn, unhackneyed subject of Degas, but he is not Degas. He cannot make the ugly beautiful by sheer force of temperament. One etching, the last in the series, I lingered before—a sketch of a moor under a stormy sky, with a horse-man really galloping across it. Here, in this small thing, was something of that indefinable quality—breadth, space, life, what you will—that makes for

greatness. I turned to go, content that this etching, not quite happily called "The Storm (The Artist on Horseback)," should be my final impression of the day's sight-seeing. Man proposes. In the vestibule of the gallery I came across the real thing. It was hanging upon the wall, the size of a sheet of small foolscap, an etching of a village street with a weird light shining upon the dark houses. I cannot find adjectives. It was just a street at Saverne, and beautiful. Hanging there in its dark corner, it gave, in its quiet way—pleasure. "That is not a Zorn," I said. "That is a Whistler," said the attendant.

MR. FOOTTET'S "SHEPHERDESS."

It was Mr. Fred F. Foottet who won my allegiance that afternoon. Not immediately, and not for all his pictures. Writing the other day about an earlier picture by him, I spoke of resting "a bewildered eye on the blue and purple mist that envelopes Mr. Foottet's blue and purple Westminster Abbey." Blue and purple he is still, and his "Evening: Hammersmith Mall," has that unsubstantiality, indefiniteness, and artistic theatricality, that set me against his "Westminster Abbey." Those pictures, with excellent intensions, did not quite arrive: his "Shepherdess" has arrived royally. It was hung at the end of one of the smaller rooms, and in the early part of the afternoon, while I was busy with other canvases, through the vista I caught a glimpse of the blue "Shepherdess" again and again, and each

time I wondered, subconsciously, if I should like its newness, its unconventionality, its very personal colour. When I came to look at it leisurely, the answer was triumphantly affirmative. This landscape is in the large manner infused with personality. Blue and purple it is, certainly, but the scheme is so coherent, so harmonious, that it falls upon the sensibilities in the effortless manner of running water, heard at night-time on a Scotch hillside. A flock of sheep graze in the foreground: there is individual drawing in them, but no niggling. They compose into one of the dim masses of the picture, and this mass of animals is balanced by the great luminous cloud, lighted from within, as it should be—the lightest part of the picture, as it should be, poised in the morning sky. Contiguous to the flock is the shepherdess, one with them as the sheep are one with the grass. The purple of her gown mingles with the purple of the clump of trees under which she stands, and the streaks of purple that run through the meadow. It is a picture of morning, that witching hour

> "When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,
> And dawn's gray eyes were troubled gray."

That silent shepherdess, in her dim, blue landscape remained with me.

MR. ORPEN.

Mr. Orpen goes his own way, and a very remarkable and promising way it is. He is a most capable

THE SHEPHERDESS

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRED. W. FOOTTET IN THE POSSESSION OF HERBERT TRENCH, ESQ.

BLUE and purple it is, certainly, but the scheme is so coherent, so harmonious, that it falls gently upon the sight. A flock of sheep graze in the foreground: there is individual drawing in them, but no niggling. They compose into one of the dim masses of the picture, and this mass of animals is balanced by the great luminous cloud, lighted from within, as it should be—the lightest part of the picture, as it should be, poised in the morning sky. It is a picture of morning, that witching hour

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craftsman, well trained, a keen and patient observer, and able to reproduce with amazing fidelity all his eyes see. What he does not see he does not paint. Therein lies his strength and his limitation. The graces and elegancies do not attract him. He has no sense of mystery, nothing of the subtlety verging into beauty that makes Mr. Muirhead's work so attractive.

The forcible portrait of the girl called "The Red Scarf," unmodishly decorative, is so well placed on the canvas, and the face is wrought to such an intensity of expression, that one can forgive the hardness of the workmanship. But Mr. Orpen's triumph at this exhibition of the New English Art Club was in the small still-life study called "Reflections —China and Japan." On a table polished to the reflecting power of a mirror are placed a bowl, a peacock's feather, a small white idol, and a Japanese doll's head. It is a study of reflections. The objects repeat themselves in the polished table, while behind rises a great, white, untroubled wall. This picture is a triumph of clean, sure painting, first studied with a concentration that left nothing unnoticed or unexplained, and then copied with sensitive fidelity.

MR. CAYLEY ROBINSON.

The finger of Symbolism, outstretching from the dim past, has touched Mr. Cayley Robinson. He is of the clan of Botticelli and Mantegna, of Luini,

of Giotto in the frescoes at Milan and Padua, of Puvis de Chavannes, Burne-Jones and Watts. His style is mannered, but the mannerism has a peculiar charm. His sense of beauty is intermittent. The surfaces of the wall in his "Twilight," the baby enveloped in a blanket twice its length and trailing on the floor, the mother, the little window behind, the glimpse of birds and roofs, the lighting—these passages are beautiful. But the woman squatting like an Indian squaw on the floor, with her knees wide apart, is ugly. I returned again and again to derive fresh pleasure from this picture, and each time I was compelled to blot out, with the palm of my hand, the figure of the squatting woman. But his picture called "To Pastures New," is entirely beautiful. The place of this early morning flitting is—where you like; the period—any period; but the lighting of the picture, the firm coastline, the formal flight of the storks, the dim sheep, the severe boat, the reflections of the lighted lantern, have mystery and the air of inward beauty that accompanies a haunting poem.

HARPIGNIES.

Of M. Harpignies' landscapes it is difficult to speak without exaggeration. Here is a painter, eighty-six years of age, who is constantly producing, and whose work never shows any signs of weakness or failing power. His experimental stage is long past: he has settled down into a mellow interpretation of Nature, seeing her with all the freshness of

young eyes, to which he adds a feeling for atmosphere and distance so delicately suggested that one places him with Corot. The Mediterranean itself lies behind his "Vue prise à Beaulieu dans le Jardin de M. Livesay." What a view it is! A day's picture-seeing is indeed a gain when one has absorbed such an impression of beauty as this little landscape gives.

MATTHEW MARIS.

From time to time during the past decade I have seen pictures by him, and always with the feeling that here was a man of personal vision, reproducing in his work some remote, mystical inheritance that transforms all he sees. Like Mantegna, Botticelli, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones, his pictures recall the phrase, "beauty touched with strangeness." On each is impressed the illusive outreachings of a complex temperament, on his "He is Coming," on his "Souvenir of Amsterdam," on his "The Four Mills." It is difficult to express in words the charm of these pictures which I saw at the Goupil Gallery. Is it the golden tone of the buildings and water of "The Four Mills"? Is it the precision and quality of the painting, or the gay, unobtrusive lighting of the picture, with its tiny incidents that only disclose themselves when you peer into it? Wherein lies the charm of his "Feeding Chickens"? Is it enough to say that it evokes the same feeling as a Hans Andersen fairy-tale? Matthew Maris is an artist with a temperament. The gift of the inner eye is his.

His method is to brood over a subject till his vision comes full circle, and he can contrive a picture of Nature, not as she is at a particular instant, but as she looks to eyes that have codified her glints of gladness, her grayness and gloom, into one scene that is herself not only at this moment, but also yesterday and to-morrow. Such a picture is Matthew Maris's "Souvenir of Amsterdam," a section of the city seen through a temperament, vociferous with life, running into many details, but unified into one restful impression, and in colour like a well-thumbed parchment.

LE SIDANER.

There is a story of a girl, an impressionist painter, to whom a friendly oculist, having shaken his head over the condition of her eyes, presented a pair of glasses. She wore them, and for the first time saw detail and outline. When the oculist met her again her eyes were glassless. He asked the reason. Whereupon she answered that the look of Nature to her naked vision—blurred, indistinct, mysterious—was much more beautiful than the normal vision given her by the corrective glasses. Certain painters, either from a natural aberration of vision or from intention, see Nature as through a darkened glass. Sometimes, like Le Sidaner, they see her only from one aspect. Le Sidaner lives in a place where it is always twilight, where the ground is snow-covered, where water lies, and lighted windows gleam

eternally through the pale air. Where there is no snow in his picture he still sees Nature in terms of whiteness. His presentment of "Le Table," one of a series of his very individual pictures shown in London, is such as a man strolling by moonlight might see in a villa garden. But if he were not Le Sidaner he could only see it in this way if his sight were clouded. In the garden is a table on which are displayed white crockery, glasses and a lamp on a white cloth, and against the table are white chairs—dream chairs, beautifully drawn, looming out from the lamp-lighted mist. This lovely picture is a decorative subject, hardly a transcript from life. Indeed, life as represented by Le Sidaner is inanimate. Human beings do not worry his pictures. One of the most attractive is "Chartres Cathedral," snow-covered, standing above her white winding roads, her lighted windows the only signs of life in a scene of beautiful desolation. Le Sidaner is the painter of silence.

MR. FRITZ THAULOW.

Mr. Fritz Thaulow shows in landscape the amazing dexterity that Mr. Sargent shows in figure-painting. His "Golden Autumn" makes all else on the wall look gray. It is a *tour de force* of an effect of sunlight on hills and water that one might see once in a round of summers, and then only for a few minutes. The sun runs like liquid gold over the hills, shoots and criss-crosses through the water, and

where the river is shallow, the ripples, curveting and frisking as if they had life, become a shimmer of purple against the green banks. The scene dazzles. You say: "How wonderful! how clever! what a style!" But you do not say of a picture by Mauve, "What a style!" There you are merely conscious that the idea and the style are one—a fine vision, suitably, but not obtrusively, clothed.

Two Types.

"Oil-painting with the brush is a thing of the past. It is dead, quite dead." Thus speaks the ingenious, prolific and energetic M. Raffaëlli, who has had some success with his new solid oil-paints. "Be it understood, oil-painting with the brush—which henceforth we no longer need—has lost its *raison d'être*." M. Raffaëlli, you will observe, has no doubts: his hand is quick, his temperament is sanguine. He would deliver a commission, I am sure, to the hour, pleased with it, prepared to defend it, untroubled by that malady that sometimes afflicts the artist—self-distrust. It is agreeable to think of him successful, at ease, gaily turning out bright pictures, impressing his personality on the world. He is a type.

The late Alfred Stevens was also a type. "Stevens produced few pictures, owing to his habit of destroying his own work." What an insight into his temperament that bald statement from his biography gives! He was a lonely, brooding man who denied

himself pleasures, and suffered friends to fall out of his life for the sake of his art. Thorough he was to his own hurt. Two years was the time given to him to complete the full-size model of the Wellington Memorial : seven years passed before the model was complete—seven years and the work itself not yet begun ! It is still incomplete, although a brave effort was made last year to complete it by adding the equestrian figure. Sombre, mysterious in the dim light of St. Paul's Cathedral, on a winter afternoon, looks this memorial of Stevens's labour. He desired no short road to success, and one wonders what he would have thought of M. Raffaëlli's invention, which, whatever be its fate, "saves trouble," inasmuch as it does away with brushes, palette and the paraphernalia of oil-painting. "One should be able to paint as quickly as one thinks," says M. Raffaëlli. "My invention abolishes all the little annoyances of one's work." Well, this invention may have attractions for the amateur, but I cannot think that the serious painter desires to avoid annoyances and difficulties, but rather to grapple with them. The road to a great achievement is not by the easiest paths. The pictures produced by means of these sticks have just that facile, superficial air that pictures, say, by Wilson and Cotman, painted in the old "long, arduous, fastidious, painful, and complicated way," have not. If M. Raffaëlli's invention be seriously taken up by painters, it will mean an enormous increase in the production of

pictures—bright as a gleam of sun on an April day —finished, shrill, slight, ready for the market.

M. Raffaëlli is a type; another type was Alfred Stevens, who produced few pictures "owing to his habit of destroying his own work."

France and her Sculptors.

France encourages her sculptors: in Paris and in other towns throughout that land they are bidden to spur their imaginations, and to mature their skill that France may be glorified, and her splendid past made to minister to her present. Wherever you walk in Paris, the eye is again and again delighted by a vista that opens through wide streets revealing some monument of heroic size, some impression of prancing horses, outstretched wings and flying figures sounding trumpets in the clear air. The genius of France for the architectural prevision sense that relates topographical improvements one to another never fails her. When she threw the Alexandre III. Bridge across the Seine, and placed dazzling gilt groups on high stone pillars at either end, she knew they would allure the roving eye, and conduct it onward to the sombrous gilt of the Invalides dome: when she built the two Palaces of Art amid the chestnuts of the Champs Elysées on either side of the approach road to the bridge and placed on them great symbolical groups of stone figures that lean out over Paris, proclaiming with flamboyant gestures that here is the Art centre of the

world, she knew that those heroic stone groups would encourage her sculptors to dare, to penurize themselves in producing year after year those monuments to La Gloire that France loves. And she can do so without fearing that the passion for the Titanesque, for the monument that gives wings to a street, will spoil the taste of her sons. For in the Louvre, in their quiet, cool places, stand through all the changes of taste and the wounds of time those two matchless examples of eternal beauty—the Winged Victory and the Venus of Milo. With her intense modernity and love of novelty, France keeps her reverence for the old. The gilt figures on the Alexandre III. Bridge flash readily at the spectator ; but the Winged Victory must be sought, not without trouble, in the interminable corridors of the Louvre. You meet her suddenly, flying through the air on that archaic boat, and you know that before you is one of the most beautiful things the world has produced.

FRANZ HALS.

It is not easy to analyze the intellectual pleasure that such a picture as "The Portrait of a Boy," by Franz Hals, gives. So simply done, with such apparent ease, this portrait rests in its frame in calm assurance that no vagary of fashion, no change of taste, can ever detract from its perfect accomplishment and grave beauty. Nothing in it disturbs or distracts. Against one of those faintly-lighted walls that the Dutchmen painted so consummately you

notice that pale, studious boy reading. That is all. And this is by that astonishing Hals who could paint a jolly cavalier, a jovial group, or a wanton serving-maid, with the same unerring instinct for the true meaning of what he saw before him. How clear and direct was his vision! He saw—rare gift!—things as they are, and no wiles of the imagination ever came between him and his work to weaken or falsify it. That Reading Boy remains with one like some august portrait by Velasquez.

TERBURG.

Terburg! How describe the particular charm of such a picture as his "Card-Party"? The players are not attractive; there is no particular interest in the incident. A group of card-players on the walls of the Royal Academy rouses no emotion; but this family gathering in a Dutch room of the seventeenth century has the elements of greatness, and appeals as only a masterpiece can. Is it because the greatest of the Dutchmen felt intensely what Manet expressed in words: "Light is the principal person in a picture"? But there is light *and* light. For Manet and his school it was the vibrating light of the sun in the open air. For Terburg, Vermeer, De Hooch, and Hals, it was the pale light that filters from gray skies into dark, panelled rooms, giving feeling to walls and life to the texture of clothes. It was his profound knowledge of the subtleties of imprisoned light that

enabled Terburg to give such loveliness to the satin dress worn by the woman in his picture of "The Card-Party."

DAUMIER.

I turned to go, and then came the contrast. On a wall in the outer room I saw a picture that revealed in a flash the other extreme of pictorial art. Neither beauty nor mystery is here, but tragedy, vivid and poignant, the effect gained, not by any melodramatic subterfuges, but by an intensity of realism and an arrangement of composition that only a man of genius could have imagined. The picture was Daumier's "Christ Mocked." It is in monochrome, unfinished, and was found in his studio at the time of his death. Always to be remembered are the tense detachment and dignity of the central figure, the flung-back pointing arm of the mocker, and the grim figures of the crowd below the balcony. Daumier had "an inexhaustible genius for mockery" and truth. This "Christ Mocked" is truth.

THE FIRST RAPID SKETCH.

One of the joys of an artist's life is the fever of delight with which he makes the first rapid sketch of something that has delighted him. One of his sorrows is that he can rarely recapture that glow to aid him through the continuous effort that must go to the making of a picture. I have never looked through a painter's sketches without astonish-

ment and pleasure, although his exhibited pictures may not give any pleasure at all. Fuseli, for example. The wise avert their faces from "straddling Fuselis" when they encounter them, but his sketches are alert, if freakish, and remind one here and there, curiously enough, of the work of Aubrey Beardesley. Terburg's drawing of a Cavalier and a Lady, which I saw at the Carfax gallery, should be hung in some flourishing art school to show how the pencil lines of a great draughtsman can be delicate without weakness, firm without any hint of hardness. Terburg had the iron hand in the velvet glove. He did this Cavalier, I have no doubt, in some odd hour of a day, and he smiled as the lines grew, the quiet, inward smile of the artist who is sure of himself, who does a thing because he is happier producing it than doing anything else. Colour is not wanted in this small drawing. You do not miss the colour where lines caress the paper and start and flare and fade as if they had life. There is life, too, but of a more objective character, and space and atmosphere, in Girtin's view of Paris, where inches of drawing suggest miles of country and you see the Seine wandering, an unspoilt river, round a silent Paris. Then there are the two Cozenses, Alexander and John Robert, father and son. Alexander's father is said to have been Peter the Great, and one of his drawings, "Broken Trees," has just that hint of barbarism, that power of displaying the primitive

emotions, which is the hall-mark of the great Russian novelists. It is just a smudge of black, but they are trees, broken, desolate trees, and had Alexander worked for a month, instead of, probably, a quarter of an hour, he could not have made them truer. These trees, impulsive, unpremeditated, are just what a sketch should be—the expression of a strong emotion that must be caught, held and uttered before the clock strikes the next quarter. The same artist's "Mountain and River," a panorama of water and islands encompassed by hills, has not the lyric enthusiasm of the "Broken Trees" sketch. There is effort in it. Alexander was in a derivative mood. He felt, and did not loose himself from, the pull of the work of other men. In that drawing he is no longer his own straight-seeing, barbaric self. Neither was his son, John Robert, himself in the attractive but academic "Landscape in the Euganean Hills"; but in the "Herdsmen and Trees" he found himself again. There the goats are really scampering, the herdsmen are really running, and the trees are giving to the wind.

ROMANCE.

Pinturicchio, the "little painter," one of Perugino's assistants, put Ulysses into a picture, a picture now hanging in the National Gallery, which seems to me, as it has always seemed, the very embodiment of romance. It is all delightfully

unreal, and yet the unrealities seem quite natural, and do not offend, like Claude's Greeks and Trojans. Ulysses comes tripping into the room where Penelope is sitting at her loom. He is young, fair, and fresh, with a scarlet cap upon his head, and long ringlets carefully ironed falling upon his neck. His red pantaloons are a little shrunken, and he has lost his shoes ; otherwise he is as spick and span as the suitors who stand in Peruginesque attitudes about the door. Penelope is not surprised by his return. Why should she be suprised ? She lives in the age of marvels. Her husband's adventures are no new thing to her. She has but to incline her head to the window, and there just outside is a peep of the great world, with Ulysses' adventures, minutely painted, clear as a camerâ - obscura landscape. Nothing is natural, but it is true romance.

A Photograph.

A photograph may be as desirable to some modest individual as Raphael's £100,000 Colonna Madonna is to Mr. Pierpont Morgan. There is a photograph I would rather have hanging opposite me as I write than the Colonna Madonna. It is quite a small thing by Botticelli. It is called "Giovanna Tornabuoni and the Three Graces." The fresco is in the Louvre. Giovanna's clear brows, rapt look, and steadfast eyes, as she stands to receive the Graces ; the straight lines of her gown, crowned by her delicate profile, luminous

as if in sunshine against the bare, cracked wall—well, there you have sheer beauty, with the human note that age cannot wither nor change of fashion stale. This little picture gains, too, from its bare background—to many a charm, but not to the acquaintance who showed me a photograph of Botticelli's "Magnificat Madonna and Child," with the remark: "Isn't it well covered?" which was just one of the reasons why I like the "Magnificat" less than the "Giovanna." The eye is grateful for a bare space.

JACOB OCHTERVELT.

The Dutch genre painters are not everybody's taste. The average man would not grow excited over "A Music-Party," by Jacob Ochtervelt. He would see a gloomy picture, with figures seated in the foreground enjoying themselves after their fashion. A man is playing a violin, a woman is performing upon a mandoline, and between them sits another woman drinking. The average man would not be impressed, and if he had keen eyes he would notice that the drinking woman has five fingers and no thumb. But if a painter happened to be present, and in a companionable mood, he would draw the attention of the average man to the beautiful painting of the mandoline-playing woman's dress, and linger over it, as one lingers over one fine stanza in a poor poem.

LEONARDO THE PERSISTENT.

"That vast dark continent called Leonardo." I do not know who originated this expressive phrase, but it came back to me on reading that the items at the sale of the late Lionel Johnson's library included a series of first editions of Walter Pater's works, notably *Studies in the History of the Renaissance.* It may be due to early associations, but there has always seemed to be a subtle bond of sympathy between Leonardo da Vinci and Pater. His essay is but thirty odd pages, but how it shines across "that vast, dark continent called Leonardo," lighting the tracks and illuminating facets, if not revealing the full personality, of that strange genius. Certain phrases linger in the memory: "He was smitten with a love of the impossible—the perforation of mountains, changing the course of rivers, raising great buildings"; or, "Curiosity and the desire of beauty—these are the two elementary forces of Leonardo's genius"; or perhaps that magical page interpreting the meaning of "Mona Lisa": "It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. . . . She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her . . ."; or perhaps that last page of the essay where Pater pauses just for a moment to consider the precise

form of Leonardo's religion, and to ask whether Francis I. was present at his death, and straightway forgets these questions in speculating "how one who had been always so desirous of beauty, but desired it always in such definite and precise forms, as hands or flowers or hair, looked forward now into the vague land, and experienced the last curiosity."

Two Critics.

To write a book called *Nineteenth-Century Art* is a task that might appal the boldest, but Mr. MacColl's volume holds together. It was well designed, and the design has been held in view. Mr. MacColl's theories of painting are set forth in the chapters called "The Vision of the Century" and "The Imagination of the Century." A dog-painter, in whose care I left the book for an evening, remarked of these chapters: "They're pretty tough." But he who writes scientifically upon values, colour and light; he who tries to set down in words what a painter learns by intuition, accumulated failures, and years of observation, does not hope to be easily read. I can imagine the bewildered vacancy of understanding that Mr. MacColl's opening sentence produced in the mind of my friend, the dog-painter: "The arts pursue their completeness, their full resources as instruments, across the imaginative uses that are made of them, and commonly attract the most fervid and

gifted minds at the point of exploration." Or this: "Camera vision has been the suppressed common term among special systems of vision since the world began, just as it is now between artists who paint on different systems." No; Mr. MacColl is not easy reading; he is elusive; his words are art shades, not primary colours; his delight in the pursuit of a truth is so keen that he will delay reaching the goal in sheer joy of the journey's vicissitudes. He is like a learned and talented butterfly hovering over a flower, sipping, considering, comparing one flower with another flower, and only alighting when day wanes and nothing remains but to alight. Mr. George Moore alights at once. The end of the journey is always his object. Observe the beginning of his article on Whistler: "I have studied Mr. Whistler and thought about him this many a year." That is straight and to the point, like the rest of the paper. Mr. MacColl begins: "Mr. Whistler comes so far within the rubric of Courbet's 'realism' that his imagination is untroubled by a heroic, legendary or fantastic world and absorbed in the contemporary present subject." Compare the method of these two critics on the recondite theme of values. Mr. MacColl's thought meanders through many lines of beautiful prose: you read, catching at his meaning as you catch at your hat in a gale of wind. Mr. Moore gives you these four lines, and the thing is fixed in your memory: "The colour is the melody, the values are the orchestration of the melody; and as the orchestra-

tion serves to enrich the melody, so do the values enrich the colour."

"Still Pitiless."

In his relentless readjustment of attributions the scientific critic is apt to forget that a picture exists to give pleasure. Measuring the ear, considering the shape of the nose, may help a critic to determine the rightful painter, but those practices do not help him or his readers to enjoy. One longs sometimes for an outbreak of enthusiasm, a screed of joy in the thing seen, a tempestuously ungrammatical passage that carries the reader away, and in a cooler moment sets him seeking curiously for the verb. I pick up a current journal, the art criticism of which is written by one of the most learned and intelligent of the scientific critics. It is his fourth article on the Old Masters, and he is still pitiless. He devotes thirty-five lines to explaining why, in his opinion, Raphael did not paint the "Virgin and Child" attributed to him. One reason is that the "atmospheric quality due to loose handling upon a coarse canvas is diametrically opposed to Raphael's usual practice"; another is "the vague and uncertain form of the hands." Of the various Titians in the exhibition he can accept only one. Velasquez does not fare much better. The sketch of "Las Meninas" is put out of court in a sigh of twenty-seven lines. The portrait of "Cardinal Borgia" looked like winning, because no one but

Velasquez "could have modelled the eyeballs beneath the flesh in so masterly a manner." But no! There is "the ill-constructed shoulder, and arm, and the indifferent painting of the drapery," surely "the work of an assistant." All very ingenious and useful, and not very popular with the owners.

"But no More."

Technique is not the strong point of the temperamental artist. A man or a woman may be an artist in feeling and understanding, and yet, for a hundred reasons, may never have mastered the rudiments of one craft. Yet he may produce a work which, through a sheer nervous sensitiveness for beauty, may, if you do not examine it too closely, excite admiration and real pleasure. An instance occurs to me. He was a man of letters much given to communing with Nature, and one day, just after high noon, in the full glare of the luncheon-hour, he produced a sketch in oil of four leafless trees on the crest of a hill, bending before the wind. The foreground was certainly faked, but an open gate in the hedge, and the low-lying sun behind, gave to the sketch the rare quality of space. And by some odd chance, by some flash in the dark, he had enveloped sky and trees in a real atmosphere. I believe it was his first attempt. And there on the luncheon-table, propped against a dish of cauliflower, you saw the smudge that hid the want of drawing, the fumble that evaded a difficulty, and, in a word, the failure of the thing.

But when he removed the sketch to a dark corner of the room, and laid it reverently against the carved back of an oak settle, you no longer saw the weaknesses. What remained was the expression of a temperament that, rooted and grounded in Art, expressing itself in a strange medium, saw essential beauty. Feeling, selection, vision—things of the spirit common alike to craftsman and layman—were there, but no more!

* * * * *

A Last Word.

Late last night I stood upon the hillside and looked down over the bay and beyond to the lighthouse. It had been a still evening; all the fishing-boats had gone out; and now the bay was spangled with their lights—hundreds of them, their reflections criss-crossing down into the violet water. Overhead were the stars—stars in the sky, stars in the sea, one of the most beautiful of Nature's sights, and quite unpaintable. Who could paint such a night of shimmering blue infused with impalpable light? Unpaintable! I sighed at that, for in this hill-village now asleep, leaning downwards to the sea, there are half a hundred painters. They have made the village their own. Years ago they came here, still they come: here, where the light begins early and lingers late, where autumn merges into spring, and where there is such beauty of sky and sea,

such ever-changing beauty, that a man who has lived twenty years in this haven beyond the Tamar will stop again and again, in his daily walk from house to studio, to look at the clouds, the waves, the foam sparkling on that distant band of yellow sand, as if he saw them for the first time. I thought of these eager interpreters of Nature for whom to-morrow will bring the light that makes all things new: these painters of landscapes—gay, subtle, decorative, lyrical, who are expressing the awakening joy of the modern world in Nature.

I looked at the stars, symbolical of the eternal past of art, and from out of the past there swept before me the great figures who have not died, but live still in the wonder and beauty they have given to the world. And one of them spoke to me, out there on the hillside, grave words. The speaker was Michael Angelo, who said one summer day at the Church of San Silvester in Rome: "It is not sufficient merely to be a great master in painting and very wise, but I think it is necessary for the painter to be very good in his mode of life, or even, if such were possible, a saint, so that the Holy Spirit may inspire his intellect."

I looked down upon the restless lights of the fishing-boats in the bay, their little lanterns, shifting, shining, shutting out each other's gleam, symbolical of the present, with its schools, its sets, its cliques, and its ways of painting "as many as the gods of India."

To me, here, in this place of skies, and seas, and winter sunlight making hills and meadows radiant, one way calls out insistently from the rest—the way of landscape and marine painting; that way that is rooted in the love of Nature, to which the artist brings a personality that selects, composes, and makes harmonious beauty out of the chaos of Nature's rough-ridden opulence. In that way, quite a modern way, for Claude may be called the first landscape-painter (how far we have travelled in the expression of essential beauty since his day!), are the elements of permanence.

Poets have always felt this love for Nature, and have confessed it. With painters it was for centuries a hidden love, furtively expressed; but those lovely peeps of landscape in the backgrounds of Italian pictures show that it was there, even when, at the bidding of their patrons, artists were producing pictures of Madonnas and saints. Now and again a bold spirit like Piero di Cosimo broke through the fetters, and, looking on the sunny pagan world, painted a "Death of Procris"; but dawns and sunsets, sun-bathed lands and blue hills, were not the Church's idea of art or of religion.

In these free days man has elected to worship, and to express himself, in the way that he chooses, and more and more he turns to Nature. More and more will the public ask of their painters—little landscapes and marines; skies, meadows and seas; dawns, high noons and sunsets; slight motives,

tenderly felt, that flash on a corner of our room-walls our remembered joy in Nature.

And these joyous pictures of the material universe, do they not bring us nearer to the spiritual universe than the sad subjects painted in the ages when art was the handmaid of religion? Joy may winnow where grief fails.

THE END.

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